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BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, October 9, 1897. }

THE first week of the regular Berlin concert season of 1897-8 brought, with only one or two exceptions, each day at least one concert of more than average interest, and it can therefore be said with more truth and sincerity than is usually contained in this habitual introductory remark, that the season commenced "in the most auspicious manner."

I begin with one of the above mentioned exceptions, not because it was such an one, but because I prefer to give my weekly reports in chronological order. It was the concert of Martha Hausmann I am speaking of and which took place in the Saal Bechstein a week ago to-day. Miss Hausmann has a contralto voice of no particular quality and her style of delivery is not especially interesting. The best I can do for her is to say that she is no way displeasing. This is scant and not positive praise, but I cannot give even this negative encomium to her assistant concert partner, Miss Martha Souvan, a pianist with a very limited technic and hard, dry tone, who moreover has not the least particle of poetry or refinement of conception.

The program contained nothing new, and the only thing I enjoyed was the very thoughtful and musicianly accompaniment of the Lieder by Herr Woldemar Sacks.

Sunday evening the Philharmonie opened its hospitable doors to a big throng of habitués and newcomers, who together made up an audience of more than a couple of thousand of the most attentive and enthusiastic listeners to the first of this season's regular Philharmonic popular concerts. The new conductor, Herr Rebiczek, was received with much favor, and he really deserved the applause which was so richly showered upon him. I don't know whether it was simply a case of a new broom sweeping well, or whether Herr Rebiczek is indeed a better conductor than Mannstaedt used to be in his last worn-out days; anyhow, the Philharmonic orchestra did far better under the new baton than it had so often vouchsafed to perform under the old one, and hence a standard popular program was given with most pleasing artistic results.

On Monday night the Royal Orchestra opened its annual cycle of ten symphony concerts under Felix Weingartner's still very much appreciated direction. The Royal Opera House was filled to the very last available space, albeit the program of this initial concert offered nothing exciting, and would likely have provoked the ire of my esteemed friend and colleague, Henry T. Finck, of the New York Evening Post.

It opened with Spohr's overture to "Faust," a very tame affair, indeed, and a work that might have remained in the dust of old musical library shelves, to which it had been relegated for so long a while. Its resuscitation did nothing to enhance the glory of the old Cassel court conductor. From the program which he found himself moved to affix to the score of his opera "Faust" we learn that Spohr tried to depict in this overture "the inner life conditions" of his hero. "In the allegro vivace the sensuous life and its ecstasy of physical enjoyment" is meant to be described to the listener. Well, I must say that it is a very methodical, by no means riotous or very exciting sort of an ecstasy which "Faust" enjoys in the imagination, or rather lack of imagination, of Spohr. I wonder what the old gentleman would have said to the bacchannale in the Paris version of "Tannhäuser?" That was the sort of "Tannhäuser" he had in mind, but of course he was no Richard Wagner.

The fugato, which is meant to convey "the gradual growth of better intentions," is the best thing in the overture and is also in Spohr's best vein; but then the way to hell is paved with good intentions, and in the coda Spohr and his "Faust" fall back upon the tedious former faults.

The overture was well performed by the forces of the Royal Orchestra, and still more was this the case with Brahms' D major symphony, which Weingartner conducted entirely from memory. He thus evinced that, though an anti-Brahmsianer from conviction and avowal, he thoroughly and most conscientiously studied the works of the great symphonist, and for this reason alone he is, of course, entitled to his opinion. It is also to be praised that in spite of this aversion Weingartner, with

exceeding catholicity of taste in program making, puts on the works of Brahms, and he interprets and conducts them with even more apparent carefulness than if they were the works of some of his favorite authors. This was also the case with the D major symphony, the adagio of which, with its transcendental B major melody, he took almost too slowly, but the allegretto grazioso of which I never before heard interpreted with more charm. The D major symphony is rightly the most popular of Brahms' four symphonies, as it is also the most natural and clearest one in invention and workmanship, but by no means his strongest one, and I doubt very much if the final allegro would pass muster as a symphonic movement with old man Beethoven if Brahms were to show him the score in heaven.

The second half of the program I had to miss, not because, with brother Finck, I don't consider Beethoven's first symphony any longer worthy of a place on a concert program. On the contrary, I like very much to watch how, despite the fact that the old giant is still leaning so heavily upon Mozart's shoulders, he nevertheless at moments shows the paws of his own greatness. The "Freischütz" overture, however, should not have occupied a place on this program. It is given a half a dozen times each winter at the Royal Opera House in its proper place at the opening of a "Freischütz" performance, and at these symphony concerts works that are less frequently heard should occupy a greater and more prominent space. The program for the next concert will contain Gluck's "Alceste" overture, Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Beethoven's second symphony.

The reason why I could not hear the second half of the above described program is because I wanted to witness at least a portion of the almost simultaneously given Lieder Abend of Miss Clara Butt.

I found the Singakademie crowded with one of Berlin's most fashionable and vocally especially representative audiences. The Empress and Princess Frederick Leopold were present in the royal box and Her Majesty distinguished the comely young English singer not only through much applause, but also by staying to the very end of the concert and by calling upon the artist in the artists' rooms of the Singakademie, instead of commanding the artist into the royal box. I am told that this is the first time that Her Majesty has condescended to confer such a distinction upon any artist who has so far appeared in the German capital.

Be that as it may, the impression Miss Butt made at her first appearance here in public was a tremendously favorable one, and though she is evidently a very modest young lady and would surely disclaim such an idea, she would to-day in Berlin have a right to change her first name from Clara into Clarissima.

Miss Butt is of far more than average height, towering a head over the pleasant, smiling features of her accompanist, Herr Otto Bake, and she has a peculiar charm of expression, an originality of appearance in looks and style of her tall dark beauty, that the Berlin critics have compared her to a Botticelli and I don't know what other masters' paintings. The fact is that Miss Butt looks like Trilby, and this is borne out through the following fact which she narrates to me in a letter containing this sentence: "And now I will tell you that quite suddenly Mr. Beerbohn Tree, of London, told me that he was with Mr. du Maurier when he sketched my position as I stood singing for his Trilby, and it is of that that I am the original of, and in every paper in England it has been commented upon, especially since his death." The English of this sentence is just a trifle complicated, but the sense is clear.

Furthermore Miss Butt informs me that I was not quite correct in calling her, in my preliminary announcement of this concert, a pupil of Etelka Gerster. "That is not true in the sense of the word. I have passed several songs with her in German, and from that great artist I have learned much, but it is not fair to my real masters now to be called Madame Gerster's pupil. I hope you will understand this, but I am sure you will. Mr. Blower I studied four years in London with and six months in Paris with M. Bouhy. Please mention this, as I learned so much from him."

Oh, my dear Trilby, I'll tell you something: It doesn't make a particle of difference with whom you studied or did not study, for you are a singer "by the grace of the Lord." You don't even know how to sing, and I am assured by one of the very greatest vocal authorities that in three or four years you will have lost your glorious voice, because you don't understand how to use your organ and you waste your tones in profusion, and are entirely too prodigal with your voice production. Let them be right or wrong who know all about these things. To the big audience and to little me your 'cello-like tones in the low and in your case the lowest register are wonderful and they are thrilling. I can feel their vibrating powers and their softness and richness, their dark velvety quality pleases to the utmost my auricular nerves. And then you are musical, really musical; not superficially musical.

You feel what you sing and hence you make others feel it. Your ear is accurate and hence your intonation is so clean that the keenest ear could not discover the slightest deviation from the correct pitch.

For once after many, many years since last I heard it, I was delighted once more with the low D in Schubert's deepest song, "Der Tod und das Mädchen." You gave me the cold shivers down the back when you sang your Nimmermehr in Schumann's weird "Waldesgespräch." It was like Poe's "Raven" come to life, only your "Nevermore" was no croaking; it was frozen voice of most intense and suppressed passionateness.

But oh, why after these gems of the German Lieder treasures, and after the classical arias of Gluck, Beethoven and Handel, did you sing that sickening song of Cowen's, and why Chaminade's "Silver Ring" in English, seeing that you sang Bemberg's sad songs in the most exquisite of French? Why, oh why, did you sing these things at all? You were not in an English drawing-room, nor in an American variety music hall. Then why sing such unmitigated rot?

Please don't ever do it again, Oh, most beautiful Clarissima Trilby Butt!

So great was the enthusiasm which the young English singer evoked that Manager Wolff immediately decided upon a second concert, but as no concert hall suitable for a vocal recital could be secured in Berlin between now and the Christmas holidays, the return of the star must be postponed until then. Miss Butt told me that she would make a short tournee through the United States under the management of Mr. Vert, of London.

I cannot close this paragraph on Miss Butt's concert without making mention of the fact that she was greatly assisted in the accomplishing of her effect upon the audience through the quite masterly and most discreet, as well as sustaining, accompaniment of Otto Bake. At times, especially toward the end of a long musical season, Bake accompanies in a careless or business-like style, but when he is on the *qui vive*, as he was last Monday night, he is an artist in his field.

Tuesday night Miss Anna Haasters, from Cologne, gave a piano recital at the Singakademie, at which she played Brahms' two rhapsodies and Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata, yclept the "Moonlight," within my hearing. The remainder of the program I left to the enjoyment and tender mercies of my faithful assistant Leonard Liebbling.

Miss Haasters was a pupil of Hans von Bülow, and was at one time reported to be his favorite pupil. I was unable to discern why. The lady tries to be philosophically interpretative *a la* Hans von Bülow, without having, however, her master's mind. On the other hand, she has in both hands his hard, unyielding touch, but she plays in a conscientious, painstaking style.

Wednesday was the night for a joint concert in the Singakademie of a very young and a no longer very young artist. The latter was Marie Jugel, from Cassel, a lady with a very passée, shrill voice, who gave us the nowadays rarely heard "Inelice" concert aria of Mendelssohn, and a lot of Lieder, among which two as yet unpublished songs by Spohr, in Carl Rundnagel's arrangement, could lay claim to special attention. The first one of these, entitled "Wohin," is the more important of the two, and in its interesting accompaniment shows already that tendency for modern chromatic harmonization of which Spohr may justly be said to be in some sense the originator.

Miss Laura Helbling is a young lady of fourteen or fifteen, the daughter of the Zürich conservatory director, and is extremely talented. Her violin playing is technically and conceptionally far above what one is wonted to expect in one of her tender years, and it may be described as thoroughly artistic. She performed the Spohr "Gesangsscene," the Vieuxtemps "Reverie," and Bruch's romance, op. 42. I liked her tone best in the Vieuxtemps piece, and admired the clean octaves and runs in tenths in the Spohr work. Miss Helbling is a young person with a future.

We have had all sorts of concerts heretofore. In the course of twenty years of critical activity I have attended the greatest variety of concerts, from composers' concerts down to zither concerts. Last Thursday night, however, I was present for the first time in my life at a—conductor's concert. And yet it is strange that this should be so; but, as a rule, conductors are engaged for concerts—they do not give concerts.

In order to demonstrate his quite extraordinary gifts as conductor, Herr Max Fiedler engaged the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and the hall of the Singakademie. He is said to direct a series of popular concerts at Hamburg, but I had never before heard his name in connection with orchestral work. Nevertheless, I am quite will-

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ing to declare after the concert I heard him conduct night before last that Herr Fiedler is a most extraordinarily gifted and really important orchestral director.

The program which he had selected for the occasion may be described as a test program, inasmuch as it tested his abilities in almost every direction of orchestral reproductiveness, except accompaniment. He conducted the long and varied program entirely from memory, and it was no mere show "by heart" conducting, but absolute and reliable memory work. He gave every cue and entrance beforehand, and his shading was finely thought out as well as his climaxes carefully prepared.

The program opened with the Brahms C minor symphony into the Beethovenish final movement, into which he infused an amount of fire and enthusiasm that made one forget that it is after all only a Beethoven counterfeiter.

Then followed two novelties, the first one of which, a symphonic poem on the subject of Othello, I don't care to ever encounter again. It is by Z. Fibich, a Bohemian composer, and its name is a libel on Shakespeare's Venetian Moor. Very dashy, an orchestral virtuoso piece, was the second novelty, Carl Goldmark's A major scherzo, op. 45. It was performed with utmost brilliancy and great verve.

From an interpretative viewpoint Wagner's "Faust" overture, one of the most dramatic compositions in all musical literature, was the most plastic piece of reproduction; but I admired almost equally the reading of Beethoven's third "Lenore" overture.

Mr. Max Fiedler's services should not go begging in these days of great dearth of good conductors.

A joint concert of Miss Elise Hofmeister and Hans Diestel, in Bechstein Hall, last night, I pass over without much comment, for I did not find it worth my while to listen to a great deal of it. The young lady is hardly ripe for public appearance. She had a fair soprano voice, which

she uses as yet in a very amateurish style. Herr Diestel is a violinist of not more than average importance.

These two personages made me lose the first half of a "Lustspiel" overture in C major, with which Ferruccio B. Busoni opened up the program of an orchestral concert of his own compositions, which he gave at the Singakademie last night.

The half Mozartean, half Meistersinger close of this overture, which sounded quite fresh and interesting, made me regret that I had not heard the entire work, the date of composition of which is given as 1897. All the more did I regret this as no other number on the program contained much that was refreshing or enjoyable.

My admiration for Busoni as a pianist I have too often expressed in these columns to need reiterating it now. It is, however, only equaled by my admiration for him as a musician, but as a composer I have for him a feeling that falls short only very little of horror. It is too bad that nature has decreed it, that such admirable technical gifts as he is possessed of should not be matched by equally great creative talent. But Busoni is barren, he has not a spark of invention, he is painfully and distressingly impotent, and the listener suffers from this sterility all the more acutely as the composer's efforts at generation are almost gigantic. He puts into operation all the tricks of the craft of which he is so thorough a master, only to bring home to our mind all the more forcibly the fact that he has nothing to say. He tries to out-Wagner Wagner, but he has no ideas. He becomes bombastic, like Liszt, but not even the Hungarian's meagre and hard-wrung inspirations are at his command. Vainly he tries for Berlioz's frequently bizarre manner of diction. What is the use of imitating diction when you have nothing to say? Busoni is all head and no heart; he is all brains, but has no Gemueth. It is too bad that it is so, but the fact remains true nevertheless.

Thus I waited and mentally waded through a half hour's symphonic tone-poem, composed in 1893, without hear-

ing a single melodic thought. Chromatic curves are all the outlines of his ideas, not a single one of which is natural, flowing or pleasing.

The same may be said of his second "Geharnischte" orchestral suite, which I heard him sketch on the piano for Arthur Nikisch at Manager Wolff's house two years ago. But Nikisch was not eager to perform the suite, although he thought that the work would gain much when performed by the orchestra. I cannot concede even that much, for in this suite the orchestration is frequently obstreperous without being effective. It is all noise for noise's sake, or to hide the emptiness of what is being so noisily performed.

Less distressing, but also not pleasing, is the violin concerto in D major, composed last year, which Concertmaster Petri, of Dresden, performed with so much dash, tonal beauty, and in the last movement with so much fire and brilliancy that the very kindly disposed audience was willing to hear this finale repeated.

I do not believe that my criticism or the similar ones of my Berlin confrères will keep Busoni from composing; but I have spoken, as I always do, from honest conviction and with all due respect for Busoni as an artist and musician.

Simultaneously with this composer's concert, the Italian Children Opera gave its first representation here at Kroll's. Of course I could not attend, but I imagine our clever and highly interesting Vienna correspondent has given an account of this juvenile artistic undertaking in one of her letters, as the troupe comes directly from the Austrian capital.

The opera they were heard in here last night was the "historic-romantic episode in three acts" entitled "Salvatorello," text and music by Alfredo Soffredini, who is also the conductor of this troupe of boys, all pupils of the municipal conservatory of the city of Milan.

The plot of the opera is said to be based upon episodes in the life of Salvator Rosa, the great painter, and the



music is described as belonging to the modern Italian school of the Puccini kind. Of Alfredo Soffredini it is said that he discovered Mascagni. Whether this is true or not I cannot tell, but surely the pupil has soon made his name better known than that of the teacher.

Weingartner will after all be able to conduct three of the Kaim concerts at Munich and three of the subscription concerts of Mr. Wolff at Hamburg, but who will conduct the others and the Bremen concerts is not yet known.

The distressing news reaches me from Vienna to the effect that Hugo Wolf, the rising and most gifted young Lieder composer, has become insane and that his case is considered a hopeless one by the doctors.

Martin Plueddemann, musical litterateur and composer, some of whose ballads have been highly spoken of in these columns, died here yesterday quite suddenly of heart disease at the age of forty-three.

Miss Anna Millar, manager of the Chicago Orchestral Organization, has engaged Josef Hofmann for twenty concerts in the United States at a big sum. He will play the Steinway piano. At the same time I learn from Mr. Wolff that he has had cable news from Manager Wolfsohn, of New York, to the effect that Rosenthal will not cross the ocean this season, and that his contract will be shifted over for the season of 1898-9. Rosenthal was still at Nauheim this week, which would make it appear as if he were not yet quite restored to health. He writes, however, that he will be in Berlin next week, and then I shall know better how matters stand.

An interesting experiment was made here last week in the presence of several noted persons with phonographic cylinders, taken by Theodore Wageman, of New York. They were reproductions of the voices of two of Mme. Anna Lankow's pupils. Mr. S. P. Hecht, bass, was on the cylinders with the "Mephisto" serenade and the address of the Landgrave from "Tannhäuser," and Mr. Andrew Schneider, baritone, was represented with the "Evening Star" romanza and a duet by Broemme, which he had sung into the phonograph together with Madame Lankow.

Several theatrical agents listened to the reproduction of the cylinders in a Koeltzow phonograph, and were so struck with the beauty of these two voices that they are now trying to secure operatic engagements in Germany for the gentlemen in New York. The idea now seems not unreasonable that in future singers may send to agents and directors a phonographic reproduction of their voice, together with their photograph and list of their repertory. This would simplify matters and reduce cost of traveling and loss of time.

I have a good Melba story for you, and the best of it is that it is a true one. The diva was stopping here last week at the Hotel Bristol, and from there sent word to Mr. Henry Pierson that she would like to see him. Although it is customary here in Germany that if an artist would like to speak to the director of the Royal Opera intendency the artist calls upon the director, Herr Pierson nevertheless obligingly enough drives up to the hotel

on his way to his office after 11 o'clock in the forenoon. He sends up his card to the prima donna, who through the bell boy informs him that he should call again in an hour. She is waiting yet.

Emil Sauer, the eminent pianist, has been nominated "Commander of the Civil Order of Merit" by the Prince of Bulgaria.

Richard Strauss is the first German composer who will conduct works of his own at two of the Colonne concerts in Paris next winter. He will also conduct two concerts in Amsterdam, and one each at Brussels, London and Barcelona.

Nikisch is in town for the rehearsals for next Monday night's first of this season's Philharmonic subscription concerts. It is more than likely that he will undertake a second concert tour to Paris with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in the spring of 1898.

Miss Hiedler, of the Berlin Royal Opera, is reported to have received a flattering offer from the New York Metropolitan Opera House, but cannot accept because the intendency is unwilling to grant her a prolonged leave of absence.

After a ten years' activity as professor of singing at the Royal College of Music in London, Prof. Alfred Blume has now settled in Berlin. He had been offered a position as singing master at the Court Opera of Wiesbaden, whither some of his pupils had followed him from England, but the climate of Wiesbaden did not agree with him. Of Professor Blume's many pupils, the two most prominent are Madame Brema and Plunket Greene. Madame Brema had the professor's vocal advice even during her stay at Bayreuth two summers ago, and also studied with him after her return from Bayreuth. The professor received his title of Royal Prussian Professor from the Emperor last year.

Among the callers at this office during the past week were Mr. Georg Liebling, who leaves immediately for England; Miss Voigt, from Cincinnati, who will finish her vocal education with Lilli Lehmann, and has in the meantime been sent by her to Fräulein Seehofer; Mlle. Marie Panthès, the Paris pianist, who will concertize this winter together with Petschnikoff; Mr. Biggerstaff, of San Francisco; Miss Nettie Tareh, from Macon, Ga., who returned to Berlin after two years of study with Mme. Désirée Artot at Paris, where the young lady also sang lately with much success; Mr. A. K. Virgil, of New York; Miss Laura Helbling, of whom more above; Miss Liddle and Miss Olsen, the latter a pupil of Professor Hey, and who is going presently to Bayreuth, where she has secured a free scholarship under Kniese; Miss M. L. Bruguère, from New Orleans, a vocalist who will shortly be heard here in concert, and Mr. Szanto, a talented young Hungarian pianist, who intends making his debut here during the coming season.

O. F.

## MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Aug. Junker, formerly of the Thomas and Boston Symphony orchestras, is in Berlin for the winter. Mr. Junker intends to work with Joachim until the spring, after which he will go to Yokohama, Japan, as first violin instructor of the newly opened conservatory in the Japan-

ese capital. I asked Mr. Junker what he thought of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. "Fine," he answered; "but the Boston Symphony is finer."

Miss Celeste Nellis, a pupil of William H. Sherwood, in Chicago, has been admitted into Professor Barth's class at the Hochschule.

Frau Iduna Walter-Choinanus, from Weimar, gave a song recital in the Singakademie. She possesses a wonderfully rich, mellow alto voice, of unusual range and flexibility. She has apparently received most rigid artistic training, for she exercises the finest control over her lavish natural gifts, never allowing mere display to mar her earnestness and evident sincerity. Her voice has a melting vibrato that goes straight to the hearts of her listeners, so that in Brahms' "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," which was enunciated with momentous intensity, the audience was visibly affected. Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen" (in which Frau Choinanus sang low D) also received striking interpretation. The singer received a miniature ovation after the last named song.

On the program were three new lyrics, set to Gerhart Hauptmann's texts, by Robert Kahn, the rising "young German" composer. These songs contain no ear-tickling effects (indeed, the words would not permit it), their tendency being deep, poetical, mystical. Kahn's harmonization is characteristic and bold. In setting to music Hauptmann's poem "Kreischende Moven" (Screeching Sea Gulls) the composer attempted a risky experiment, but his resources were adequate to hit upon a most novel mode of musical diction, and he has given the forceful verses a most ingenious and logical setting.

Mrs. Crane, the American composer, whose trio attracted considerable attention at a musical given last spring by Mr. O. B. Boise, has resumed her studies with Professor Barth and Mr. Boise. Mrs. Crane refused a lucrative offer to travel as a pianist.

A young lady said to me, "I always read while practicing scales—d'Albert does it, too." Might I suggest to the young lady (and to others who indulge in the same pernicious habit) that before allowing one's self such luxuries it is necessary to be a d'Albert.

"The musical public has a mind of its own," we hear on all sides. Yes—after it has read the newspapers.

Mr. Max Ghulka, who as "Little Ghulka, the boy violinist," acquired notoriety and some fame in the United States about five years ago, has seen into the fallacy of wearing Hungarian boots and bloomers and gradually developing into an overgrown prodigy, and is now a serious, hardworking, ambitious young artist. He completed a long course of study under Sitt, in Leipsic, and has just been admitted into the Hochschule, where he will remain two or three years. Already young Ghulka's "marvelous spiccato" has become town talk, and the other possessors of marvelous spiccatos look thoughtful as they stroll on the Potsdamerstrasse.

Many persons call every writer who compiles critiques of musical performances "musical critic." Very frequently "music critic" would be the more discriminative and correct term. There is a world of difference between a music critic and a musical critic.

Anna Haasters, a pupil of Bülow, gave an unnecessary piano recital in the Singakademie. She is a player of very slightly more than average attainments, whose sole claim to special distinction rests on a piquant, clear cut staccato. This was displayed to good advantage in Mendelssohn's "Charakterstück," in E major, which earned her the most



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sincere applause of the evening. In Chopin's A flat ballade Miss Haasters lacked pomp and breadth; in Schumann's "Papillons" versatility of touch and pedaling, in Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, No. 2 (labeled "Moonlight"), authority and largeness, and in Chopin's terrific C minor arpeggio etude, the necessary grasp and iron power. Aside from this she did not lack much.

Professor Barth gave a private recital at his residence for pupils and friends. This was his program: F sharp minor sonata, Schumann; three caprices, Brahms; two ballades (F major and F minor), Chopin; "Don Juan" fantasia, Liszt. After the Brahms pieces, Professor Barth remarked naively: "These pieces are very difficult to understand; I will play them again for you." Accordingly he did so. For obvious reasons I should like Barth to play the "Don Juan" nightmare in public. How some critics would stare!

Miss Alice Heublein, of New Haven, Conn., is here with her mother. She is studying piano with Martha Siebold, the best pianist Moszkowski has yet turned out.

Mr. Chase, formerly private secretary to Walter Damrosch, passed through Berlin. He is now connected with a rich corporation and travels in private cars.

Liszt once played his "Hunnenschlacht" for a venerable critic. When the composer had finished he asked for his auditor's opinion.

"I prefer the other," remarked the laconic old gentleman.

"Which other?" asked Liszt, surprised.

"The 'Chaos' in Haydn's 'Creation,'" was the sententious reply.

The first popular Philharmonic concert drew a large audience to the enormous hall of the Philharmonie. Many Americans were present. The new director, Josef Rebizcek, Hof-Kapellmeister, made a very favorable impression. He seemed slightly cumbersome at times, but is evidently a man of much musical intelligence, who will accustom himself very quickly to his surroundings and the facilities at his command. In such a test piece as the "Tannhäuser" overture he displayed firmness, precision and judgment.

Zangwill says: "There are three reasons why men of genius have long hair. One is they forget it is growing. The second is that they like it. The third is that it comes cheaper; they wear it long for the same reason that they wear their hats long."

LEONARD LIEBLING.

**Music in Japan.**—Our brilliant contemporary the *Fufuka-Ga*, of Tokio, has an interesting article on the present condition of music in Japan. Its description of the national Japanese orchestra makes one long to visit Japan. It consists of eight young ladies, who from childhood are trained for the profession. They wear a particular dress with pink pajamas, and their hair, instead of being bound up in the ordinary fashion so well known to us from pictures, is left to float loose over their shoulders. Such bands are found in all parts of the country and are very popular, not only among the people but the nobles, in whose palaces they are often invited to perform.

But like our own negro minstrels these native performers are being crowded out by imported high priced labor and the prevailing fashion for everything European, which the Japanese in their simplicity fancy is civilization. The Imperial Orchestra is under the direction of a German named Eckel, who is trying to organize it into an institution resembling a German school of music. He has a hard task, as the places in the orchestra are hereditary. The Military Music School is under a native, Hiroshima Furaja, who was sent by the Government to study for five years in Germany. Another Japanese musician, Yokito Kimoto, presides over the Imperial Orchestra; he was the first in Japan to study European music and especially Italian music. But, alas! from the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" Kann auch Japan nicht ruhig sein.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 107 AVENUE HENRI MARTIN, PARIS, October 12, 1907.

#### THE REMEDY.

NOT a week passes in this otherwise gentle and harmonious Parisian life that ears are not assailed by jarring expressions of discourtesy on the part of vocal professors, one toward another.

The monotony of the discord is broken only by the same jar in other keys from the lips of vocal professors elsewhere; in England and America for example. The malady is international, and evidently thrives upon what it feeds, as there is no visible abatement of it, and worse, no movement in the line of restriction, no appearance of a quarantine against the contagion.

The lamentable tendency has been referred to frequently in these columns, and "the end is not yet." In fact, a black list is in contemplation to contain the names of all who so far stray from the broad principles of humanity, and from the narrow ones of professional etiquette, as to seek to destroy the reputation of a confrere.

For example, one woman draws herself up, smites her chest à la Philistin, and declares boldly in broad daylight, "I am the only one. There is none but me. All the rest are frauds, fakes, ignoramuses, destroyers of voice and disturbers of art peace!"

Another less virulent says: "I refuse to be placed in a category with X, Y and Z. They may have their qualities, but they are not my qualities." Others speak boldly the names of teachers whose ruined pupils come to them for restoration and are thereby for the first time restored.

(There is one unfortunate public singer here who has been passed around among four different professors to be repaired, and who has been as many times declared "repaired," with the convicting assurance that now for the first time since his ruin are fame and immortality opened up before him. Within four years that singer has not sung one professional engagement, and he is to-day in the hands of the fifth repairer.)

Some express themselves as disgusted with their profession because the others are not only allowed to live, but do actually "succeed in a way" without might, right or reason. Some go so far as to renounce the journal which allows any name but one on its list of professors, and some, the greater number, express by all manner of expression, the contempt they feel personally for Z, Y and

X, and their shame at even seeming to appear in the same category.

Others, dropping into whispers, demand in disgusted tones by what right Z, X or Y exist at all in the category of teachers of singing.

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This whole thing has a much more grave and important side than that of aestheticism or the breach of professional courtesy. If, for example, a pasture be left without a gate, one sheep has just as much right in there as another, and all sorts of animals may be expected to be found browsing together—white, black, lean, fat, curly and straight woolled. The whole question lies with the gateway where there is no gate!

These people are sure to ask with an impressive air of righteous indignation: "What right have X, Y or Z to be professors?"

The simplest common sense demands: "By what right do you demand their right?"

Further, by what standard do you demonstrate their uselessness? Further yet, what standard have you to show that you are the one more than another? Still further, what is there in the whole, the entire professorat world to prevent yourself or X or Y or Z, as cook, coachman, dressmaker or dry goods clerk, from establishing yourself, or they themselves, as professor? What do you offer as protection against the demand of the person you denounce as to your right to be a professor?

Your own self-esteem? They have all got it. There are ninety-nine others who can pull themselves up just as straight and smite themselves quite as lustily upon the breast, crying: "I am the The One!" Your words? Words are only of value when convincing or when expressing a truth already proven. There is no conviction in a mere statement of fact, especially when the same fact is stated by ninety-nine others with equal insistence in regard to each of themselves. Your career as a singer? There is not a thing to prove that any one of the leading singers now before the public would make a professor who would not waste the time or ruin the voices of his or her pupils! A great singer may be used as an illustration by an educator. It is only by a miracle of chance that a "star" is an "educator."

That you do not ruin voices? There are ninety-nine teachers, many people who are not teachers, and many of your own pupils who say that you do. But that is no proof either, as people and teachers and pupils say the same of the other ninety-nine! One has yet to hear of a professor who does not ruin voices, according to somebody. Engagements of pupils? There is no teacher who does not some time have some pupils sing somewhere. In the aggregate of the year's teaching of the entire 100 there is not an average of half a dozen pupils a year who rise above the plane of humdrum workers ever. There are not anywhere three professors who can produce an average of three famous singers a year, made so by their skill as professors. (The skill to get possession of voices which would make the professors famous anyway is another matter.)

Of this doubtful gleaning, then, how many straws have you to lean upon in the denunciation of all other professors? In all your demonstration what have you given as proof that you are in any way entitled to be the "one only?"

This same test applies elsewhere as here. It is true earth over to-day that in the musical professorat, although there may exist reasons why one professor should exist more than another, there is no earthly reason why any one teacher should denounce another.

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For the gate of the pasture is wide open! In other words, there is no gate, and the flock in the pasture is motley, naturally.

If the professorat is really serious in its "righteous in-

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dignation," the thing for it to do is to erect that gate! Let it insist upon: Diploma first as musician; diploma second as professor, with dispositions and training for both understood.

Erect a gate once, institute a something whereby professors must be chosen and declared, such as is demanded of common teachers of spelling and arithmetic, then, indeed, as a fortunate member of the "elect," any one member would have just cause to complain if a black sheep jumps the fence.

That you have been ten, fifteen or twenty years a public singer says nothing, and does not entitle you either to denunciation or professorship. The world knows that such an one may not be able to impart one iota of what made his or her fame. If by chance natural qualities form a lesson for a pupil by chance ready to assimilate them, what of the rest who are not so prepared, and, besides, may not such assimilation be wholly imitation? A public singer does not therefore make an educator. Indeed the chances are all against it.

That you have taught ten, fifteen or twenty years does not entitle you either. Since there has been nobody but you to say that you did well, who knows what miracles of disaster you may have wrought! You may not have wrought any. But what is there to prove that you have not?

Besides that, the ninety-nine others have sung and have taught—according to them.

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This idea of a gate, a restriction, a protection for superiority and a reason for discrimination is the one thing that silences the flow of recrimination in an ill-advised or discourteous singing teacher. All take heed before it. There is nothing else to do. Of course, in many cases there is the natural torrent of assurance, of readiness for such a step. "I am ready for examination." "I am prepared for restriction." "Bring on your gates. I will be found inside the pasture." In most cases, of course, this is mere bluster. There is no doubt but that there would be an immense amount of squirming everywhere in case of serious discrimination, either as musician or professor, especially the latter.

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There is no doubt whatever in the minds of serious observers but that one day this thing of serious discrimination will occur in regard to art teachers, as it was obliged to occur in America in the domain of intellectual education. Conditions are coming to a crisis, traditions are showing the stitches, patience of parents and the public are worn, intelligence has grown to be inquisitive and critical, routine has become unsatisfactory, and results are being declared disproportionate with effort and expense.

Regulation is called for. The first step in all regulation is fitness of things in regard to each other. Haphazard coming together has no fitness in it. There is nothing so haphazard to-day as musical education.

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Where, for instance, would our American education be to-day had it remained in the hands of Mr. A., Mrs. B. and Miss C., each wrestling in his and her own individual fashion in private boarding schools with the great questions of the national imparting of knowledge. We would have nothing but a crowd of wrangling pettifoggers, fighting with and beating each other, and pupils wandering every which way for nothing, the majority of them going without anything—just as it is in music.

There is no reason why art teaching, as any other, should not be brought into normal educational harness. Because art itself abounds in curves is no reason why the science leading to its knowledge and exercise should not be laid in straight lines. There is a big difference between the manipulation of clay and a creation of a statue; between the departments of managing a sewing machine and dress, taste and style; between the spelling, grammar

and rhetoric of a language and its expression in an immortal chef d'œuvre.

There must be a certain amount of preparation and training in strict fundamentals before the exercise of individuality; else individuality is restricted. A born artist may produce pictures straight from his head upon a wall with a burnt stick. That is no reason why he could not do ten times as much or as well if furnished with palette and easel and instructed in the knowledge of color and crayon. At the same time his natural talent may be hurt in the instruction; also neither instruction nor materials would be sufficient to produce the chef d'œuvres without the impulse from within the great first cause.

What is true of the genius is true also of the teacher.

The great trouble in regard to music and to its instruction has been that on account of the great necessity for natural fitness in its exponents and of the world of curve, and abandon in the domains of taste, style and sentiment, sight has been wholly lost of the vast and important field of preparation. Not only sight lost, but people have taken much pains to prove that because of these two unteachable departments the whole art was one of vague generalities which must be left to the particular sweet will of every person who sought either to study or to teach it. Hence the absurd and criminal negligence in regard to fitness of educators for their important task or of pupils for the career of musical artist.

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Another reason for the retarding of this important feature of art activity has been the anti-pedagogic blood of the Latin races—the art races.

To them and according to them everything is "natural," "comes natural," "is learned naturally." They know things, but they do not know why, and it irritates them to push them to "whys." They have not the faintest idea of analysis, have no way of turning over subjects to make them apparent, no sense of the necessity for so doing.

No where is this so plainly seen as in the teaching of the Latin languages by the natives. Twenty times during a lesson you will hear the word "natural" and "naturally." "Never mind learning sounds or pronunciation; that will come naturally." "Don't trouble about where words are accented; all that will come naturally." "Don't worry about the genders; you will learn them naturally."

Any intelligent person, of course, knows better. The most ordinary American mind could teach English more speedily to a French person than French can be taught to the most intelligent American by a superior French teacher. The same is true of Italian. Indeed, we have to teach these Latin people how to teach us if we want to know anything. They have no system in their work. When they come before a pupil or a class they make it up as they go along. They drift and drivel in their work; they have not a spark of originality or initiative in illuminating a subject or engraving it upon the mind. They do not anticipate and plan as do real teachers. It may be cited, indeed, that all the grammars of Latin tongues are written by Germans!—people of persistence, concentration, logic, capacity for labor, analysis, system; in other words, pedagogues.

Nobody knows and few dream how much of this same Latin art principle enters into music teaching as well, and still more into vocal music teaching, the most vague and superficial of all pursuits.

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By right nothing should be taught except by people taught to teach it. For this two separate educations are necessary, as also two sets of "dispositions;" first that for a thorough knowledge of the thing to be taught, second for the imparting of that knowledge. If people were not so blinded to the necessities of musical education by the brilliance of musical effect we should long ago have had normal schools for music teachers and examinations for music pupils.

America by her educational bent is fast coming to the place where these measures will be seen to be imperative

necessities, and where they will be forced into effect. It will not be at all astonishing if, with all the art idea of the Old World, America should be the one to institute that most needed and most important of all music measures—the musical normal school for professors.

Music teaching is everywhere left too much in the hands of individuals. There is absolutely no restriction on the most frightful abuse of privilege, no looking after to correct error or prevent disaster, no examination to test result, no criticism to raise standard, no union to ennoble lines, no reading even to broaden views.

This last is only appreciable to France. The home teachers are avid readers, students, searchers, "discussers," and will be the leaders with more age.

There is evidence of the difference between the pedagogic and the art spirits at home and here in the fact that there is very little sympathy here for the earnest discussion going on at home as to details of vocal methods.

"What in the world," they say, "is the use of all this discussion about trifles (!)—all this examination as to the varying of needle points? Open the mouth and sing as do the birds! Nonsense, all this talk about vocal cords and vibrations and all this apparatus!"

A few admire the "cleverness" of it in a far off, distant sort of way, as though it in no way could possibly concern them; whereas by right of age and experience it is these people here who should be teaching those important truths to the art children of America.

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Obligatory normal training, such as is obligatory upon our school teachers, would modulate exaggeration on both sides. It would—there is nothing it would not do. It would create a standard, a point de départ for teachers from which to start. It would incite an incessant study of the laws governing the imparting of knowledge and the methods most sure for carrying them out. It would teach system, self-restraint, self-effacement, largeness of idea. Without infringing in the least on individuality it would guide and control tendency and prompt to originality and initiative. It would incite association union of ideas, harmony in place of discord. It would protect superior teachers and completely exclude all those devoid of quality. It would raise the eyes from personality toward art as the first cause.

Every music teacher should be compelled to hold two certificates: One for the knowledge of music, the other for the science of imparting that knowledge. Until then all teachers are alike as to criticism. Till then no one of them has any right to denounce the other or to question his position. Till then there is nothing to be said in defense of any. Till then it is one pell-mell pull and drag and scramble, without method, law, order, discipline, reason or common sense. Till then all is unprogressive, staggering and chaotic, as everything must be which is without fixed, governing law. Till then teachers are all at sea, and so, of course, are the pupils. Every day I live I see more and more plainly the urgent need of the normal school education for music teachers; followed, of course, by examination for the pupils. After which order and system would reign.

Four able American musicians, stirred by the rising complaints at home against the results of the foreign education, have been over here in Paris lately looking over the advantages for opening schools for Americans in Paris on wholly new bases.

All such efforts will only lead to turning over old material in new, more effective ways, perhaps; but will follow the old track little by little. It is inevitable. If they really want to do something really valuable, really au fond and powerful, let that effort go in the way of establishing normal schools—at home, here, no matter where; training schools for trained musicians who choose teaching as a career, but who must pass through a predestined, logical course of preparation for that most profound and important of callings.

Only in this way can standard be established, progress made certain and sure, and personal recrimination among professors be made—unnecessary.

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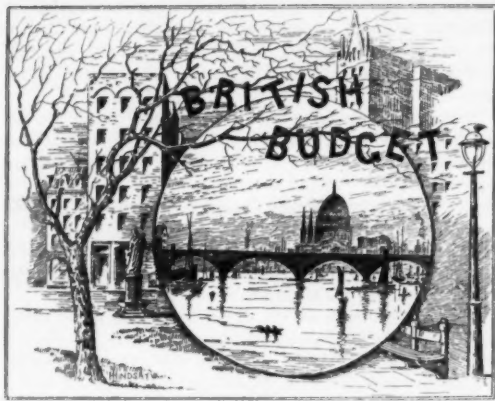
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LONDON, W., October 8, 1897.

**M**R. BARRON BERTHALD made his London debut in opera in the part of Tannhäuser Monday night and met with an unequivocal success. I shall speak more at length on his work after I have seen him in the parts of Siegfried and Siegmund, both of which he will sing the week after next. Elizabeth was taken by Madame Duma; Wolfram, by Mr. Ludwig, and Miss Maude Roudé was Venus. She looked the part, but her fresh voice was hardly able to make her work impressive. The part of Bitroff was taken by Mr. Homer Lind—and so it happened that four of the five principal characters were Americans.

The season opened Saturday night with Puccini's "La Bohème," when Miss Alice Estey sang the part of Mimì and Miss Bessie Macdonald that of Musette. We always enjoy Miss Estey's singing, although it never arouses great enthusiasm. Miss Macdonald seemed to force her voice considerably, probably from her anxiety in trying to fill the large auditorium. Her conception of the part seemed to be at variance with the character of a Frenchwoman, who uses subtlety and fascination rather than boisterous action to gain her ends, and at times she weakened the dramatic significance of her work by singing to the audience.

Signor Salvi, as the visionary Poet, was evidently handicapped by the language and created only a fair impression. Signor Maggi, one of his countrymen, was more successful in his pronunciation of English, but much more could have been made by him of his opportunities. The minor parts of Schunharde and Colline were well filled by Mr. Tilbury and Mr. William Dever. Mr. Homer Lind exercised commendable restraint in the difficult parts of Benoit (the landlord) and Alcindora (the society dude). Mr. Claude Jaquinot conducted an orchestra that left much to be desired. As I spoke at length about the music and the libretto when it was first produced in England last spring, I shall only say that the opera rather improves upon acquaintance. The music is certainly appropriate and to that end accentuates the meaning of each situation. The attendance on both Saturday and Monday evening was very large.

Tuesday evening served for the London debut of Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigné in the part of Faust. Vocally and histrionically he proved an efficient artist, and I believe he will take a high position among contemporary tenors. He is expected to sing Romeo this evening. Miss Alice Estey took the part of Marguerite and Mr. Lempriere Pringle Mephistopheles, another successful debut being that of Mr. George W. Fergusson in the part of Valentine. Mr. Fergusson has a good voice and acts with spirit. Mme. Agnes Janson was the Siebel and Madame Amadi sang as Martha. The orchestra had by this time consid-

erably improved, though it was evident that our best players have not been engaged for this season.

On Wednesday night "La Bohème" was repeated. Last night "Carmen" was given, the Don José being M. Brozel, the title role being taken by Mlle. Olitzka, while Mr. George Fergusson was Escamillo.

To-morrow afternoon "Faust" is again down for performance, with Mr. Whitney Mockridge in the title role and Madame Duma in the part of Marguerite.

Miss Frances Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving," which was composed several years ago, has just been published with French words by Theo. Marzials.

The "Village Suite," an orchestral piece of decided excellence, composed by Mr. Herbert Bunning, and produced for the first time at the Promenade Concerts last year, was again played in Queen's Hall Saturday. It has found its way into the programs of many of our best orchestral societies throughout England, and is worthy of consideration by those who make up programs for similar institutions in the United States.

Signor Piatti and Mr. Louis Ries have been obliged to discontinue their connection with the "Popular" concerts, with which they have been associated from the beginning in the year 1858.

The Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace begin to-morrow afternoon. The orchestra, which Mr. Manns has had to conduct at these functions, has been composed up to the present of members who have done service at this institution for many years past. The management claims to have lost much money over these concerts, since competition in central London has been so keen; and in order that it might use the orchestra to better advantage have arranged that they should play both afternoon and evening. The evening performances precluded the men from accepting better engagements in Queen's and St. James' halls and other places. This has led to the withdrawal of a large number of the band; in fact all the woodwind and many of the strings left in a body. It will be interesting to see how efficient Mr. Manns has been able to make his body of players, many of whom are doing work for the first time under his baton. I hear it reported that these concerts will probably be discontinued after the Christmas holidays. Good programs have been put forward for the concerts up to the middle of December. Some of the pieces to be heard there for the first time are Bruch's Scottish Fantaisie, Edward German's symphonic poem, "Hamlet"; Bavarian Dances by Edward Elgar, a prelude to "Gernot" by d'Albert, Dr. Chas. Vincent's "Wreck of the Hesperus," and a series of symphonic sketches, entitled "La Mer," by Paul Gilson.

During the fortieth season of the "Popular" concerts, which begins on November 1, we are to hear the Frankfort Quartet, d'Albert, Grieg, Lady Hallé, Mme. Blanche Marchesi, and many others.

Mr. Joseph Slivinski will make an autumn tour of the provinces, commencing at Bath the 31st inst.

I received a letter from Mrs. Katharine Fisk, saying she will sail for England November 20.

Miss Susan Strong makes her first appearance in concert in London, at Mr. Robert Newman's symphonic concert, the 23d inst.

It is reported that M. Sauret, the famous violinist, is writing the music to a light opera, which will be called "The White Witch."

Herr Leschetizky has paid London a visit, and has been much interviewed both by professionals and newspaper men. Mr. Daniel Mayer gave a reception the 30th ult. in the Salle Erard, where a large number of lights in the musical and social world were present. Professor Michael Hambourg gave another reception in his honor Wednesday evening. At both of these the venerable teacher was prevailed upon to favor those present with interpreting some of his favorite piano compositions.

One of the members of this staff, who writes as "Hans Sachs," says:

"Concerning the 'Wizard of the Nile,' I found the book very funny. It seemed a shame to treat the great and mighty potentate of ancient Europe in such a disrespectful manner; but notwithstanding my monarchical qualms against the republican liberties taken with His Sacred Majesty, I laughed until I ached at some of the absurd situations of the plot. The music is very bright, tuneful, clever, catchy—what you will; it is also singularly free from reminiscences. The cymbal clash and trumpet blast, which herald the King, are grandiloquently pompous; the scoring throughout is excellent in itself and appropriate to the situation. The solo voices are good and the chorus better than usual. I hope it will have the run it most certainly deserves."

The People's Concert Society, founded to increase the popularity of good music, have arranged a series of six concerts in Westminster Town Hall on Sunday evenings during October and November. The society also announces concerts during November, December and February, 1898, at the Northern Polytechnic Institution, Holloway, on Saturday evenings; and at Bermondsey Settlement in October, November, December and January.

Preparations are being made for the Leeds Musical Festival next year. The guarantee fund reached £13,640 in a week, being more than was guaranteed in 1895. The chorus will be formed, as before, from the best singers of the towns in the West Riding.

Two afternoon recitals of Greek popular music will be given by Mr. Armais in St. James' Hall on October 28 and November 5. By the introduction of choreographic illustrations the lecturer will show the development of the art of dancing from the earliest days down to the present time. These illustrations have been arranged by M. Bourgaud-Ducoudray, and will be executed by Mlle. Sandrini, one of the premières danseuses of the Paris Opéra. Mr. Armais will again have the aid of Mr. E. F. Jacques, whose explanatory remarks keep the audience au courant of the historical and archaeological details connected with the entertainment.

The music for the Alhambra ballet, "Victoria and Merrie England," is among the best of the varied music that Sullivan has written, and should be heard by all who can appreciate fine harmony, masterly treatment and delightful melody.

#### STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

This long promised book will be issued to the public by the publisher, Mr. John C. Nimmo, this present week. It should prove a valuable work of reference to all interested in music and the drama, as in every case Mr. Fitzgerald explains when and under what circumstances all the world's great songs were first heard—in which year, and in which drama or opera or concert. The need of such a work is evident when we find so many songs and ballads ascribed to the wrong people and verse writers confused with composers. For instance, blunder is frequently made in attributing the origin of "Auld Lang Syne" to Burns, when the truth is the song is hundreds of years old, in lyric form. The music, as we now know it, was composed by W. M. Shield, though it was not published as a song till 1799, when Thomson brought it out in his expensive edition of "Scottish Songs." It was not known in England, or in any way popular, till the Queen ascended the throne in 1837; and yet, in "In the Days of the Duke," at the Adelphi Theatre, in the scene at Brussels, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders actually play "Auld Lang Syne," when it was certainly not familiar or in any way used by any regiment of the British army till long after. In Mr. Fitzgerald's work we shall find many of these myths cleared



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away. It will not be out of place to quote from the author's preface:

"This work is the practical proof of some fifteen years' agreeable labor in the fields of lyric literature and song lore. The histories, as far as possible accurate, of all the world's most famous and popular songs and ballads have been gathered from all sorts of available sources, books, magazines and newspapers, and living representatives and friends of deceased writers. Many of the particulars as to origin, authorship and outcome of several of the ballads and pieces here appear in print for the first time; while nothing has been set down without due investigation and confirmation of the veracity of the various details and statements.

"While aiming all the time at accuracy and truth as to the development of the world's famous musical ballads, my object has been to produce, not so much a pedantic reference guide or dictionary for the library, as an entertaining, amusing and instructive work that shall appeal to the hearts and sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music."

Last Wednesday evening the rain descended, and the floods came and beat upon the Queen's Hall, and the noise thereof, mingling with the patter of the fountain within, was as the sound of many waters. I speak truly when I say that there were more waters than walkers at this promenade concert. The concert began with Smetana's "Lustspiel" overture, so brimful of youth and animal spirits. Then came Tchaikowsky's "Capriccio Italien," in which the beauty of the brass instruments was particularly noticeable. The excellence of the performance of this work would have been sufficient to give Mr. Wood and his orchestra a very high standing if they had done nothing else, but the conception and execution of the same composer's symphony No. 5 was equally good. I was much impressed with the conductor's reading of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. This grand work usually fails to interest me. Like Norman architecture, its simple outline and rugged strength are lacking in those sympathetic qualities that attract. When one considers that Mr. Wood conducts seven concerts a week at present, it seems almost impossible that he can find time to get all those scores into his head, to say nothing of the excellent and sometimes superb reading these works receive. At this concert Miss Lilian Coomber sang the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's "Faust" intelligently and with good voice, but somewhat heavily; Mlle. Marie Weingaertner played very acceptably Schumann's "Carnaval" for piano solo, and Mr. Hirwen Jones sang Purcell's "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly." Although Mr. Jones was recalled for his rendering of this song, yet I would like to remind him that Purcell wrote before the day of the *tempo rubato* and ballad concert sentimentality. Much as I admire the exquisite daintiness and romantic charm that Mr. Jones puts into his singing of Godard's "Angels Guard Thee," yet, on second thought, I think he will agree with me that this style is about as unsuitable to Purcell's music as a bicycle and a boomerang would be odd to the old Westminster composer himself.

Thursday night was devoted to Sullivan and Gounod. Friday night's program was drawn from the familiar works of Wagner, with the exception of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, for piano, played by little Bruno Steindel. I was reminded of how Mahomet commanded the mountain to come to him, and when it would not, then spoke Mahomet, with ineffable assurance, "I must go to the mountain." We assembled to hear this remarkable

boy surmount the difficulties of the Beethoven concerto. "I cannot climb so high, bring the concerto down to me," was the password. Some disrespectful but judicious hand had removed or changed the hard places.

Leschetizky, who was present, made the remarks which I take the liberty of repeating in translation: "If you close your eyes you hear nothing to speak of, but if you look at him it is phenomenal." There it is in a nutshell. It is not very good piano playing, but it is extraordinary in such a child.

Last Tuesday evening this wonder-child played two solos, in which one could hear that he had a true sense of rhythm and quite a fluent and accurate technic. I can only express the wish that his vitality may not be prematurely exhausted. It is well to remember that development and growth are two distinct things. Somewhere in "Les Confessions" I remember reading that Rousseau says, "When I was a child I was extraordinary. It was only when I became a man that I ceased to be remarkable."

On Saturday evening the program was for the greater part French, the only orchestral numbers that were not of Gallic origin being Rossini's "Semiramide" overture, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and Händel's "Largo." The best number was undoubtedly the overture to "Mignon," for which I must confess a great liking. Several times during the evening my memory brought before me the notice board of a mining camp in Northwest America, "Don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best." Change "pianist" to "deputy" and the relativity of my digression will be clear. Oh, these deputies! No doubt they are good players, but they are not used to the surroundings, and therefore occasionally blunder. The piccolo, the first bassoon, the first trumpet, a viola player and the cymbalist, among others, are gone perhaps to the Birmingham Festival. With the doings of the cymbal manipulator I was particularly interested. His instruments are so telling that every slip is noticeable.

In the "Domino Noir" overture, in the "Peer Gynt" finale and in the "Huldigungs" Marsch, as far as the cymbals are concerned, it was the unexpected that happened. Madame Duma gave a broad and vigorous rendering of Senta's ballad; Mr. William Ludwig sang in his usual effective manner Wolfram's air on Tuesday evening.

On Monday evening Mme. Lucille Hill gave a very fine reading of Isabella's song in Wagner's early opera, "Das Liebesverbot," and was tumultuously applauded. Herr Arnold von Anen has a powerful voice in the medium and lower registers, but his upper tones lack resonance and beauty. He is a good example of bad German voice production, and he seemed to try and accentuate the harsher qualities of the German language. His conception of the Spring Song from "Die Walküre" was both intelligent and sympathetic—two qualities which are rarely absent from German singers.

On Saturday evening Miss Ella Russell made her first appearance at the Promenade Concerts, and scored a most pronounced success in Weber's "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster." She appeared nervous at first, but this did not prevent her from making a powerful climax at the close. Mr. Herbert Grover seems to do better every night this season. My opinion of this artist's work in the past has not been high. Surely some skillful master must be directing his work at present. I hope so, for his voice is by nature excellent.

F. V. ATWATER.



10 QUAI DE PRAGNÉE,  
LIÈGE, BELGIUM, October 11, 1897.

LIÈGE is soon to lose Thomson. The eminent violinist moves to Brussels next week, to the great sorrow of the Liegeois. The director of the conservatoire is especially sad, which is quite natural, for Thomson is the great and shining light of the institution.

In Brussels he means to found a private violin school on a small scale. He will teach a class, or perhaps two classes of eight or ten pupils twice a week at his house. The terms will be moderate. This new departure of Thomson's gives students whose means are limited and who cannot afford to take private lessons an opportunity to study with him without having to endure the many unpleasant features of conservatoire study.

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The Grand Prix de Rome of 20,000 francs was won by a young Liegeois, M. Joseph Jongen, at the recent competition in Brussels. This young composer is a pupil of the Liège Conservatoire, his principal teacher being M. Radoux, the director. On his return to town Jongen was received at the station by thousands of enthusiastic Liegeois. Forty different societies and several bands of music took part in giving him a rousing reception. He was escorted through the town by a grand torchlight procession and at the Hotel de Ville he was formally received by the city officials and a banquet, and speeches and toasts followed. He was made a hero of generally. Jongen is but twenty-three years old. He had already won numerous medals and distinctions for composition. Among other things he has written a very fine string quartet, with which he won a prize of 1,000 francs given by the Académie Royale de Belgique.

Jongen is naturally much elated over his great success, and not only he, c'est un succès dont tous les Liégeois se réjouiront.

\*\*\*

Marie Thomson, the great violinist's eldest daughter, was married on September 28 to an Italian, Giulio Santi, of Milan. At the church Ysaye played the Händel Largo in a very broad and noble style and with intense warmth.

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and wondrous beauty of tone. Ysaye sings on his violin. When Ysaye was married some years ago Thomson played. The two violinists are great friends.

\*\*\*

I recently heard Mme. Lisa Delhaze, a pupil of Sigismund Thalberg, Liszt's great contemporary and rival. One gets tired of hearing about Liszt pupils. Everybody claims to have studied with Liszt. In fact more than 400 pianists did study with him. Of these not more than 4 per cent. attained distinction. The rest are mediocre. It is the same thing with the Joachim pupils. In Germany you can go to any city, great or small, of musical pretensions, and you are sure to find Joachim pupils. The orchestras are full of them all over the country. In the Berlin Royal Orchestra alone there are twelve. These hundreds of Joachim pupils are all mediocre violinists, with some half dozen exceptions.

Now with Thalberg it was different. He did not teach everybody. After his virtuoso career was over he bought a charming villa at Posilippo, near Naples, and here he lived like a prince. It required a great pianistic talent to interest Thalberg. He had but two pupils, Madame Delhaze and Beniamino Cesi. As the latter is an invalid, and no longer plays, Madame Delhaze has the unique honor of being the only active pupil of the great Thalberg.

Madame Delhaze, whose maiden name was Lisa Ciceodi Cola, was born in 1854 at Arpino, province of Caserta, Italy. Her family was wealthy and very musical. Her grandfather had been professor of counterpoint of the Naples Conservatory. The little Lisa early displayed remarkable talent for the piano, and at the age of nine she appeared in public with great success. Thalberg, who lived at Naples from 1858 on, heard her, and became interested in her, and at once accepted her as his special pupil. She studied with him up to the time of his death in 1871. In 1875 Lisa Ciceodi Cola married Emile Delhaze, a Belgian. As she possessed ample private means she did not care to embark upon a virtuoso career. However, she occasionally made short concert tours, playing with marked success in some of the principal cities of France, Belgium and Holland. Later she began to teach, for which vocation she has great natural aptitude, and in 1887 she was appointed professeur of the piano at the Liege Conservatory, which position she still holds, to the great credit of herself and of the institution.

César Thomson and Madame are good friends and they made a concert tour together in Germany in 1893, meeting everywhere with a warm reception.

Madame Delhaze has a great piano talent and had she cared to follow the career of a concert pianist she would unquestionably to-day be numbered among the most celebrated of living virtuosos. She is very musical and has a superb technic. Especially noteworthy is her touch and her beautiful singing legato, in which she is unexcelled. She acquired from Thalberg the best features of his style—elegance, an exquisite, velvety touch and a beautiful legato. At the same time her sound general musical education enabled her to avoid the superficiality of the Thalberg school, for the Thalberg style of playing, taken as a whole, would not do nowadays.

Madame Delhaze is the only pianist I ever met who had studied all of Thalberg's compositions. I heard her play some of them. She considers them good study material for acquiring the above mentioned characteristics, but she laughs at them as musical compositions. She is modern and an excellent interpreter of modern composers, as well

as of the classics. She has played the Brahms concertos in public with great success. She is the best piano teacher at the Liege Conservatoire, her class being très renommée. With her private pupils she has also been remarkably successful. I know this, as I have seen the results of her teaching. During the coming winter she will teach one day in the week in Brussels, which will no doubt be welcome news to American piano students who are coming to that city.

\*\*\*

Miss von Tetzel asks me to give a list of good modern violin compositions. Alas! there is a sad lack of good ones. Where are the Wieniawskis and the Vieuxtemps of to-day? Men who know the violin and who can write good legitimate music for it, and at the same time make it music of our times. They are not!

In former times every violinist of note composed for his instrument, and he composed good violin music—music that bore the stamp of his time.

This is all changed now. There are but few great modern violinists who attempt composition, and even their works are not played to any extent, excepting some of Sarasate's Spanish dances and arrangements. Why is this?

On first thought one would say that modern violinists have no talent for composition. But the reason lies deeper than that. This barrenness in the field of violin music is due, I think, less to a lack of talent than to modern conditions. Polyphony, heavy instrumentation, restless modulations and a lack of lyric melody are the signs of our times.

Now, the violin, wondrous instrument though it be, has its limitations. It has but four strings and a limited tonality. It is above all eminently a lyric instrument, and it will not and cannot meet all the demands of modern composition.

Now, a good violinist is a man of good general musical education; he knows all about modern demands, and he also knows better than anybody else the limitations of his instrument. He may have fine musical ideas, but he knows that if he expresses them in the style of Spohr, Ernst, De Beriot, or even Vieuxtemps, he will be ridiculed as old fashioned. If he attempts the all prevailing Wagnerian style he feels that he is disgracing his violin. Hence he prefers to keep still.

The last half dozen new violin concertos by young composers that I have seen were thoroughly Wagnerian, and simply ridiculous. They gave the violin no chance at all. Such composers will have the supreme satisfaction of seeing their works speedily consigned to oblivion.

Then again, so much is demanded of the violinist that it is impossible for him to meet all the requirements of the technic of modern composition.

First of all, he must have a tremendous technic, or he is considered of no account. To get this he must labor many hours daily for years, and when acquired it is taken by the critics as a matter of course, and passed over without comment.

Then he must have tone—both volume and quality—which also calls for years of hard work. He must, furthermore, have an all round musical education; he must be versatile and play all styles, from Corelli to Tchaikowsky; he must have sentiment, fire, dash, brilliancy and a thousand other things. He must be a good man in the orchestra, and be able to read anything at sight, and he must be a good quartet player. If a concertmaster he must be familiar with the art of conducting. He must

have some practical knowledge of the piano. He of course teaches his instrument. How then can he be expected to write for orchestra in the brilliant hues of a Richard Strauss? It is too much.

If Miss von Tetzel will write to C. F. Schmidt, Heilbronn a-N., Germany, and ask for his special catalogue of music for string instruments she will get about everything in the line of violin compositions. Schmidt is one of the largest and the cheapest of music dealers on the Continent.

I can give the name of a few easy modern pieces that I have never seen on American programs.

There is a Wiegenlied (cradle song), by my former teacher, Carl Halir, that is very pleasing and not at all difficult. César Thomson has written a Scandinavian "Cradle Song" that is well worth playing. One hears the weird north winds rocking his cradle.

Howard Brockway's Cavatina is a noble piece for violin and orchestra, or piano. This is very modern.

Another very pleasing little piece is Gustav Hollaender's "Spinnerlied." There are many good neglected works of great violinists of the past. No one plays Vieuxtemps' Tarentelle No. 5, of the six Morceaux de Salon. The tarentelle is a form of composition that is and always was much neglected by composers of violin. Wieniawski wrote a good one, but I never heard it played, except by Thomson. Rubinstein's E flat romance, arranged by Wieniawski, is a beautiful and effective salon piece.

It will interest me to see that collection of violins if I visit Milwaukee next year. ARTHUR M. ABELL.

#### Notes from Paris.

M. LUDOVIC BREITNER, the pianist, finding the mental and physical strain of sustaining the Philharmonic Society in Paris too much in addition to his school and concert work, has decided to renounce the undertaking for this year. This step is also induced by the many flattering offers he receives during the season for concert engagements. In view of a serious one in the near future, he proposes to devote his leisure time to repertory and concert preparation. He is in splendid trim, full of enthusiasm and hope, and already busy with his many pupils in the pleasant Rue Daubigny.

M. Juliani calls attention to his removal from old quarters into new and more commodious ones, called for by the increasing size of his school. In the new apartments (see card, page 3) will be a large salle for the regular theatre practice for his pupils. Many agreeable additions may be looked for this season. In addition a full concert will be given in the Salle Erard at the close of the season. M. Juliani is already at work, and has many interesting pupils, of whom more later.

Everybody is trying to sound M. Lamoureux as to his "projects." But the man who knew how to make other people keep still knows how to keep still himself. Nobody knows anything.

Mr. Paul Seguy, the baritone and professor, finds that the study year becomes shorter every year. This season prospects are that it will scarcely reach from December to May. His school is recherché as ever, however, but his first soirée will not take place until November. Meantime, he continues to sing with his habitual success. The last occasions were before l'Association des Dames Françaises, at Braisne and at Meulan, and at Mont Notre Dame for the Société de Secours Mutuels. The receipts of the societies were considerably augmented, thanks



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to the assistance of the eminent singer. Among the pieces sung were "Le Jardin des Reves," Paulin; "Le Vase Brisé," Grandval; "Psyché," Paladilhe; "L'Amoureuse," Missa; "O Salutaris," Faure, and "Pater Noster," Niedermeyer.

Madame Luran-Escalais has been appointed professor de chant in the celebrated Pugno School of Music. She has already many plans for the success of her charge and will continue with it her school Faubourg St. Honoré. It is known that Madame Escalais was for many years a favorite singer at the Paris Grand Opéra. This experience, united with unusual qualities as a professor, makes her a valuable adjunct to the Pugno School and to the world of music. She is a reading, thinking, progressive professor. In the school she will use a new method for the emission of the voice and facility in using it, written by her husband, M. Escalais, who was also an artist of the Grand Opéra. In his method he had the valuable collaboration of M. Granier, a professor of the Paris Conservatoire. The plan of the method is original; its intention is to move gradually toward speed. Notes in French and English. Sold everywhere. M. Escalais is still on tournée in concert.

A course in ensemble acting in caste in regular theatre by pupils of all teachers has been established in the Institut Polytechnique. Details later. See card, page 3.

M. Jules Algier, the favorite coach of French and Italian opera, will have several interesting mysteries to disclose later on. For the present he is passing the roles, among others, of M. Guillaume Ibois, who will be heard in America this season, and Mlle. Francisca for Milan. Mlle. Loventz, of the Opéra Comique; M. Dupeyron, of the Opéra; M. Pacary, and Isnardon, the successful creator of Leoncavallo's "Le Bohème," are or have also been his pupils. M. Algier is very successful in indicating interpretation and tradition in the two schools. Strong on diction and a trained vocal teacher, the work he is doing is very valuable. Born in Italy, he is a student of Italian and French masters and has the advantage of being modern and alert as to needs of Americans.

Miss Alma Garrigues, after a vacation in America, is back and at work with Julian; putting finishing touches on fourteen operas, which she has at her finger-ends. She will doubtless be taken from the schoolroom before long. Gay and full of grace and spirit, Miss Garrigues has been an earnest student and deserves what luck comes to her.

Mme. Renée Richard is back and arranging the season's plans. M. Eugène Gigout is giving a series of organ concerts in Switzerland.

Apropos of Sibyl Sanderson's marriage, Le Passant, one of the most brilliant contributors to the *Figaro*, has a charming article on artists leaving the public after that public has come to feel personal claim on the artists. He goes over the ground of the professional's dual life in the most irresistible fashion, in this irresistible French language, which is made specially for just such usage.

Mr. Bouhy is following closely the American discussion on vocal training. He admires greatly the spirit prompting the discussion and the cleverness and ardor of it. He finds an underlying fault of the whole thing to be "too great generalness." No one can generalize, he says, in an art which is the most specific in the world, necessitating almost a method for every voice.

The matter of humming through closed lips, for instance, while being invaluable in one case might prove the most disastrous in another. In fact, he has been cited in the course of the controversy as using a certain

method. "Somebody probably asked a pupil of mine what I did," he says gravely. "But perhaps that pupil needed that special treatment, which in case of a brother or friend I would not think of employing." For this he feels that people should be very careful in citing opinions of teachers. "The subject is too vast for citing," he says.

It may be interesting to know that Mr. Bouhy was offered a superb position this summer which would oblige him to leave Paris, but which he was obliged to decline, among other reasons, on account of his devotion to his father, who lives in Brussels and who shares the care and affection of one of the best of sons and of men.

A glance at Mr. Bouhy's library alone impresses a foreigner. Classics, moderns, encyclopædias, dictionaries, musical works and his Longfellow and Shakespeare, all beautifully bound and kept, for of all this good man's qualities shine neatness and precision in all matters.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Sprague will be in Paris shortly, on their way to Italy.

Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks is in Bretagne with her family. She has been singing at Dinard, and visiting at St. Servan with Madame Ram. She comes to Paris next week for a month or two.

Miss Suzanne Adams rehearses every afternoon in "Martha" at the Opéra Comique for her début, to occur some time within two months. She sang a scene from "Traviata" recently at Mrs. Walden Pell's, on the occasion of that estimable lady's birthday.

Artists in Paris are mourning the death of M. Taskin, the favorite baritone of the Opéra Comique, creator of many roles and lately professor in the Conservatory.

There is talk of "Le Drac," with Madame Mottl, at the Opéra Comique.

Duse and her daughter are in town.

*L'Europe Artiste* has for its front page this week a portrait and sketch of the dramatic artist Baron, and this prefaces a fund of information, fresh, valuable and interesting, about—all France.

**Home from Norway.**—Mr. Alexander Bull, of Madison, Wis., who has been spending the summer at his home in Valestrand, near Bergen, Norway, has just returned, and is now making arrangements for his annual series of concerts among his countrymen in the Northwest. Before sailing for America he visited Copenhagen to confer with Stefan Sinding, the eminent Norwegian sculptor, who is engaged in completing his work on the Ole Bull monument to be erected in Bergen next summer. That Sinding has caught the true Ole Bull spirit he feels convinced. Mr. Bull has been invited to play his father's "Chalet Girl's Sunday" at the unveiling of the monument, the orchestral accompaniment to be under the leadership of Edward Grieg.

**Miss Roberts' Talk on "Rhythm."**—Miss Alice Jane Roberts, of Elmira, gave her talk on "Rhythm" at Miss Aspinwall's studio in Buffalo on Saturday morning, October 16. Mr. Fred Elliot, of Buffalo, sang in illustration "Salve Dimora" from Gounod's "Faust," "Siegfried's Love Song," Wagner; "Spring Song," Weil; "Where Ere Ye Walk," Handel. Miss Aspinwall played Paderewski's "Légende." The cultured audience included several of Buffalo's leading musicians. So much was Miss Roberts' lecture enjoyed that a series will probably be arranged for her in Buffalo later in the season. In the near future Miss Roberts is to speak in Wilkesbarre, Williamsport, Amsterdam, Grand Rapids, Mich., Towanda, and at Mrs. J. Frank White's, Elmira.



CINCINNATI, October 16, 1897.

THE first faculty concert of the College of Music took place this evening at the Odeon and was given additional importance by being the Cincinnati début of Mr. Paul Haase, baritone, and Mr. Edward Ebert-Buchheim, pianist, the latest additions to the faculty secured by Mr. Van der Stucken in his travels abroad last summer. The following program was given:

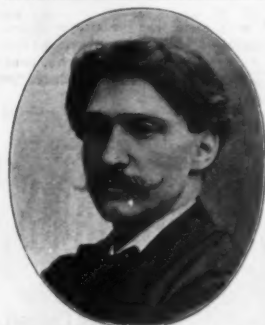
Sonata in B flat minor.....	Chopin
Aria, Hans Heiling.....	Marschner
Variations, E flat major, op. 35.....	Beethoven
Dichterliebe.....	Schumann
Liebestraum.....	Liszt
Polonaise.....	Schubert
An die Musik.....	Gade
Leb wohl liebes Gretchen.....	Mozart
Warnung.....	

Both made an emphatically favorable impression. Mr. Haase has a baritone voice of heroic proportions, which has yet the power by virtue of its training to melt away in sympathetic sweetness. He has it under excellent control and one instinctively feels his reserve power. Mr. Buchheim showed himself a well poised performer, with a clean technic and matured musicianship. His contrasts are well made. After the concert Mr. Van der Stucken tendered the new professors and all the members of the faculty an informal reception, which was very enjoyable.

Mr. Buchheim was a pupil of Theodore and Franz Kullak, in Berlin, and for a while taught at the Kullak Academy. He concertized through Germany with Madge Wickham, the violinist. Afterward he conducted a school of his own in Brunswick and for many years subsequently was active in the city of Strasburg. He played in concert in all the principal cities of Germany.

The College Orchestra and Chorus were organized last week, under Mr. Van der Stucken's personal direction. The dean was cordially greeted by the members, who all appeared enthusiastic over the prospect of the season's work. A few more voices will be accepted in the ranks of the chorus and a limited number of young performers for the orchestra.

The popular music classes conducted by A. J. Gantvoort are progressing splendidly. It is encouraging to note how much these classes are doing toward stimulating a desire for musical education among those who otherwise would never have been brought under the wholesome influence. Mr. Gantvoort possesses the faculty of making himself understood and by aptness of illustration and a vein of dry original humor he manages to keep his audience interested. He has two classes—one for beginners, which meets Monday night, and one for the more advanced, which meets on Tuesday night. The ad-



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vanced class is progressing so rapidly that Mr. Gantvoort expects to be able to take up with them shortly the study of some serious choral work.

On next Friday afternoon H. E. Krehbiel will deliver his lecture on "Shakespeare's Songs and Dances," at the Odeon. This is perhaps the most interesting lecture Mr. Krehbiel has brought to us, and there are many in Cincinnati, among its host of students, who will benefit greatly by its hearing.

Dr. N. J. Elsenheimer is succeeding quite well with his Academy of Music in the Pike Building. The number of students is increasing daily and the outlook is most encouraging. The doctor is a versatile musician of solid attainments. And to his musical knowledge he adds a broad and liberal education. His weekly evening class for sight reading in Smith & Nixon Hall is being largely attended.

His historical and theoretical knowledge, which he knows how to impart in an interesting manner, imparts additional zest and importance to this class. Associated with him is Mrs. Jenny Busk-Dodge, who has charge of the department of voice culture. Mrs. Dodge is classic in her education and taste, and came to this country with fine indorsement from abroad. Her repertory embraces the Schumann and Schubert songs, and the modern as well as old classics. As a voice teacher her career has been signally successful.

Prof. B. Ebann presented his first students' concert in Smith & Nixon Hall on Friday evening, October 15. Mr. Ebann has been teaching with success in this city for many years. He was the first teacher of Max Karger, who is now on the concert stage as a violin virtuoso. Mr. Karger was already a very well advanced player when Mr. Ebann sent him to continue his studies to his relative, Prof. S. E. Jacobsohn, at the Chicago Musical College. Continuing his studies under Joachim, the great maestro remarked that this American student was the most talented he ever had to teach. Mr. Ebann is a faithful, painstaking teacher, who analyzes the pupil's capabilities correctly and then imparts his instruction with understanding.

Most advanced of his pupils is Miss Charlotte Mitchell, who played the "Faust" Fantaisie for violin, by Alard, with a fine musical tone and a well matured execution. Mr. William Wrigby showed some encouraging points in the reading of an Andante and Scherzo for violin from a Capriccioso by David. Other pupils were Erich Bachrach and Louis Lehmann. Of his piano pupils Lilly Groene displayed talent of no uncertain nature in her playing of a piano number by Hummel. Mr. H. H. Rewer, a pupil of Mrs. Anna Spanuth, sang a number by Nicolai and one by Meyer-Helmund with good taste. A "Silver Wedding March," of Mr. Ebann's composition, played by a string orchestra of students, assisted by two pianos, brought the concert to a close. Mr. Ebann composed the march for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tietig, of this city.

Amy Kofler, pianist, and Mrs. Jessie Baldwin-Broekhoorn, violinist, have combined to organize a music studio in the Pike Building. Both are able teachers.

Mr. Henry Schlieven, of the College of Music faculty, is finishing a didactic work, to be entitled "Arcotechnica of the Violin." As the name indicates, it treats on the various technical features of bowing. It shows much research and considerable originality.

The year has begun with an overwhelming prosperity at the Conservatory of Music. All the departments are overflowing full. The enrollment this year will approximate 1,000 pupils. Never before in its history has the Conservatory been so prosperous.

The students' recitals have begun and one of the next professors' recitals will be that of Mr. Georg Krueger, of the piano department.

J. A. HOMAN.

### What Method Do You Teach?

THERE are so many different opinions among vocal students in regard to method that I think a few practical hints on this subject will not be amiss.

In connection with the method question, I would like to call your kind attention to the epidemical fashion of going abroad and to some of the reasons why most of these students fail to succeed. When I first came to this country and was asked what method I preferred my answer was: "There is only one pure, natural way, or one method. There are some elementary rules which must be observed in the selection of method best suited to the individuality of each student, which must be left to the experienced teacher."

In my estimation this is of the greatest importance. Individual teaching requires a good deal of experience, close observation and good judgment. There are three main reasons, according to my opinion, which are the causes of misleading students on the method question. Those are:

1. The different operatic styles.
2. Individual teaching.
3. Professional jealousy.

As you know, we have the Italian, German and French operatic styles. A great many students believe or are told that in order to sing correctly each style requires the study of a special method, so that it would be necessary, if you wished to sing an opera composed by a German, to employ a German vocal teacher, &c. This is absolutely false.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details because it is already demonstrated. I call your kind attention to the international artists of the Metropolitan Opera and to such singers as Lilli Lehmann, Nordica, Materna, Klafsky, de Reszke, Plançon and a great many others, who are undeniably living proofs of the fact that in order to sing according to any and all operatic styles it is not necessary to study each style under a native teacher. These artists have demonstrated also in this country that if one has the talent, the artistic temperament and intelligence, combined with other necessary requirements, one can sing everything, regardless of method or nationality.

The third reason is professional jealousy, I am sorry to say. The rivalry between German and Italian opera is partly due to the method question (and I must confess that from my individual standpoint I rather agree to a great extent in the vocal art with the Italians). Nevertheless, this will not hinder me from stating the fact that we have nowadays great singers and masters without distinction of nationality who have worked their way up by means of their talent, experience and good judgment, and have discovered and realized the fact that there is only one natural, pure way—one method of singing.

In regard to the ignorant or fake teachers, there is really not much to say. They have a new method every day and change their views according to their victims. There is one good thing about them—they are alike everywhere, and you can easily recognize them by their forwardness; always trying to attain notoriety, improving every opportunity to secure a hold upon some influential person who will give them prestige, "working" the masses and making every effort possible to injure the reputation of other teachers. They are of a roving nature, disappearing from one city when they are found out and appearing as a new comet to shine in another city for a brief period only.

In regard to the subject of going abroad there has been and still exists a great complaint among the American teachers of the craze for going abroad. I think for several reasons it is rather beneficial to the honest, deserving American teacher, and helps to gain recognition of Ameri-

can ability. We all know that the Old World offers opportunities to well prepared, advanced, talented students, who have prepared themselves for grand opera, which in this country is offered only in the large cities. Therefore those students have some excuse for going abroad if they can convince us of their success.

Here I want to call your attention to another thing. Have you ever observed closely the results attained by the many students who go abroad? There are thousands of schools and conservatories and high-priced teachers. Where are the results? Where are the singers? The craze for going abroad may be compared to the gold-seeking craze. If a man happens to strike a vein he will be talked of far and near, but of the many who went and sacrificed everything to strike that vein, ruining themselves financially and physically without result—of them we never hear. The European teacher of note wants only well-prepared talent. He is only human; he cannot do wonders, and he doesn't expect to.

There are a great many students who go abroad without the necessary requirements, after study with some of those patent method teachers in a wrong direction. The teacher of reputation, or the honest, sincere, competent teacher, will refuse to take them as a rule, so they hunt for some other teacher. There is in Europe, as everywhere, a large number of "fakes." Those people are eagerly awaiting their American victims. He (or she, as the case may be) is usually of very pleasing and agreeable manner (speak broken English) and give unmerited praise and great hopes—while the pupil's money lasts. He arranges some kind of a private musicale, invites some of his friends, who laud the pupil to the skies, there is usually some unknown reporter from some obscure paper present, too, who writes a little puff (which means a double calculation: in the first place, to encourage the pupil, and, second, to invite other victims to come). The student generally sends the paper home by the next mail, and you may be sure to read in his home paper of the great success of another American abroad, of the great offers he or she has received, &c. In most cases this is the foundation of ruin.

There are others who turn to their senses, i. e., realizing their condition (though rather late) and return voiceless. But the worse of all are those who imitate, no matter, whether it is suited to their voice quality and their individuality or not, fall into mannerisms, and return, much to the disappointment and disgust of their relatives and friends, unfitted for anything.

There is only one remedy for keeping pupils from the mania of going abroad. They must be made to appreciate and have confidence in the able, sincere, successful home teacher. In order to become competent to fill a church position or to do concert work or to become an understudy in light opera it is not absolutely necessary to go abroad. Opportunities are just as good and teachers just as competent here as elsewhere to fit one for any of the above mentioned positions. But as long as the students do not realize this they will have to suffer the consequences.

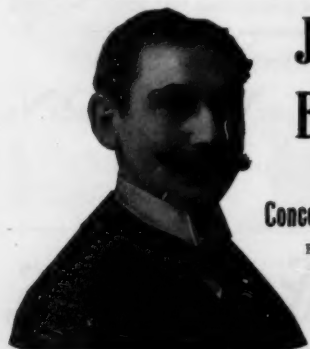
DECSI.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., October 13, 1897.

**Lankow Due.**—Mme. Anna Lankow, who sailed from Rotterdam on the Spaarndam on October 20, is due here this week.

**Mme. Marian Van Duyn.**—The appearance of Madame Van Duyn in Providence brought to her not only warm appreciation from the four audiences to whom she sang, but appreciative press notices. We copy a portion of that from the Providence Telegram:

Her artistic merits, combined with an attractive presence and charming personality, have left an impression not easily to be forgotten by her many listeners. \* \* \* Her purity of tone, combined with a clear enunciation and faultless execution, places her easily in the category of high art.



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## Boston Music Notes.

OCTOBER 28, 1897.

**MR. JOHN D. BUCKINGHAM** has started on a busy season this autumn with a large private class in addition to the work he does outside of the city. For Mr. Buckingham is organist and choirmaster of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church in Providence, R. I., where the music is especially fine, new things being given each year and everything done to make it one of the most attractive features of the service. In addition to this Mr. Buckingham has charge of the music at Woodward Institute, Quincy, Ill., and is one of the members of the faculty in the department of music at the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, where he is principal of the piano and organ departments. He was educated under the best masters and has filled important positions in Boston and vicinity for the past twenty years. Many of his pupils occupy positions as teachers throughout the country, while others are successful concert pianists. His studio in the Steinert Building is arranged with much taste and contains many pictures of interest.

Mr. Thomas Tapper has in preparation "The Child's Music World," being chapters about the story of music, which will soon be published. It would have appeared sooner, but several new chapters have been added which add greatly to its value. It is a book of familiar talks about important periods in the history of music designed as an aid to the teacher in stimulating the child's interest in music. Beginning with music as it is to-day the subject is carried back to the music of the primitive races.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney left town on Thursday to sing in three concerts in Chicago. On December 23 he sings in "The Messiah" at Newburyport. Later he will sing at Pawtucket in "The Creation," and has been engaged for a number of other concerts, the dates of which are not yet arranged. He will return to his studio in the Pierce Building on Tuesday afternoon, October 26.

For the first time in a number of years there has been an organist elected to the position in the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. H. G. Tucker having been chosen for the position. Formerly the organist was only engaged from concert to concert, and this seems an advance in the right direction. Mr. Tucker has also been elected as honorary member of the society by the board of government, a well deserved compliment.

Mr. U. S. Kerr announces a song recital to be given at the Tuileries on the evening of Monday, November 15. Mr. Kerr will be assisted by Miss Marie E. Collins, reader, of Washington, D. C., and by Miss Minnie Little as accompanist.

Miss Harriet Whittier has been engaged as soprano of the new Old South Church, of Worcester. There is a chorus of over thirty voices and a male quartet in addition to the mixed quartet.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Behr, after a most delightful summer at the mountains, have returned to the city for the season. Mrs. Behr made several appearances with great success and Mr. Behr gave a fine concert during the summer. They have a large class of pupils already engaged.

The Allen Club, of Worcester, has issued its circular to the singers of that city. The club begins the season with the intention of making a musical success. The services of Mr. Everett E. Truette, of Boston, have been secured as musical director and candidates for membership are only admitted to the club after examination. This keeps up the high standard of the club, which is one of the chief aims of the society. This club was started in 1896. Miss Olive Mead, of Boston, will be the soloist at the first concert, which will be given January 20, 1898.

Miss Edith R. Cushney, accompanied by her father, Mr. H. B. Cushney, arrived in Boston last week, to resume her studies with Mrs. L. P. Morrill, at the Morrill School of Vocal Music. She has sung very successfully during the summer at concerts in the Adirondacks and at churches in Johnstown, Schenectady and Fonda, N. Y. Miss Cushney could have remained in New York State and procured a fine church position there, but she is wedded to her work in Boston, and wishes to prepare herself for concert as well as church work. She has been much praised wherever she has sung, the papers speaking most delightfully of her progress during the past year.

Miss Mary E. Bass, a very promising pupil of Mrs. L. P. Morrill, has been engaged as soprano and musical director in the Winter Hill Baptist Church. She is a very talented young woman and has a high, clear soprano voice. She aspires to do oratorio work, and as she is a fine student and a good musician everything indicates that she will attain her desired goal. Miss Bass is young and of very prepossessing appearance and has a college education. She is said to resemble in voice and personal appearance her cousin, Mrs. Kimball, of Concord, N. H., who will be remembered as Louise Gage who was so popular as the soprano of Stopford Brook's church a few years ago.

Among the pupils of Mrs. L. P. Morrill who have this autumn accepted positions in schools as vocal teachers is Miss Jennie Hitchens, a woman of great ability, energy and perseverance. While studying with Mrs. Morrill she has been vocal teacher in the university at Waco, Tex., and made a success of the St. John School of Music, at St. John, N. B. This fall she takes charge of the vocal department in the Blue Mountain Female College, in Mississippi. As she is an exceptionally fine teacher, there is no doubt but that she will build up this department, as she has always done wherever teaching.

The students of the advanced class at the New England Conservatory of Music, assisted by Mr. Leo Schulz, gave a concert in Sleeper Hall, October 20.

On Tuesday last Mr. F. W. Wodell, Pierce Building, Copley square, gave an informal "Evening," at which Messrs. Carl Barth, 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Francis L. Young, pianist, and Miss Ella Ten Eyck Macy, reader, assisted Mr. Wodell in giving an artistic and altogether delightful program. Mr. Wodell sang a group of songs by Brahms, Saint-Saëns and Arthur Foote with fine tone quality, distinct enunciation and artistic interpretation. Mrs. W. P. Foster had charge of the frappé table. The company present included a

number of prominent professional musicians, among them Dr. Percy Goetschius, Mr. Fred. Field Bullard, Mr. John Orth, Mr. Ed. B. Hill, Mr. Ernest Hunter and Mr. Homer A. Norris.

Mr. Fred. Field Bullard is musical editor of the magazine *Time and the Hour*.

Mr. Homer A. Norris is at work upon a set of four songs and also an anthem, which will be completed in the near future.

At Miss Tucker's afternoon concert, November 4, she will have as singer Mrs. Katherine Austin, contralto. Mrs. Austin was solo contralto at Trinity Church, Boston, last year and is now singing in Tremont Temple. She is Scotch and will sing a number of Scotch songs.

Mrs. Marian Titus sang at Mrs. Ole Bull's house on Sunday afternoon last and made a great success with her audience, who were lavish in their praise and admiration of her lovely voice. Miss Emma Thursby, who was present, was most enthusiastic over Mrs. Titus' singing, pronouncing her middle register quite like a mezzo in fullness, and wonderful for one with so high a range. Mrs. Titus returns to her church—the Second Church, Mr. Hiram G. Tucker, organist—on November 1.

Miss Minnie Little has begun a very busy season with thirty lessons a week and a large number of engagements already arranged. Her successful concert tour last spring brought her many additional friends who are interested in the career of this talented young artist.

The program on the third evening of the Faculty Course at the New England Conservatory of Music will be given by Madame Helen Hopekirk.

Mrs. Paul O. Brewster, a pupil of Mme. Gertrude Franklin, is creating a veritable furor out West. A St. Paul paper says of her: "Mrs. Brewster possesses a voice abounding in such rare musical quality and such luxury of beauty that one would have to go far to find its equal. In florid work the blending of tone and elasticity was remarkable. She sang 'Chanson Provençale,' by Eva del Acqua, with much finish and verve, showing herself an artist. She gave Dennée's 'Lullaby' as encore."

**Miss Badham Returns.**—Miss Carol Badham, the vocal teacher, of 18 West Sixtieth street, this city, has returned from Paris, where during the past four months she has had her class, giving to the pupils many advantages. Miss Badham remains here for six months preparing pupils for Marchesi, and she will then return to Paris. Her instructions alternate between Paris and New York.

**Arthur Beresford.**—Mr. Beresford has been engaged by the Apollo Club, Chicago, for its concert, April 21; by the Worcester Choral Society for May 5; also for the Burlington (Vt.) Festival, May 10, 11 and 12. His only open dates until the 1st of January, 1898, are from the 19th to the 27th of December.

Mr. Beresford's great success in the most difficult baritone and bass roles have placed him in the front rank as an artist, as the increasing demand for his services amply attests.



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## New Music.

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SOME new easy instructive pieces by Otto Hackh. They are suitable for the first grade of instruction. Sanford Latham Norcott has written for the same publishers "Reveling Butterflies," a medium grade piece of light, graceful character. Carl Bohm's "White Rose" is in the same style. Two songs, both in D flat, by Albert Mildeberg, reveal but little of the usual stiffness of an early opus. "The Violet," dedicated to Graham Reed, is the more conventional of the two. "I Love Thee," dedicated to Frederick A. Chapman, shows a nice feeling for harmonics and is poetic in feeling. Mr. Mildeberg has talent.

"Is It a Wonder," by Felix Jaeger, is for a medium voice and goes no higher than F. It is full of feeling and is written in a musicianly manner. "Weary of Earth," by George J. Mager, is a sacred song and will serve its purpose. Frank Treat Southwick has written "Ask Me No More," a pretty song not too high. Under the characteristic title of "Songs Without Tears" Wm. Arms Fisher has composed six songs for bass voice: "Falstaff's Song," "Sing Hey, for the Wind Is in the Barley Green," "When I'm Little Older," "Blow, Blow," "Sigh No More" and "O, This Is My Departing Time." "To Somebody" is another group of six by the same composer, more sentimental in character. Mr. Fisher knows the value of good texts. Edward Mayerhofer's "Serenade for a Wedding" is simple and excellent, and J. Remington Fairbanks' child song, "The Swing," ought to be popular. Th. Heinrich's ten lieder are published by the same house and show the practiced musician; while Henry Jacobson's "Flower Songs" for mezzo or baritone are very melodious. Luckhardt & Belder have also sent us a collection of their sacred music compositions for mixed voices and männerchor. They are all worthy of trial.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

Wilson G. Smith has transcribed and given a capital piano setting of Gade's "Spring's Awakening." G. Merkel's "Reminiscences," fingered by Theodor F. Bohlmann, is a good teaching piece and Sgambati's nocturne in B minor is for ambitious piano students. It is a carefully composed piece. In the same catalogue are Tiredelli's "Scales and Preludes" for the violin, fingered by Massart; also songs, "An April Idyl," "O, to Love Again," "Darkness and Light" and "Always Love," by the same composer, written in an understandable vein, not difficult and with Italian as well as English words.

C. Whitney Coombs' "Amaryllis," for mezzo or baritone, is a charming song. "Ich Liebe Dich" is by Alicia Van Buën. "Look into My Eyes," by E. Beviniani, is for soprano or tenor and has an easy flow of melody. Under the caption of "Choice Selections from Popular Piano Literature" the same publishers have issued a neat and clearly printed set of pieces, well fingered by Bachmann, Merkel, Oesten, Hiller, Spindler, Berthold Tours, Duvernoy and others. Worthy of the highest praise is the new Church edition of Bach's English suites, admirably edited by Karl Klindworth, the pedagogic pianist. We can safely recommend this edition for students. The complete catalogue of the Church Company's publications is printed in a compact volume which is on file in this office.

Phillips & Crew publish Alfredo Barili's valse caprice "The Butterfly," gracefully written; his taking gavotte and two songs, "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry" and "O Say Not Love's a River." We do not think much of such stuff as Edmund Blake's "Campus Dream Waltz," "Venetian Moonlight," by R. A. Keiser; "Flower Song," by R. T. Barrows, Max Weils published by Oliver Ditson Company, nor of Max Weils' four songs, published by Arthur P. Schmidt. Of different calibre and worthy of being often heard in concert are Ad. M. Foerster's three songs, published by Breitkopf & Härtel, "Autumn Leaves," "Little Wild Rose" and "By the Seaside." Josephine Homans seems to have talent, as her "Persian Song," already reviewed, testified. Her new effort, "Madrigal," is just as creditable. She furnishes her own text. "A Maiden's Heart," by Clarence Lucas, is pretty, and Platon Brunoff's "The Land of Love," words by George

Henry Payne, is well written. It ought to be popular, for it has on the cover a striking portrait of Mr. Julius Steger, the baritone of the Daly company.

## The American Violin Virtuoso.

MAX KARGER, the young American violin virtuoso, who arrived from Europe four weeks ago, having been engaged by Messrs. Ruben & Andrews for concerts in the United States and Canada, was born in Cincinnati, January 17, 1876.

He received his elementary instructions in this country under the able direction of Mr. Ebann and Mr. Jacobsohn, of Chicago. He made his first public appearance at the age of thirteen in the Cincinnati Music Hall, playing before an audience of 3,000 "Fantaisie Caprice," by Vieuxtemps. The following morning the Cincinnati papers were full of praise in favor of the young protégé. At the age of fifteen years he went to Chicago to pursue his studies at Dr. Ziegfeld's Conservatory, and after studying for three months was awarded the diamond medal for the best interpretation of the Paganini concerto. During his second year at Chicago he was engaged as



MAX KARGER.

soloist with the Apollo Club and afterward played in the leading concerts in Chicago and surrounding cities.

In 1893 Max Karger went to Berlin to continue his studies at the Royal Conservatory under Joachim and Halir. Two years later he made his first appearance at the High School in the Spanish Symphony, by Lalo, with orchestra under the personal direction of Joachim.

In 1895 Max Karger organized the Max Karger Quartet. This body appeared with Max Karger as soloist in Austria and Russia with great success until, owing to the departure of one of the members, the tour was abandoned. During his last year in Berlin he appeared as soloist at the leading concerts. He also played by command for the royal family and Prince Gunther, the English Minister and others. The following is a clipping from the Berlin German Times:

Max Karger's rendering of the "Faust Pantomime" of Wieniawski was received with great applause. He has a large and sympathetic tone combined with unusual technique. His playing is full of fire and magnetism; his conception intelligent and interesting.

Mr. Karger made his first appearance on this side of the Atlantic in Toronto, October 23, at which concert Mrs. Anna Burch, the well-known oratorio soprano and concert singer also appeared.

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(Article 10.)

No. 1.

MR. BROWN talks about logic. Let us look into the logic (5) of his "organ-pipe-overtone theory" a little further and see if it is really logical. In the first place Dr. Curtis, the logic of whose theories he (Mr. Brown) is trying to vindicate, admits what Mr. Brown is so strenuously opposing, viz., that the segmentation of the vibrator originates the overtones, as we find on p. 94 of Dr. Curtis' book: "Now it is not possible to sound the string as a whole without at the same time exciting to a greater or less extent its subdivisions. The higher notes (tones—F. S. M.) produced by the vibration of the subdivisions are called the harmonics of the string, and these overtones mingling with the fundamental tone determine the quality or timbre of the string or instrument which produces the sound."

Does Mr. Brown agree with Dr. Curtis on this point? If so why does he write as follows: "It is useless to answer further citations quoted for their validity; all turn on the truth or falsity of the statement we make that the vibrator does not in the human voice control the production of overtones. On this point and all its consequences Dr. Curtis' book is correct, and the voice produces the same overtones as the string, because its air column which controls its partials (equal fundamental and overtones—F. S. M.) is capable of producing these overtones."

The great trouble with Dr. Curtis' book is that it gives three or four conflicting opinions regarding each part of the subject treated. This reminds one of what is called in medicine "A shotgun prescription." If one does not hit the other will; but there are no "shotgun prescriptions" in science. Mr. Brown states in September 22 article: "In church organs the pipes are so built as to produce each only its prime" (fundamental tone). "Both these resonators (the vocal tube from the larynx to lips constituting one and the nasal cavity the other—F. S. M.) are considered as organ pipes of the open variety." In his September 29 article he says: "Broadly speaking the only dimension of the resonator to be considered so far as pitch is concerned is its depth or length. The facts are that to echo a tone of a given pitch the length of the resonator must be for an open pipe one half the wave length." This latter statement is true only for pipes used as tone producers, but does not hold true for resonators, as Mr. Brown would know had he ever experimented with them. But Mr. Brown claims that these resonators are tone producers, so we will have to consider them as open organ pipes.

Now suppose a bass voice sang low G. According to Mr. Brown's theory the vocal cords would produce this pitch. According to his "natural overtone scale series," given in his September 22 article, the first overtone would be the octave. The length of the pipe to produce this pitch would be almost 3 feet. The distance from the vocal cords to the lips, then, would have to be nearly 3 feet to get the first overtone of low G. The actual distance in the longest throat is probably inside of 6 inches. I fear Mr. Brown would need a telegraph pole and a rope to develop the overtones according to his theory.

But suppose we admit for the sake of argument that the victim's neck is stretched to the desired length, i. e., 3 feet, to produce this first overtone and the singer wished to produce the C above the low G. The tube then would only need to be 2.9 feet in length for the first overtone; that is it would have to be shortened nearly 1 foot. Now suppose the singer wished to produce middle C, or an octave above the last tone. The length of the pipe to produce the first overtone of this pitch would be a little less than 1 foot. Now, suppose the singer had to skip from low G to middle C (singers often encounter intervals as great as this), what sort of an appearance would

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the performer make who had to instantly shorten his neck from 3 feet to less than 1 foot. I fear that "spinal resonance" would be child's play compared to this sort of a gymnastic exhibition. It may be that this sudden contraction of the neck is what gives "snap," "vis viva" or "intensity" to the tone. This is a point worthy of Mr. Brown's most careful consideration.

This also throws light on the expression used by Mr. Brown in his October 6 article: "Every voice has what is called variously its 'compass,' 'range' or 'reach.'" This certainly would account for the 'reach.' Would it not take a long period of patient practice to enable the pupil to get the correct length of his neck for each special tone he is required to sing according to this slide trombone mechanism? Would not the beginner be very apt to get the incorrect adjustment of the neck for the overtones and thereby change the pitch relation of the fundamental and overtones? The facts are, however, that no matter how uncultivated the voice may be the pitch relation of the overtones and fundamental is just the same as in the cultivated voice. The only difference between the trained and the untrained voice is in the number and relative intensities of the partial tones. Is it not much more feasible to account for the partial tones in the voice by accepting Dr. Curtis' first guess and saying that they are produced by the segmentation of the vibrator or vocal cords? This would then leave our resonance cavities nothing to do but to reinforce the air waves set up by the vocal cords. Their complex shape and the power we have by means of the tongue and lips of varying their size and the size of the opening making them admirably adapted to this purpose.

Mr. Brown's ideas in regard to the formation of the different vowel sounds seem to be very vague. Granting the same pitch, the same series of air waves are set up by the vocal cords for all the different vowel sounds. The size and shape of the resonance cavities determine which partial tones shall be reinforced and made prominent and which shall be damped out and rendered inert. This is very nicely shown by our photographs of the different vowel sounds. For the vowel *a* (as in father) the tongue is in a low position in the mouth and we have the largest and most complex resonance cavity possible, and one which will consequently reinforce the largest number of partial tones. In the vowel *e*, on the other hand, the tongue nearly fills the mouth cavity, and our resonance cavity is smaller and more simple in shape and we have the least number of partial tones reinforced, and therefore the least number of partial tones of any vowel sound. This matter of reinforcing certain partial tones and damping out others can be very nicely demonstrated by a tuning fork and its resonator. The resonator is always of the appropriate size to reinforce the fundamental tone. Although all the partial tones of the reed are originated by the fork only the fundamental is reinforced by the resonator, and this is the only pitch recognized by the ear.

We are now in position to understand that although the different partial tones are all originated by the vocal cords, on each of the vocal sounds, that the size and shape of our resonance cavities determine which shall be made prominent and which shall remain inert. This is the secret of quality and of articulation of the vowels. The different vowels are only differences in the quality of the tone.

Mr. Brown's views differ from this, however, as he says in his September 22 article: "The color (quality), *i. e.*, the combination of partial tones, is produced not by the vibration of the vocal bands, but is produced wholly above them in the so-called vocal resonators, whose spe-

cial function is this very duty." According to this statement the two vocal resonators, "each producing only its fundamental tone" (*J. S. B.*), would constitute all of the overtones of the voice. The voice, then, could have only two overtones, each of which would be a fundamental tone. In his October 13 article Mr. Brown says: "The vocal vibrator determines only the prime pitch (fundamental) and not its upper partials." The voice, according to Mr. Brown, then would have three fundamentals, one from the vocal cords and one from each of the resonators, but no overtones. As the pitch of an organ pipe is determined by its length and the length of these resonators is practically fixed, the pitch of two of these fundamentals would be fixed, while that produced by the vocal cords would be variable and might be higher than the so-called "upper partials." The singer then would be producing three distinct and separate tones which could not be made to harmonize throughout the entire range of the voice. In such a case as this how are we to determine what pitch the singer is really trying to produce?

Mr. Brown, in his "natural overtone series," which is in reality the overtone series of the string, represents sixteen partial tones. Where does he get his other fourteen pipes for these extra partials? He says of this overtone series: "All musical tones are formed by combining simple tones, which are always of the pitches to be found by the so-called natural overtone scale or series." If Mr. Brown will look up the overtones of the reed he will find they do not lie in this series at all. Did Mr. Brown ever stop to think how it happened that overtones of the same instrument always bear exactly the same pitch relation to the fundamental, no matter what the pitch of the fundamental might be? Can any other rational explanation be given of this condition except the segmentation of the vibrator? His "organ-pipe-overtone-theory" and "slide trombone mechanism" certainly will not answer. It seems foolish to argue this point further. If I give a man a loaf of bread and he calls it a stone there is no use trying to convince him that it is bread. If he wishes to call bread stone he has a perfect right to do so, but he will be called "crazy" by rational men and women.

Mr. Brown takes exception to the statement that "The breath is the motive power." Mr. Brown says a little farther along in this same article, "It is the breath which vibrates the bands," meaning the vocal cords. In his September 22 article he says: "The vocal bands are vibrated by the air which passes between them and so produce pulsations of air which generate air waves." Does he not mean by this that the breath is the motive power or cause of motion of the vocal cords? Do we not say when speaking of steam engines that steam is the motive power, and does not the breath bear exactly the same relation to the vocal cords as the steam does to the piston? It seems to me that Mr. Brown's ideas of loudness and intensity are very vague. If he will explain just what he means by "snap," "vis viva" and "energy," or how it is possible to get great intensity without comparatively great amplitude of the air waves I should be obliged to him.

Mr. Brown says in his October 13 article: "From these extracts it would appear that to their author intensity and amplitude (height) of wave were synonymous, whereas they are distinct attributes and related by an invariable law, which is that the intensity is as the square of the amplitude." A little farther along he says in regard to this same subject: "Thus we see that the air supply governs and controls by its pressure variation the intensity 'snap' (this is a 'soft snap'—*F. S. M.*) of the tone without varying either its pitch or its amplitude." In this case what becomes of his "invariable law?" In his June

30 article he says: "We are constrained to hold that the breath must be controlled so as to keep the pressure absolutely constant." According to this then there should be no variation in intensity. How then would he get variation in amplitude? And why does he talk of "pressure variation?" My claim is that intensity and carrying power both depend upon the amplitude of the air waves. Amplitude of the air waves depends upon two things. First the extent of motion of the vocal cords which starts the air waves, and second upon reinforcement by the air in the resonance cavities after these air waves have been started by the cords. The amount of motion of the cords depends entirely upon the amount of breath pressure which sets them in motion, the more pressure the more motion; and this is the only way in which breath pressure can affect intensity. The only function of the breath in singing is to impart motion to the cords. The intensity of the sensation conveyed by the auditory nerve to the brain depends entirely upon the extent of motion of the ear drum.

The more motion the greater the intensity of the sensation or sound. The extent of motion of the ear drum depends entirely upon the amplitude of the air waves which strike against it to set it in motion. The greater the amplitude of the air waves the more motion of the ear drum and the more intensity. The amplitude of the air waves depends upon the extent of motion of the cords and the amount of reinforcement. The extent of the swing of the cords depends upon the amount of breath pressure and the amount of resonance depends upon the use of the resonance cavities. The amount of breath pressure depends upon the force of contraction of the expiratory muscles, and the use of the resonance cavities upon the action of the intrinsic muscles. This to me seems logical and, as Mr. Brown says, I would like the opinion of others on this subject.

Mr. Brown tells us in his October 13 article: "To begin with, no proof is offered that the voice cannot be made to give only a simple tone." If Mr. Brown will believe what he himself writes I can prove it to him very quickly, as he says in his September 22 article: "Every tone produced by the vocal instrument is a compound tone as just defined." In his September 29 article: "For since all vocal tone is compound, *i. e.*, contains overtones, &c." Mr. Brown goes even further than this and says in his September 22 article: "All musical tones are composite (compound) and when analyzed will be found to consist of an aggregate of several tones, every one of which has its own pitch, loudness and intensity, but lacking in quality."

I can prove again by Mr. Brown's own words that this is not true, as he says a little further along in this same article, "Church organ pipes are built so as to produce each only its prime" (fundamental). An organ pipe certainly produces a musical tone, and I think most people will admit that it has quality. This quality cannot be changed because the tone is simple. I would remind Mr. Brown that science does not admit of contradictions, and if he wishes to be considered scientific he must not make contradictory statements. Can we not then with reason conclude that the segmentation of the vocal cords originates the partial tones of the voice? In the light of what has been said what can we think of the following statement which appears in Mr. Brown's October 13 article: "If Dr. Muckey wishes to convey conviction let him begin by discarding all questions of overtones (color) when discussing the pitch mechanism, and tell us whether or no in his opinion the vocal cords segment as Dr. Curtis describes. Do they or do they not segment in aliquot

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parts? Of course the why is to produce differences of pitch and has nothing to do with overtones."

Can it be possible that this is the erudite Mr. Brown who writes such "stuff and nonsense" as this? Any schoolboy would blush did he chance to make such an egregious blunder as this. Does Mr. Brown mean to say that the pitch of the tone produced by the cords is determined by the segmentation of the cords? Let us admit for the sake of argument his contention that the vocal cord is a reed and that the pitch is raised by segmentation. Suppose a singer wished to sing a scale beginning with bass C (equal to 128 vibrations per second) what would be the next pitch which could be produced by segmentation after the bass C? It would be the G in alt or the G above high C. This can be demonstrated very easily by means of the tuning fork. Of what use then is segmentation in changing the pitch of the cords if the first pitch produced by it after the initial tone is out of reach of the voice? This shows that segmentation of the cord is out of the question in changing the pitch. What does Mr. Brown wish us to think about previous statements he has made in regard to the pitch of the cords?

In his June 30 article he says: "Broadly speaking, pitch is determined only by the tension of the vocal ligaments." "Since increase of pressure would change the pitch (not true—F. S. M.), which is nominally controlled (at least principally—J. S. B.) by the tension of the vocal ligaments, we are constrained to hold that breath must be controlled so as to keep the pressure absolutely constant." Will Mr. Brown explain how he is to get different degrees of intensity if the breath pressure is constant?

In his July 7 article he states: "That pitch is properly determined by the tension (stretching) of the vocal ligaments (commonly called vocal cords) to the necessary tightness by the laryngeal muscles." Has Mr. Brown changed his mind in regard to pitch since writing these articles? I fear Mr. Brown's ideas of physics are as erratic as his logic. Does it not look as though Mr. Brown were mixing up pitch and quality when he talks about the pitch being raised by the segmentation of the cords? I think if Mr. Brown will look up this subject of pitch and quality (overtones) in some standard work on physics he will find that I have not confounded quality with pitch in the least. It seems to me that I have made several very plain statements in regard to the segmentation of the vocal cords. I have stated that the vocal cord is not a membranous or any other kind of a reed. That the segmentation of the vibrator produces the overtones of the various instruments. That the string and reed necessarily segment in different ways, the string dividing into equal and the reed into unequal segments, therefore they have different series of overtones. That if the vocal cord segmented like the reed it would give the overtones of the reed. If it segmented like the string it would give the overtones of the string. That we have the overtones of the string, and never by any chance the overtones of the reed in the voice. That, therefore, the cords segment like the string and not like the reed, and that the segmentation which Dr. Curtis pictures in his book and claims to have seen through the stroboscope is an impossibility, and hence that the stroboscope or Dr. Curtis or both are unreliable.

It seems to me that this is a logical statement of undeniable facts, and like Mr. Brown, I would like the opinion of others on this subject. Mr. Brown should be more careful in making quotations. For example, he gives the following as a quotation from our articles: "The width of vibration (of the vocal cords) is controlled by the revolution of the vocal muscle." If Mr. Brown will look over our articles he will find no such statement made in any of them. If he will study the cut of the section of the larynx given in Article IX. of this series he will see from the position of the vocal muscle that any such thing as a

revolution of this muscle, or even a sliding movement, such as Dr. Curtis describes, is absolutely impossible.

I would like Mr. Brown and everyone else to understand that I mean exactly what I say, and do not wish my meaning misunderstood or twisted around by substituting other words for those I use. For example, when I say that "pushing the soft palate up cuts off the larger share of our resonance space," I do not mean that it reduces the mouth of the resonator, but that it cuts off this space and makes it unavailable for resonance purposes. In the quotation from Dr. Curtis' book, "The same conditions for the production of overtones exist in reed as in string instruments," the meaning is changed entirely if the word capacity is substituted for conditions. The words "conditions" and "capacity" are not synonymous by any means. I would like Mr. Brown to give reasons why the same rules do not apply to the development of the throat muscles as to any other muscles. Development of any muscle is accomplished by alternate contraction and relaxation without strain, whether it be in the throat or the big toe. Undertones in the same sense in which we speak of overtones are an impossibility, because the lowest pitch which can be produced by the vibrator is that produced by its swing as a whole, therefore the fundamental tone is the lowest pitch it is capable of producing. Tones variously named combinational, summational, differential and resultant all apply to the same phenomenon. A different tone necessitates the presence of at least two simple tones and two vibrators, and is due to what is known in physics as beats, an explanation of which is not necessary in this article.

Mr. Brown will find nothing about "undertones" in Helmholtz, and Seiler is not recognized as an authority on physics. If Mr. Brown had spent as many hours studying the action of the vocal cords as I have he might speak with some degree of authority. I assure him that I have spent much more time studying the action of the vocal cords than I have experimenting with resonators or the monochord. Has Mr. Brown ever seen the vocal cords? If not I should be most happy to show him mine at any time he may wish to call at my office. My personal relations with Mr. Brown have always been most pleasant and friendly, and I am desirous that they should continue so, but my experience with false theories has been so disastrous to my own voice, and in my professional work I meet so many victims of false theories that I have decided to expose them whenever the opportunity offers, and it matters not who promulgates these theories. I cannot see as yet that Mr. Brown has proven either my premises or reasoning false, so which alternative will he take?

**Carlotta Desvignes.**—The career of Miss Desvignes abroad will be of interest to many who will remember the admiration with which she was received in the social and musical circles of New York. She has just been particularly successful in Ostend and Spa in Belgium, and has evidently a busy season before her in Europe, having arranged for concerts in England, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Miss Desvignes spent a part of August at Sutherland Grange, a place belonging to the Duchess of Sutherland, and during this month, until her engagements begin, will visit friends who have an old castle at Cardiff, in Wales. She does not expect to return to this country before spring.

Concerning her appearance at the Kursaal, in Ostend, the *Independence Belge* says:

A young contralto with a most promising future, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, was heard yesterday at the Kursaal, Ostend, and met with an unprecedented success. Her interpretation of an aria from "Samson and Delilah" and the "Habanera," from "Carmen," won for her a double encore and numerous recalls. Miss Desvignes, deeply moved by such a spontaneous ovation, sang the "Brindisi," from "Lucretia Borgia," a song by Lassen in German and "The Silver Ring," by Chaminade.

### Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

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**Dr. Hanchett's Busy Season.**—Dr. Henry G. Hanchett is finding opportunity for much activity as a pianist and lecturer. In addition to his extended course of seventeen recitals and sonata readings before the Brooklyn Institute, already announced, he is engaged upon a course of Beethoven readings in Harlem, upon a course of analytical recitals before the audience that the Board of Education of New York city is treating to popular lectures and entertainments, and he is also giving a course of recitals at Vassar College, two of which have already been delivered. This, with two other courses in the vicinity, will occupy his time so fully as to prevent a tour to distant points previous to the holidays, but at that time and also in the spring he is planning to extend to the provinces the peculiar educational work in the study of piano literature for which he is rapidly becoming conspicuous in this vicinity. As the large number of recitals demanded of him has necessitated closer attention to practice, he has resigned the exacting office of Secretary to the American Guild of Organists, which he has held since the inception of that organization.

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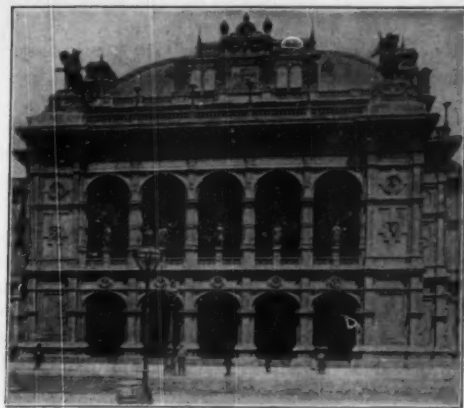
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VIENNA OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
IV, Plossigasse 3, October 5, 1897.

**Z**ACCONI and Barsesen are the most talked of people in Vienna at this moment of writing. Of the former I have already written you at length and this short letter will prevent my saying much more about his second appearance here.

His "glanzrolle" is that of Carlo Moretti in the play "I Dishonesti," by Rovetta, which I witnessed. How his light, easy, apparently insignificant entrance gradually works up to the cruellest tragedy; how Carlo, proud of his burger honesty, gradually through the debts and sin of his wife, whom he loves, numbers himself at last among the dishonest; how the scene of the discovery of his wife's unfaithfulness (not altogether her fault), her heavy debts and his honor sold attains the climax of all the passions of anger, rage, sorrow, agony and despair; how at a fatal moment off his guard, like an insane man, he used the money entrusted to him by the wife of a bank defaulter to deliver her husband from the clutches of the law and to restore the stolen funds; how in his defense of the culprit and his inability to hand over the entrusted amount necessary to save him he risks and is terrified by the fear of discovery of his own shortcomings, and at last takes to flight, forsaking the wife and son he loves. All this and more is in the play.

I should like so well to describe it to you, and but for so much more "live news" notes remaining to be told I should and ought to do. It forever removes the only thrust an enemy could make against Zacconi's art, i. e., that of having mastered only the science of disease, its pathology or the objective features only of both disease and death as in the Ghosts of Ibsen and La Morte civile. No picture, no description can put Zacconi before you—all that have strong enough nerves to endure it should first go and see him, the most complete power of absorption in the characters of his role I have ever witnessed. It makes me dizzy—or shall I say grizzly?—just to think of it. Zacconi will appear in "King Lear," "Figaro's Wedding," Tolstoi's "The Might of Darkness," the Italian play "The Friend of Women," &c. They tell a story of Sonnenthal who went to Zacconi at the close of this play "I Dishonesti," and taking him by the hand said, "Vos representations sont une catastrophe pour nous!" But more about Zacconi in my next.

Barsesen is the much feted and celebrated actress who has become the intimate friend of Carmen Sylva (Queen Elizabeth of Roumania), and who has taken many of her best roles from the royal dramatist's plays. Last year Barsesen wrote a feuilleton of greatest interest, describing the beginning of her friendship and admiration for this remarkable woman and genius when still a child; of her admission to the inner workshop, so to speak, of this queen writer, describing her as a beautiful woman of noble intellectuality, romantic idealism, and with all a sweet calm of serenity resting like a halo upon a snowy whiteness of forehead and brow enhanced by its frame of glistening golden hair. Her description lingers with me even yet, and they say the Queen is here and that she met Barsesen at the station, and that after her presentation by the

Ambassador Chika she took her face in her hands and kissed her on both cheeks; that King Carol conversed with her in the liveliest manner, saying that she ought to be engaged permanently in Vienna.

Since her performance of Sappho on Saturday last this wish is commonly voiced among the critics. So great was the crowd around the Raimund Theatre that the police were stationed there to preserve order. Barsesen was not born in Vienna, but she was educated here and became Barsesen as we now know her here. The Viennese declare her to be the only legitimate successor to Walter. She has the tall, stately figure; the majestic, noble gait; the rich, resonant, deep-toned organ for a voice that is the first requirement of a great tragedienne. She has all this but yet she has a decidedly more than filtered nose and a decidedly piquant cast of features in general which detracts decidedly from the tout ensemble of her figure, voice and gait, and not in keeping with the noble cast of Grecian feature which belongs to Sappho. Still no one can dispute her claims as a tragedienne of the first rank. When I sit and cry all through a piece I know one of two things must be true—either I am a very hysterical, emotional kind of a creature, or else the acting is the acting of a genius. And when in addition I see women, and even men, in tears all around me, I conclude that I am not so foolish after all—that it is the real power of genius which moves us.

Splendid was Sappho in the third and fourth acts; but I get out of patience with her for her unreasonable demand that Rhames must fall in love with her because she gave him his freedom. Nothing is truer than that "Love goes where he is sent," and nothing more foolish than the jealousy of a woman against another woman who is not more beautiful, not more powerful, not more attractive, but simply is in her lover's eyes to him the most lovable. The only feeling akin to jealousy which I can understand is against the rival who could not outlive me by fair means and succeeded by foul. Then I feel the pangs of hatred and revenge to be just and justified. Notwithstanding I am vexed and out of patience with Grillparzer's Sappho, yet Barsesen displayed her great power by making me feel very sorry for her, and I cried out of sheer pity at the same time that I kept wishing she could and would be a little nobler. The grandest touch is after all where she says, "Ich suchte dich und habe mich gefunden," as she places a kiss of blessing upon the two badly frightened lovers. But for all that a perverse thought came to me that there had been a little too much "mich" in it all along—she would have done better by losing herself instead. Melitta was the impersonation of beauty, youthful grace and charm, with delightful simplicity and naiveté.

Of the theatrical pieces Hartleben's Bohemian "Berliner," in his drama of "Love" and "Die Erziehung zur Ehe" have attracted the most attention because, probably, Hartleben touches more nearly the Zeitgeist of our time, and then the Bohemian is in fashion, very chic and tout à la mode.

"The Two Worlds," "The Famous Frau," "Die Kinder der Excellenz" and "Vater Freuden" have all enjoyed brilliant casts and much success. It would exhaust more than a volume to tell you all about them and I don't suppose you care very much to hear of them.

The Court Theatre has begun very brilliantly with a brilliant new corps. "Charley's Aunt" was given costly staging.

Frl. Lilli Petri is attracting much attention to herself in the roles of Nora, in Ibsen's "Doll House;" Elfriede, in Benidix's "Cinderella;" also in the play "Cyprienne" (Divorçons), the première of which was given in the Raimund Theatre, September 18. Sardou's drama, Blumenthal's staging and Lilli Petri in the title role are an attractive ensemble in some sense and have been much talked about. Girardi is engaged for the Raimund Theatre this winter. Kopacz leaves for America on the 17th of this month. She is now in Vienna.

Frl. Mark had to postpone all her parts, as she is still unable to sing—some report her voice as gone entirely. She was to sing in the "Daughter of the Regiment" on Donizetti's birthday, September 25, but was again obliged to postpone.

Goldmark is composing an opera upon which he has been working for five years past. It is "The Captives of War" (Briseis from the Iliad) and will be performed first in the Court opera here in midwinter probably.

Goldschmidt's "Gara" has been accepted by Hofrath Pollini in Hamburg, and will be given at the Hamburg festival next spring. Pollini has engaged Franz Stuch, from Munich, to create the decorative sketches. Stuch has already completed eight of these decorations and forty-five figures which are said to surpass all his other works in force of conception and magnificence of color. I wrote you of the private performance of "Gara" in the home of the Duke Eugene in Vienna last winter.

Alfred Grünfeld has begun teaching. I am told he could not receive half the number of applicants, partly because some of them were not sufficiently advanced or not eminently talented. I anticipate that Grünfeld will be a much sought after teacher, both his disposition and talents rendering him particularly adapted to the successful master or teacher.

Van Dyk is laying his plans to sail for America. I consider him one of the greatest tenors, if not the greatest tenor, of to-day. America has a rich treat in store.

\*\*\*

In answer to some letters written me about my articles on Georges Sand asking me how I stand, I will simply reply that I do not know myself! I must confess to never having read an entire work of Georges Sand. I certainly would not commend them or censure them for the young unless I had read them. All that I have read has struck me as being something noble and elevated in style, but these were extracts, my puritan training having placed the books under the ban and I never dared to investigate what lay under the red pencil stroke of the censor. Such is the force of habit. I was deeply moved by reading her "History of My Life," and I intended simply to show the trend in modern literature to-day toward forming new judgments of her. I know that in Europe some opinion places her work at a very high rate and of high order. If the French press of her day refused to publish her works they have degenerated since they publish the works of Zola and the Naturalistes without expurgation. The society of France, which nourished and fostered all it did in her day, was ill fitted to pass judgment upon her since it is an accepted axiom that the good are better fitted to judge character than the bad.

But I am far from wishing to place myself among those who call evil good or good evil. The question only remains, Were the charges against Georges Sand thoroughly investigated and proved? If her life was such as to give at least the appearance of evil, she is to be blamed for that, but no farther. And it should ever be remembered that Heaven often reverses the judgments of earth.

E. POTTER-FRISSELL.

**Heinrich Meyn.**—Mr. Heinrich Meyn, who was one of the soloists of the Maine Music Festival, held last week in Bangor and Portland, sung with great success, as his press notices will show:

Mr. Meyn has a good baritone and uses it skillfully. He excels in dramatic expression, and he made a good impression in the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen."—*Bangor News.*

The especially popular part of "Carmen" is the "Toreador's Song," and Mr. Heinrich Meyn chose it for his solo. He sang it with spirit and harmony, and Mr. Meyn received well merited applause.—*Daily Whig and Courier.*

The song of the Toreador in "Carmen," by Heinrich Meyn, followed. This was Mr. Meyn's first appearance in Bangor. He sang handsomely. His voice is baritone, with many beautiful qualities in it, and his singing was emphasized by a very effective manner which did much to make the number interesting.—*Bangor Daily Commercial.*

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,  
New York City.

THE musical season of 1897-8 has opened. Long live the season!

THE Leipzig *Wochenblatt* is responsible for the statement that Siloti will not come to America. The Wolfsohn Bureau has news as late as October 9 from Siloti, in which he makes no reference to an abandonment of his contemplated American trip.

THE latest reports are to the effect that Paderewski will not play in London this season after all. As repeatedly stated in these columns, Paderewski does not receive much remuneration when he plays in Europe, and he very seldom plays; there is no demand for him in Europe. It is here that his performances are appreciated, and here only. The future will decide whether this is due to a perverted taste or not.

WE recommend readers in search of the fine in literature to read Henry B. Fuller's "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," and its sequel, "The Chatelaine of La Trinité." These slender volumes are charming and full of charming disquisitions on music, and the account of that famous organ improvisation of the Chevalier is a masterpiece in prose. "Mephisto Among the Manuscripts," in "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," is a chapter on Mozart and Salzburg that is full of delicate humor and some genuine Mozartean touches.

TO compare the first performance of Haydn's "Creation" in this country with the last is always instructive. The "Creation" seems to be a "standard unit of measure" with which to reckon musical progress—the American musical inch, so to speak. It was given for the first time in this country by the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, in February, 1819. The Boston *Palladium*, in speaking of the performance, said: "On Tuesday evening last the Handel and Haydn Society, in performing Haydn's oratorio of the 'Creation,' gave the public a very rich musical treat. It surpassed every preceding exhibition of that very persevering and useful society. The numerous and highly respectable auditory were universally and greatly delighted. The oratorio of the 'Creation' is the most finished, learned and sublime work of the celebrated Haydn."

The musical public still agrees with the Boston *Palladium* of 1819, as may be seen from local papers whenever the "Creation" is given. When the last performance took place it is not necessary to point out, since the date may be found nearly every week of this season by looking in the columns of "The Musical Courier."

DVORAK, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Grieg, Boito, Verdi, Richard Strauss and Sgambati are about all the names famous among living composers that are left us. The deaths of Tschai-kowsky, Rubinstein, Gounod, Von Bulow and Brahms occurred within a short time, and the list is growing smaller every year without the ranks being filled by new-comers. Verdi is very old, Dvorak has given us his best work, so apparently have Massenet and Saint-Saens, while Grieg has been repeating himself since his fresh and naive piano concerto. Arrigo Boito is said to have a big work in his "Nerone." Why doesn't he give it to the world before Verdi dies, because when the Grand Old Man of Italy passes away there will not be found wanting those who will cavil at Boito's sources of inspiration. The truth is that Boito's modesty has probably prevented him from acknowledging his help to Verdi in "Otello" and "Falstaff," the orchestration of both works being known as his. Strauss, while not exactly an un-

known quantity, has still to win his spurs of originality. And we would like to know when the widow of Karl Tausig will publish her husband's piano concerto which is said to be in manuscript?

SOME corrections must be made of the recently published engagements of Nordica, as announced in these columns. Madame Nordica was to have sung in certain orchestral concerts in Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago, but the dates have since been canceled. As we long since stated, Nordica has no "diaught," as the managers term it; that is, she does not draw the paying audiences, and hence she is not a safe investment for concert givers, be they managers or organizations or societies. Outside of "Inflammatus" she made no impression in Portland last week among the musical people, although the popular success (usually the antithesis of the artistic) was pronounced as it should have been in her native State.

Neither is she an attractive box office feature in opera. She didn't draw any larger audiences for the four performances of the German season at the Metropolitan Opera House than collected there before her appearance. Neither did she draw at the opera during the previous season, when she sang with the Grau Company, and Grau therefore made no special efforts to re-engage her.

This prejudice against American singers is unfortunate. Eames does not draw either. Of course neither of these singers can compare with Melba, and no one can blame American audiences or Antipodean or Aztec or Arctic audiences for preferring a Melba to Nordica or Eames, but the fact remains that the American people do not care to pay to hear these two American singers such sums as they demand, while they pay Melba more than she asks, and we must candidly admit that in this instance the public shows good judgment, for there is only one Melba after all.

### SCANDAL, SCANDAL!!

WHY is it that the musical community is so prone to scandals, to tale-bearing, to nauseating small talk, backbiting and the retailing of backstair gossip? Are musicians, are musical people, unique in this respect? Hardly, but with their cousin, the actor, they contrive to take up a large part of the newspapers every week and not always figure creditably. The space that might be devoted to the analysis of a new musical composition, to the scholarly dissection of a pianist, singer or violinist, is, alas! given to scandal, to the purveying of some nasty story of the marital troubles of conductors or composers more or less well known to the public. Does, for example, a comic opera composer have a row with his wife over some fragile Dresden china shepherdess in the ballet, lo! a column or two is wasted on the quarrel, on the career of the young man, on his contributions to art (?). Does some second or third rate conductor—it would be just as culpable if he were in the first rank—flirt with a prima donna, make eyes at a society woman or dance attendance on all the girls, what an explosion of type, what a scandal, what a hullabaloo!

We are opposed to the whole system of espionage in modern newspapers, this topsy-turveying into public view of dirty domestic linen. Of course musical people, belonging in a certain sense to the public, are peculiarly exposed to the fierce white light which never beats about the bush. But are they not to blame a little themselves? Are not musical people by temperament more imprudent, more given to taking risks and more given to public commenting on each other's frailties than normal gaited persons? We fear so, and the newspapers, knowing that the world delights in reading unsavory news of its favorites of the footlights, encourages scandal bearing to the best of its ability.



We do not approve of it and the best reproof we can administer is to refuse to print all the scandals, thus shaming the chief actors and allowing the world to draw its own moral.

### TONE IN SPEAKING.

"NO man of real dignity," said Aristotle, "could ever be shrill of speech." It is a true saying, and it is one that ought to strike home with peculiar force to the minds of the American people. As a nation Americans are certainly shrill of speech, and they are slowly but surely awakening to a knowledge of the fact. But although an occasional article in newspaper or magazine has of late stimulated thought and promoted social discussion, there has been so far no definite agitation of a subject more important to national comfort and well being than perhaps appears upon the surface.

To musical people more than to any other class of the community belongs the duty of trying to discover the cause of this serious defect and of trying to remedy the defect wherever their influence extends.

The cause of our shrill voices has been attributed by many to the climate. But it would seem more reasonable to attribute the cause to the nervous haste and worry which pervades business and social life. We have not yet gained the "power through repose" that comes with settled convictions, with full attainment of our ends, or with the equally satisfactory though pessimistic conviction that the ends were not worth attaining. We are anxiously pursuing fame, the almighty dollar or social position, or all three at once. We are as a whole in a state of restless confusion, scrambling, jostling, pushing in most unmannerly haste to grasp some fancied bauble. All this has an over-stimulating effect upon the nerves, and the condition of the nerves has a great deal to do with the voice.

But whatever the real cause of certain defects in speaking may be, there can be no doubt that the voice in general indicates not only the health condition, but the personality of the speaker. It is a guide to the general tenor of a life. Like a finger-post, it points the tendency toward good or evil.

We may not go so far as to agree with Grétry, who declared in his "Essays on Music" that a "Good morning" was always sufficient to enable him to appreciate in general the pretensions or simplicity of a man, and who insisted that this "Good day, sir," and "Good morning, my friend"—being an undisguised and natural expression—if put to music with the exact intonations "would show what a power vanity is and how quickly the key changes when its influence ceases to be the ruling one." But we cannot fail to notice the all powerful effect of tone in all relations of life, and to perceive how certain tones express the speaker's individuality. Chomet illustrates the fact that individuality will assert itself through speech by showing that although a man and a woman living constantly together can adopt each other's intonations, these same intonations, creating such surprise in ordinary conversation, will disappear very suddenly if expression is to be given to the passions or any deep emotion. At such times everyone resumes the tone of voice which belongs to him individually. "Nature preserves its originality at all times, under all circumstances."

By musicians this natural tone language is more easily interpreted than by others. Skilled vocal teachers are rarely at fault in detecting the main characteristics of a pupil from his speaking voice. But even those unskilled in interpreting sounds can realize the emotional significance of the tone of voice under the influence of spite, envy, discontent, anger, rage, and can perceive how nearly the sound resembles the hissing of serpents and the snail and roar of wild beasts. Kircher, who has written a most fascinating folio on the subject in Latin, carries the analogy of voices between man and

beasts to somewhat amusing length. He says that those who have a deep, sonorous voice, like that of a donkey, are indiscreet and quarrelsome; those whose voices are thin and shrill are peevish, ill-tempered, passionate, possessing characteristics closely resembling those of a goat. But the good Kircher drew other and less misleading conclusions when he said that a full, abrupt voice denotes a bold, impulsive, strong, enterprising man, and that the voice whose tone is weak, besides being sharp and drawling, gives evidence of a character lacking in energy and firmness.

As the voice assumes animal characteristics under certain adverse influences, so it assumes musical characteristics under the influence of pure thoughts and worthy ambitions, and these musical characteristics may by habit become so fixed that one becomes incapable of uttering an animal sound. This result is often observable among Sisters of Charity, whose voices are in general low, sweet and under admirable control. Their vocal organs, however, it must be noted, are partly trained by the intoning or chanting of the daily prayers or "offices" which are a necessary part of the life in a religious community or convent. But the voices, also, of many old-fashioned gentlewomen, of nearly all trained nurses, and of many women in all classes of life who do not strive constantly and nervously to make themselves heard above the din and roar of city streets, are also pleasant to the ear. And the voices, too, of many of our great financiers, even in America, and of great generals and leaders of men everywhere, so far as our observation extends, are remarkable for steady, even tones and musical intonation.

In both classes of example the musical quality is mainly due to the habit of self-control—the conquering of the ego—which in the former case leads to self-abnegation and in the latter toward power over others.

Reasoning in a circle we return to our starting point, that the possession or acquirement of a pleasant or musical voice is largely dependent upon the condition of the nerves. This in turn is largely dependent upon the manner of living and the amount of self-control exercised.

### CONCERNING CHORAL MUSIC.

THE ethical as well as musical value of our festivals would be increased by a greater variety in the programs. There is a magnificent array of choral music to select from. Everyone knows this who knows anything of musical history. Yet, rather than take the trouble to examine and select from the mass of compositions available, most of our chorus leaders and festival directors and solo singers—always excepting the best among them—continue to copy the same old programs, and continue to present examples of the same style and the same periods, regardless of the educational opportunities they are thus throwing away.

The difficulty of choral works by modern composers need not be argued as an objection to attempting them, for if the greater compositions by Bruch, Berlioz, Schumann, Rubinstein or Brahms are too difficult in their entirety, selections from them may be made, and beautiful selections too, which are quite within the compass of ordinary festival voices; and minor singable works by these composers, excepting Brahms, are many and varied. It seems necessary to assert this positively.

As to the older composers, Bach, Handel and Mendelssohn, one would imagine that they had written little else besides, respectively, "The Christmas Oratorio," "The Messiah" and "Elijah," and that Bach, particularly the unsurpassable Bach, magnificent in invention and intense in feeling, was a composer of but one idea. Handel and Mendelssohn are of course more fairly represented by minor examples of choral music, but even they

must suffer, if capable of suffering in Elysium, at hearing the perpetual strains of "Comfort ye my people" and "Thanks be to God" wafted across the waters of the Styx.

The main lines of development in choral music should be attentively considered by those who aim to keep in touch with general musical progress. A most profitable undertaking it would be for every choral society of any standing to study in chronological order selections from oratorios and secular choral works with the view of gaining some adequate ideas of the wonderful and firm contrapuntal foundation laid by Palestrina and Bach for all subsequent composers to build upon, and with the view, too, of gaining some knowledge of other underlying musical forces which have shaped the more difficult of modern choral compositions. It would be of incalculable benefit to do this, for so could be gradually created the necessary atmosphere of enthusiasm which arouses in the average singer a desire to understand the great modern works, and ultimately to interpret them. The opportunity to thus learn limitations also should not be underrated. The best choral works of to-day, it must be remembered, are all preludes to the magnificence of Brahms; they mark together a period of high development; but Brahms himself, as we all know, represents the stupendous climax of a series of important climaxes in musical history.

But in order to understand modern choral music it is advisable to glance for a moment at the early chorales. They were called into existence through religious feeling. There were choral symphonies in ancient Jewish temples, and choral hymns were sung to Apollo and Dionysius in the temples of Ancient Greece. The early hymns of the Christians were based on this traditional music, but they had the important element of quietude. The music of the early Christian Church, necessarily in harmony with all teachings of the Church, aimed to repress all outward signs of emotion. These strains were yet timeless. They were the expression of deep and solemn feeling. No gesticulation was allowed in singing them. Antiphonal singing was taken up by the early Christian Church, and practiced in the first century, according to Pliny the younger who, in a report to the Emperor Trajan, spoke of it as a fault among Christians that they were wont to assemble before daylight and sing alternately among themselves a hymn to Christ as God. Not until the twelfth century did ecclesiastical music become rhythmic or measured. Time in our sense of the word was employed only in dance and folk-songs.

Of the secular music of this early period much less definite knowledge exists than of the early Church music. The Church took no cognizance of secular music, caring to preserve only what added to its own glory. As the learning of the darker periods of history has been mainly transmitted through the hands of the Church, through monks and monastic libraries, the reasons for our lack of knowledge both of secular music and secular literature of these early periods is very apparent. It is known, however, that folksongs and dances existed, and that the separation was marked between them and religious music. Not only was the difference marked in structure, a difference that has always seemed necessary, but the ornaments and graces in the colorature sense were most strictly eschewed. But while the separation in structure remained marked, a peculiar union took place of secular words with plain song. The association came about most naturally, by the employment of popular tunes as bases upon which to erect counterpoint, sometimes of a most florid nature. Thus arose the scandalous combination of the "Gloria" and the "Credo," sung by one part of the congregation, while the other half sang "lewd chansons of Flanders," both to the same tune. Therefore Palestrina was commissioned to purify ecclesiastical music of



florid devices and sacrilegious words, and therefore music is enriched by that wonderful "Missa Papae Macelli," which remains for all time a musical landmark, unimpeachable in the accuracy of proportion and thoroughly informed with the spirit of beauty; its contrapuntal interweavings, so free, yet so perfectly subordinated to the higher purposes of art. Paradoxical as it may sound, it was in reality to Palestrina that the beginning of the whole romantic school in music may be traced. He was the sculptor who first awakened in the marble Galatea an animating soul.

Choral music now began to make rapid strides in England, the English school of anthem service arose, the same composers devoting themselves equally to sacred and secular music; didactic oratorio was originated in Rome; cantatas preliminary to the modern form were written, and in Germany Luther adapted his inspiring hymns to popular tunes or to ancient Church melodies. Again it was through the Church that music received a powerful impetus. For these inspiring and vigorous chorals or hymns, which voiced the feeling of the people in rhythmic measure, had a most stimulating effect upon art, as is readily attested by the works of North German composers from that time onward. How these chorals—differing from English hymns in that they are not usually separable from certain words—have appeared and reappeared in modern compositions; how, for example, "Ein feste Burg," Luther's hymn, has been used by Bach and Mendelssohn and by Meyerbeer in "The Huguenots," and by Wagner in his "Kaiser Marsch;" and how, for another example, "Allei Gott in der Hoh," based upon a hymn of the Roman Church, appears with fine effect in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—are incidental matters of choral history which indicate an interesting field of research. The text now received more serious consideration than formerly. Errors like those in Palestrina's time no longer occurred. The text then was treated with such amusing indifference even the great composer himself, in his "Lamentations," carefully set to music the introductory phrases "De incipit Lamentatione," and even the Hebrew initial letters.

The seed planted by Luther soon grew to a goodly plant, in the shape of the recitation of the "Divine Passion"—an early form of oratorio—and blossomed finally into the flower of Bach's most important work, the "St. Matthew Passion."

Bach's contrapuntal skill was the result mainly of his own searching study of the earlier music. He was, as all great composers must be, almost entirely self taught. But he used the past to illuminate and extend the vista of the present. On the simplest old chorals he imposed the grandest conceptions, raising the people's thought to the highest point attainable at that period and to a height which can still compel us to lift our eyes in admiration. His great fertility is known theoretically, but practically unrecognized in America. Putting aside the "Christmas Oratorio" and the "St. Matthew Passion Music," how little realizing sense we seem to have of all that mass of choral music, of the cantatas written for each Sunday's service of the Lutheran Church—five series, each series including the entire year; of the numerous secular cantatas, the great mass in D minor, so sublime in its passionate yet controlled fervor. Always throughout Bach's music runs the spirit of freedom. His mastery of form, of all complexities of counterpoint, conveys to the listener or the student the impression of wandering in a leafy forest where the intricacies of the underbrush but intensify the lofty outlines of the stately trees through which blow eternal breezes of the morning.

What infinite gain in knowledge that may help toward comprehension of modern work, what a clearing up of cobwebs that bedim the sense of beauty, result from the study of Bach! He is the great epoch-maker in choral music. He marks the third climax in its development, the first being the

development of choral hymns, according to the Greek scales, the second the elaboration and beautifying of counterpoint by Palestrina. Bach standing midway between the past and present reveals the value of the one and forecasts the glory of the other.

#### VOCAL CULTURE!

"SHOEMAKER, stick to your last," is a homely old saying that might well be applied to a certain existing and growing condition of things at the present time.

If all the vocal culturists or culturers had been the output of true study what a magnificent array of teachers we could show; but, alas! many of those who have studied the voice in all sincerity, in all earnestness, those who know with what danger the least carelessness is met, sit back and do nothing, while ex-piano teachers, organists or choral conductors of small calibre infest the field of vocal teachers, because this work commands a larger income.

Is it not time that some of this nonsense were stopped?

What right has a man to attempt tone building because he has trained church choirs or because he can write an anthem of questionable merit? What right has he to attract pupils by the bait that he has influence enough to place them in church positions? Why are there so very many students who have fine voices, and so few who can sing?

Why is the word "American" in connection with "vocal" synonymous with the word "humbug"?

Because sheet music clerks graduating into little local musical conductors have had the insolence to attack the vocal organs and assume a knowledge of the subject merely because they can control engagements.

#### ARE WE IN IT?

THE following letter, which does not explain itself, was received in this office last Monday:

SATURDAY, October 23, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

As there seems to be a prevailing impression in Boston and Bangkok that we are actively participating in the *Monthly Record*, which Brother Hale is editing, we wish to state that we write for no other musical publication than THE MUSICAL COURIER.

(Signed) VANCE THOMPSON.  
JAMES G. HUNEKER.

This rather surprising information was received by the managing editor on Monday morning and must have been the result of rumors at Bangkok reflecting upon the writers, who had never intimated to us any desire to shirk responsibility when it applied to the booming of musical publications. But now that an agitated public is really taken into a portion of the journalistic secret, all may as well be told, and we therefore are not backward in coming forward with the suppressed news that the Ditsons and we, in an effort to gobble up all the best available musical writers, made a combine to scoop in Hale, Hunecker and Thompson in a bunch, and for that reason we fixed up the new *Record* scheme. It is all right. The only caution we must give Brother Hale, before it gets too late, is to beware of roasting the people too much in the *Record*, for if he does they will not buy their music from the various Ditson branches, but will patronize the other music houses. He can go ahead as he has for the past ten years in "The Musical Courier" and speak just as he feels like, because we are not selling sheet music for a living, but at our Boston end of the scheme it may become shaky, for Brother Hale is apt to say what he thinks, and that does not work pleasantly with sheet music customers. Otherwise all hail, for we are in it.

**New York College of Music.**—The first pupils' concert this season of the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert director) will be given in the college hall on Thursday night, November 4. The program will consist of piano, violin, vocal and cello solos and ensemble music.

#### THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE National Conservatory of Music of America enters its thirteenth year to-day. Twelve years ago a distinguished gathering of music lovers met at Delmonico's to listen to the plans of President Jeannette M. Thurber for the founding of a national conservatory of music. Well we all know that the Conservatory was founded and is to-day a thriving institution, after a dozen years of existence, during which time it has turned out many hundreds of pupils and furnished more than its quota of artists, singers for opera and concert stage, and violinists, cellists, pianists and composers. In 1891 Congress granted the Conservatory a charter. The directorship of Dr. Antonin Dvorak, the composing of the E minor symphony, "From the New World," both quickened the pulse of national music, and for this Mrs. Thurber is to be thanked. Dr. Dvorak is again the director this year, and an up-town piano school was opened October 1 at 239 Lenox avenue for the convenience of those pupils who cannot come to the down-town institution, at 126 and 128 East Seventeenth street. Talks on music by well-known writers will be a special feature at the Lenox avenue school this season.

The faculty of the Conservatory has always been of the highest character, and numbers among other representative names those of Dr. Dvorak, Rafael Joseffy, Leopold Lichtenburg, Victor Capoul, Gustave Hinrichs, Max Spicker, Julie L. Wyman and Henry T. Finck. Mrs. Thurber, whose nationalism is of the marked and militant type, has always believed in America for the Americans. She foresaw the folly of Americans going abroad to study, when she organized the Conservatory; and it certainly does seem foolish, with such opportunities of securing a complete musical education in such a musical city as this, to expose young people to the uncertainties and vicissitudes of travel and foreign residence, all for the sake of the brand "Made in Germany." "Made in America" has its significance too, and the National Conservatory is eminently an American institution, with an American music lover guiding its destinies.

**Will C. Macfarlane Honored.**—The organist and choir-master of All Souls' Church, this city (Dr. Heber Newton's church), may be congratulated upon receiving a genuine award of merit—the gold medal offered by the American Guild of Organists. The medal was given by Mr. Walter J. Clemson, of Taunton, Mass., and is valued at \$50.

It was awarded for the best musical setting in anthem form of words selected from the Old Testament by the examination committee of the Guild. The adjudicators were Homer M. Bartlett, Clement R. Gale and Walter J. Clemson. The anthems for the competition were sent in under the composer's nom de plume, and the award was entirely one of merit.

**John Hermann Loud.**—The first of Mr. Loud's organ recitals of the present season, the twentieth of the complete series, took place October 18, in the First Church, Springfield, Mass. Between seven and eight hundred people were present, and they showed marked interest in the admirable program presented. The Springfield *Republican* comments favorably on the recital, which included the great prelude in B minor, by Bach; the scherzo in F, by Guilmant; the great chorale No. 8, in A minor, by Franck, played for the first time in Springfield, and the sonata No. 2, in G minor, by Merkel.

Miss Belle Mozart, who assisted, sang Gounod's "Repentance," and Haydn's "With verdure clad." At Amsterdam, N. Y., October 20, Mr. Loud will open a new organ.

**Van Hoose in Canada.**—Ellison Van Hoose, the young American tenor, engaged by Ruben & Andrews, appeared with great success at the Trebelli concerts in Canada last week. The following extracts are from Toronto papers:

The tenor of the company was Mr. Van Hoose, who displayed a sympathetic voice and finished style.—*Mail and Express*.

Mr. Van Hoose possesses a voice of delicious quality and has it under perfect control, while his diction is perfect. His style of delivery and the voice itself recall strongly those of Evan Williams. His numbers included an aria from "Carmen," J. C. Bartlett's "A Dream," and that sweet old ballad, "Mary of Argyle," for which he was very enthusiastically encored. Mr. Van Hoose also sang a delightful lullaby in a manner that was faultless.—*Toronto Globe*.

Mr. Van Hoose is a good lyric tenor and did himself credit in the air from "Carmen," which was his first number. He was recalled and generously responded.—*Toronto World*.





A MODERN MUSIC LORD.

## II.

IN 1877 Tchaikowsky became engaged to a lady whom he had met at the house of her relatives sixteen or seventeen years previously.

That he married her was known to few, and the musical world was surprised at the mention of a wife Antonina in the composer's will. She received an annuity, but not a liberal one, and perhaps that is the reason she disclosed the history of the curious courtship and marriage of Peter Illitsch Tchaikowsky.

He was constitutionally timid, and almost morbid in his dislike of women, and after the unfortunate scandal at Moscow his friends advised marriage. But he was nervous and moody and in no hurry, yet when Antonina told him that she intended to study at the Conservatory he said:

"It were better that you married!"

Peter hung fire, and Antonina, who had secretly loved him for four years, finally, after much church going and prayer vigils, determined to assist her modest friend—suitor he was not. She wrote him a letter proposing marriage, which he answered, and of all their acquaintance this seems to have been the happiest time. She must have had a good literary style, for Peter praised it, and finally called on her. He spoke of his gray hairs, but never mentioned hers, although she was at least thirty-four—he was seven years her senior. She answered that merely to sit near him and hear him talk or play was all she asked. Again he hesitated and begged for a day's grace. The next time he saw her he said he had never loved; that he was too old to love, but as she was the first woman he had ever met that had pleased him he would make a proposition. It was this: If a brotherly love and union would satisfy her ideal of mated life he would consent to a marriage. After this coy proposal the matter was debated in a perfectly calm manner, and as he left her he asked:

"Well?" She threw her arms about his neck, and he hastily fled.

After that he visited her during the afternoons, but avoided all attempts at tenderness, only kissed her hand, and even dispensed with the familiar "thou." In a week he begged for a month's leave of absence, as he had to finish his opera "Eugene Onegin." Madame Tchaikowsky declared that it was "a composition dictated by love." Onegin is Tchaikowsky, Tatjana is Antonina, and she furthermore said that all the operas he had written before or since meeting her were cold.

The marriage occurred July 27, 1877, eleven days after Tchaikowsky returned to Moscow.

The sequel of such an extraordinary wooing may be easily foreseen. Tchaikowsky's morbidity only increased, and he seems to have taken an intense dislike to his bride. Everything she did displeased him; he objected to her costumes, and one can hardly blame him, for at the tea table one evening she appeared in a light yellow gown, wearing a coral necklace! When he discovered the corals were imitation he burst from the room, crying: "How fine, my wife wears false corals!"

In six weeks Tchaikowsky had enough of married life, and left for a Caucasian water cure; but it

was really an excuse, as he went to visit his sister. She must have given him advice, for he returned to his wife; but after three weeks more, and in the middle of the month of November, he told her that he had a business trip to make. She went unsuspectingly with him to the railroad depot, where his courage almost forsook him, and he took his final leave of her, trembling like a drunken man. He embraced her several times, and finally pushed her away with the ejaculation:

"Now go; God be with you!" They never met again. She only partially explains the catastrophe by saying that outside influences were brought to bear on her husband. Averse to conjugal life, credulous as a child and extremely irritable, he was led to believe that matrimony would prove fatal to his development as a musician. There is no doubt that this was true; indeed for such a neurotic, erratic temperament marriage was little better than prussic acid. Antonina doubtless suffered much and understood Tchaikowsky's peculiarities, yet she did not complain until after his death, and then only when she found that the bulk of his property had been left to his favorite nephew.

There is no need of further delving into the pathology of this case, which bears all the hall marks familiar to specialists in nervous diseases, but it is well to keep the facts in view, because of their important bearing on his music, some of which is truly pathological.

I once wrote of Tchaikowsky that he said great things in a great manner. Now I sometimes feel that the manner often exceeds the matter; that his masterly manipulation of mediocre melodic material often leads us astray; yet, at his best, when idea and execution are firmly welded, this man is a great man, one who felt deeply, suffered and drank deeply at the acid spring of sorrow. Not as logical nor as profound a thinker as Brahms, he is more dramatic, more intense, and displays more surface emotion. You miss the mighty sullen and sluggish ground swells of feeling in Tchaikowsky; but then he paints better than the Hamburg-Vienna composer; his brush is dipped in more glowing colors; his palette is more various in hues, while the barbaric swing of his music is usually tempered by European culture and restraint. Reticent in life, he overflows in his art. No composer, except Schumann, tells us so much of himself. Every piece of his work is signed, and often he does not hesitate to make the most astounding, the most alarming confessions.

He fulfilled in his music much that Rubinstein left unsaid. Rubinstein was a Teutonic mind Russianized; but, unlike Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky, with all his Western culture, kept his skirts clear of Germany. Her science he had at his finger tips, but he preferred remaining Russian. His ardent musical temperament was strongly affected by France and Italy. He has certainly loved the luscious *cantilena* of Italy, and has worshipped at the strange shrine of Berlioz. Indeed Berlioz and Liszt are his artistic sponsors; and the French strain in his blood must not be forgotten.

In his later years, as if his own clime had chilled his spirit, he solaced himself in Italy and Spain, a not incurious taste in a stern Northman. Despite his Western affiliation there is always some Asiatic lurking in Tchaikowsky's scores. One can never be quite sure when the Calmuck—which is said to be skin deep in every Russian—will break forth. Gusts of unbridled passions, smelling of the rapine of Gogol's wild heroes of the Steppes, sweep across his pages, and sometimes the smell of blood is too much for us, unaccustomed as we are to such a high noon of rout, revelry and disorder.

He was a poet as well as a musician. He preached more treason against his Government than did

Pushkin, or those "cannons buried in flowers" of the Pole Chopin. His culture was many sided; he could paint the desperate loves of Romeo and Juliet, could master Hamlet, the doubting thinker and man of sensibility; could feel the pathetic pain of Francesca di Rimini, and proved that Lermontov was not the only Slav who understood Byron's "Manfred"; he set Tolstoy's serenade to barbaric Iberian tones, and wrote with tears at his heart that most moving song, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt," a song that epitomizes Goethe's poem; and then only think of the F minor, the E minor and the B minor symphonies! What a wonderful man he was! and how his noble personality tops all the little masters of the Neo-Russian school!

Tchaikowsky was one who felt many influences before he hewed for himself a clear cut, individual path. We continually see in him the ferment of the young East, rebelling, tugging against the restraining bonds of Occidental culture. But, like Turgenev, he chastened his art; he polished it, and gave us the cry, the song of the strange land in a worthy, artistic setting. His feeling for hues, as shown in his instrumentation, is wonderful. His orchestra fairly blazes at times. He is higher pitched in his color scheme than any of the moderns, with the exception of Richard Strauss; but while we get daring harmonic combinations, there are no unnatural unions of instruments; no forced marriages of reeds and brass; no artificial or high pitched voicing, nor are odd and archaic instruments employed. Indeed Tchaikowsky uses sparingly the English horn. His orchestra is normal. His possible weakness is for the flute, for which he had an enormous predilection. His imagination sometimes played him sinister tricks, such as the lugubrious valse in the Fifth Symphony and the stinging shower of *pizzicati* in the Fourth.

He was not a great symphonist like Brahms; he had not the sense of formal beauty, preferring instead to work in free fashion within the easy and loosely flowing lines of the overture-fantaisie. The roots of the form are not difficult to discover. The Liszt symphonic poem and its congeries were for Tchaikowsky a point of departure. Dr. Dvorak is therefore in a sense correct when he declared to me that Tchaikowsky was not as great a symphonist as a variationist.

He takes small, compact themes, nugget-like motives, which he subjects to the most daring and scrutinizing treatment. He polishes, expands, varies and develops his ideas in a marvelous manner, and if the form is often wavering the decoration is always gorgeous. Tchaikowsky is seldom a landscape painter; he has not the open air naivete of Dvorak, but his voice is a more cultivated one. He has touched many of the master minds of literature—Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron and Tolstoy, and was able to give in the most condensed, dramatic style his subjective impressions of their poems. He is first and last a dramatic poet. He delineates the human soul in the convulsions of love, hate, joy and fear; he is a unique master of rhythms and of the torrential dynamics that express primal emotions in the raw. His music has not the babbling rivulets, the unclouded skies, the sweet and swirling shepherds and shepherdesses of Dvorak, but it is more psychologic. Give Tchaikowsky one or two large human figures, give him a stirring situation, and then hark to the man as his dramatic impulse begins to play havoc. As well talk of form to Browning when Ottima and Seebold faced each other in the ghastly glare of the lightning in that guilty garden of old Italy!

Tchaikowsky has more to say than any other Russian composer, and he says it better. He is no mere music maker, as Rubinstein often is, writing respectable, uninspired routine stuff. He worked



earnestly, tremendously. Hence we find in his music great intellectual energy, great dramatic power, oftentimes beauty of utterance, although he is less spontaneous than Rubinstein. He had not that master's native talent, but he cultivated his gifts with more assiduity. His style is not impeccable, and seldom lofty, but he has plenty of melody, charming melody, and while he was not a seeker after the one precious word, the perfect phrase, yet his measures are more polished; show the effect of a keener and more rigorous criticism than Rubinstein's.

Tschaikowsky is eclectic, and many cosmopolitan woofs run through the skein of his music. Italy influenced, then Germany, then France, and in his latter day he let lightly fall the reins on the neck of his Pegasus, and was much given to joyously riding in the fabled country of ballet, pantomime and other delightful places.

He is eminently nervous, modern and intense; he felt deeply and suffered greatly, so his music is fibred with sorrow, and sometimes morbid and full of hectic passion. He is often feverishly unhealthy, and is never as sane as Brahms or Saint-Saens. His gamut is not so wide as deep and troubled, and he has exquisite moments of madness. He can be heroic, tender, bizzare and hugely fierce. His music bites, and the ethical serenity of Beethoven he never attains; but of what weighty import are some of his scores; what passionate tumults, what defiance of the powers that be, what impotent Titanic straining, what masses of tone he sends scurrying across his pain riven canvases! The tragedy of a life is penned behind the bars of his music. Tschaikowsky was out of joint with his surroundings; women delighted him not, and so he solaced himself with herculean labors—labors that made him the most interesting, but not the greatest composer of his day.

He had in a rare degree the gift of musical characterization; the power of telling in the orchestra a poetic story, and without the accessories of foot-lights, scenery, costumes or singers. Charles Lamb would most certainly not have admired him.

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And Russia, how he loved her! That wonderful Russia which Turgenev loved and divined so perfectly. Listen to Turgenev; listen to the pessimistic side of the Russian:

"Sadness came over me and a kind of indifferent dreariness. And I was not sad and dreary simply because it was Russia I was flying over. No; the earth itself; this flat surface which lay spread out beneath me; the whole earthly globe, with its populations, multitudinous, feeble, crushed by want, grief and diseases, bound to a clod of pitiful dust; this brittle, rough crust, this shell over the fiery sands of our planet, overspread with the mildew we call the organic vegetable kingdom; these human flies, a thousand times paltrier than flies, their dwellings glued together with filth, the pitiful traces of their tiny, monotonous bustle, of their comic struggle with the unchanging and inevitable—how revolting it all suddenly was to me! My heart turned slowly sick, and I could not bear to gaze longer on these trivial pictures, on this vulgar show. \*\*\* Yes, I felt dreary, worse that dreary. Even pity I felt nothing of for my brother men; all feelings in me were merged in one, which I scarcely dare to name: A feeling of loathing, and stronger than all and more than all within me was the loathing—for myself."

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Now turn from this Hamlet-mood and read "The Beggar"! "I was walking along the street \*\*\* I was stopped by a decrepit old beggar."

"Bloodshot, tearful eyes, blue lips, coarse rags, festering wounds. \*\*\* Oh, how hideously poverty had eaten into this miserable creature!"

"He held out to me a red, swollen, filthy hand. He groaned, he mumbled of help."

"I began feeling in all my pockets. \*\*\* No

purse, no watch, not even a handkerchief. \*\*\* I had taken nothing with me. And the beggar was still waiting, \*\*\* and his outstretched hand feebly shook and trembled.

"Confused, abashed, I warmly clasped the filthy, shaking hand. \*\*\* 'Don't be angry, brother; I have nothing, brother.'"

"The beggar stared at me with his bloodshot eyes; his blue lips smiled, and he in his turn gripped my chilly fingers."

"'What of it, brother?' he mumbled, 'thanks for this too. That is a gift too, brother.'"

"I knew that I, too, had received a gift from my brother."

\*\*\*

Russia, a stripling with stout, straight limbs and white hair, is all fire, caprice, melancholy and revolt. Turgenev, more cosmopolitan, lighter in his touch than Tolstoy or Tschaikowsky, is able to give us in these two prose poems the sadness and the big heart of the Slav, but in Tschaikowsky we get the melancholy, the caprice, the fire and the revolt. If he be not the most Russian of composers, he is certainly the greatest composer of Russia!

(To be continued.)

**M**ERIT will to the front. Will it indeed? Is not this one of the popular fallacies which Charles Lamb would have exploded long ago, turning and twisting it so as to show its delusive aspect, and then neatly slashing at its weakest point? One scarcely needs to-day the penetration of a Charles Lamb to see the weak point of this fallacy. It is very apparent. Merit will not come to the front unaided. It must be placed properly before the public.

A curious illustration of this truth is shown by the fact that one of our ablest and most brilliant pianists did not meet with the reception which he deserved in San Francisco last week. This is attributed by a San Francisco correspondent of the *Tribune* to insufficient advertising and to an incidental mistake made by the pianist, who, owing to fatigue, would not see the reporters immediately upon his arrival. He put them off until next day.

It is not altogether pleasant to many of our best artists to be heralded loudly wherever they go. Instead of being preceded by the fife and drum and followed by young America appendages, they would much prefer to walk serenely through the silent streets, wrapped in a Roman toga of impenetrable reserve. They would like to feel that their attainments need no announcement. They do not wish to adopt the methods of charlatans and vulgarians. But this is a most busy world. People in large cities have so many demands upon their attention that the claims of the greatest merit are apt to fall into innocuous desuetude unless unremittingly presented.

One point of view in this question should commend itself to superior artists, those possessed of the finest taste and the keenest sensibilities: It is only by being placed in broad daylight, side by side with the inferior artist, who rushes in with a clatter of words where angels almost fear to tread, that the superior artist may give the public the power of judging and of attaining a higher standard of comparison. Then, indeed, will merit to the front, for the public understands its own inalienable right of judgment.

A requisite amount of publicity, or, in other words, advertising, is at the present day the only basis upon which merit—in any art which requires an audience of its own time—can hope to see its own statue erected. The moral is clear: Do not hide your electric light of ability under a barrel of reserve.

**Sobrinio with Ysaye.**—Carlos Sobrinio, the well-known piano virtuoso, has been engaged for Ysaye's coming tour. Sobrinio met with great success last season in Europe, and we hope to hear this excellent artist at some of our orchestral concerts this season.

## OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

### MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Miss Ida Fuller.  
Antonio Galassi.  
Mrs. Florence Gray.  
A. H. Heward.  
R. De Koven.  
Arthur Clark.  
Fritz Scheel.  
Frederic Sueva.  
S. Penfield.  
J. J. Racer.  
Miss Inez Carusi.  
F. E. Tunison.  
C. Wadsworth.  
Miss Blanche Wallace.  
The Slayton Bureau.  
Mrs. Marie Merrick.  
Clementine De Vere.  
Wm. N. Wadsworth.  
James Peterson.  
Miss Marie Donavin.  
Franz Listemann.  
Miss J. Delman.  
Miss Maud Reese-Davies.  
David Bispham.  
Nahan Franko.  
C. De Vaux Royer.  
Max Heinrich.  
Mrs. A. L. C. Raymond.

### MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Wm. R. Chapman.  
Frank Damrosch.  
Mme. Lillian Nordica.  
A. C. Tams.  
F. K. Arens.  
Miss Ella Carr.  
Andre de Beauvais.  
Mme. G. Valda.  
Miss L. V. Sheldon.  
F. Meyer.  
Mrs. J. L. Wyman.  
John P. Sousa.  
Mrs. R. Sapio.  
F. W. Riesberg.  
Miss S. C. Beals.  
Miss Morrison.  
Rosa Jungnickel.

### Liederkrantz.

**T**HE first of the Saturday evening Liederkrantz events, on October 23, drew the usual large audience of members. Mr. Zoellner, the conductor, had charge of the music, and Fräulein Galski, soprano, and Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto, sang, Miss Olive Mead playing the violin in excellent style, and Miss Hartmann playing the piano.

While strict musical criticism is usually made flexible in its application to such events as club concerts, yet the facts should be related as they appear, and the facts on this occasion warrant the statement that both Galski and Jacoby sang like true artists. Their work was of a calibre to do justice to a concert of the highest order.

**Tecia Vigna.**—The musical gifts of Miss Vigna, which were so long of value to the Cincinnati College of Music, are now transferred to the Auditorium School of Music, where she has a studio and is meeting with the same success that has hitherto seemed to attend each step in her career. Miss Vigna has established an operatic school in connection with her other musical work. For this she is well adapted by her foreign training under eminent Italian teachers and her former experience in operatic roles in Florence with the La Scala Company, from Milan, and in Trieste. One of the principal features of her teaching is the cultivation of dramatic expression, a feature equally valuable as applied to piano playing or to vocal instruction. Miss Vigna's many pupils in public and private life attest the interest she has inspired by her musical enthusiasm and skillful training.

**Miss Anna L. Johnson's Recital.**—A very successful recital was given in Elmira, N. Y., last week by Miss Anna L. Johnson, contralto, assisted by Cora E. Luer, pianist, and Reinhold Wahrlich, accompanist, both pupils of Miss Alice Jane Roberts. "Miss Johnson," says the *Elmira Daily Advertiser*, "will be remembered as a former pupil at the Elmira College School of Music. She has studied also with the late Mme. Edna Hall, of Boston, and Frank H. Tubbs, of New York, and has had several years' experience as a teacher."

The same paper adds:

"She has a voice at once rich, flexible and powerful, which she has under excellent control. Her numbers included, among other things, Siebel's 'Flower Song,' from Gounod's 'Faust,' Buck's 'Salve Regina,' and Bemberg's 'Hindoo Song,' to all of which she gave a most artistic interpretation."





BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
599 FULTON STREET, October 25, 1897.

**A**LTHOUGH public concerts seem to be well on the way music in society has scarcely been thought of as yet, and probably things will not be very active until after election. Music in society in Brooklyn is a very important matter, as there are many occasions when the very best talent appears in private homes, as many of the society people are great patrons of this art. I will give detail of these affairs through the season.

Among the most prominent of these social events will be a series of musicales to be given in the elegant banquet hall of the St. George Hotel, and which will be presented only to invited guests. The social element in the hotel and the standing of the house is in itself a guarantee of what the nature of the entertainments will be. The first concert will occur shortly after election, and it is rumored that a prominent French pianist will make a première on this occasion, and that a charming New York soprano who is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific will assist, but more detail later.

There will be musicales of a similar nature at the Hotel Margaret.

On Wednesday night a large audience was transported (this is the only word possible to use to express the extent of appreciation) by the Kneisel Quartet concert, in which it had the assistance of Mr. Arthur Whiting, who proved himself most satisfying and intelligent in his work with this finished organization, and Mr. A. Hackebarth, who played the horn superbly and who may have revealed to many the relation of a horn to a cello, or rather with what magnificent effect it may supplant the latter instrument.

The Brahms trio for piano, violin and horn, apart from its melodic and technical interest, had the charm of novelty in instrumentation, and added to the fact that the trio is a very lucid work, and the rarely intelligent treatment that it received placed it in the understanding of all present. It was received with the greatest possible interest.

The "Kreutzer Sonata," that burning, seething bit of passion which Beethoven revealed, was magnificently given. The nuances, the colorings and the phrasings were perfection. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Whiting seemed perfectly at one throughout. The Grieg quartet was not less interesting, and in it the force of the Kneisel Quartet made itself felt. I can only say that I wish people could hear the Kneisels three times a day, and I feel heartily sorry for everyone who did not hear them on Wednesday night. Please, Brooklyn Institute, don't make us wait a whole year for another concert by the Kneisels.

The second song recital will occur on Wednesday next. The strong attractions will be Mr. David Bispham and the charmingly artistic violinist Miss Maud Powell, who, by the way, while you are listening to them, you don't want to forget that they are Americans, both of them. Here is the program:

Lungi Dal Caro Bene.....	Secchi
Che Piero Costume.....	Legrenzi
Mad Tom (attributed to).....	Purcell
Mr. Bispham.	
Sonata in D minor.....	Rust
Miss Powell.	
Der Zwerg.....	Schubert
Saphische Ode.....	Brahms
In Der Nacht.....	Lassen
Mr. Bispham.	
Mazurka.....	Zarzycki
Miss Powell.	
The Devon Maid.....	Beatrice Hallet
To Daffodils.....	Dora Bright
Love Is a Babbie.....	Frances Allister
As the Flight of a River.....	Maud V. White
King Henry to the Fair Rosamond.....	Liza Lehman
Mr. Bispham.	
Two Spanish Dances.....	Sarasate
Adieu to My Native Mountains.....	
Cobbler's Dance.....	
Miss Powell.	
Drink to Me Only.....	Early English Song
Young Richard.....	Early English Song
Mr. Bispham.	

Doesn't it look as though Brooklyn were just a little ahead of New York this season. We had the first appearance of the season of the Henschels, the Kneisels, and Brooklyn will have the first of Bispham, the Boston Symphony, with Joseffy, Hastreiter and Sieveking with the Seidl Society. Besides this Nansen, the great explorer, makes his American debut here in the Academy of Music on November 30, and Anthony Hope gave a reading to a

large audience last Tuesday. He appeared under the auspices of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives.

On Saturday night the first of the Saturday evening series of dramatic readings was given by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith to a large audience, to which he seemed to give thorough satisfaction.

Mr. Carl Fiqué gave the first lecture of his course in Wissner Hall on Wednesday last to a goodly number of interested listeners. This course bids fair to become popular.

Mrs. Elbert Howard Gammans gave her first piano recital on Wednesday at her studio, with the assistance of Miss Madeleine W. Coverly, Miss Clara A. Fowler, Mrs. Virginia Chandler-Titcomb, Miss Adeline Watt, Mrs. Wallace Grant, Miss Sarah Cobb. Mrs. Gammans, who is a very fine pianist, gave the Grieg sonata in E minor.

Mr. August Walther, the pedagogic musician who was invited to give a lecture before the Brooklyn Library Association, acquitted himself magnificently, and in his address showed how thoroughly he was fitted to handle the matter.

I take pleasure in mentioning a few of the volumes in which he takes great pride and which is about as fine a musical library as Brooklyn holds.

Burney, "General History of Music" (four volumes), 1789.  
Forkel, "Geschichte der Musik" (two volumes), 1788.  
Martini, "Storia della Musica" (three volumes), 1757.  
Sir William Jones, "Music of India," 1802.  
C. von Winterfeld, "Protestant Church Music" (three volumes).  
Rochlitz, "Für Freunde der Tonkunst" (four volumes).  
Rousseau, "Dictionnaire de Musique," 1768.  
Most important works by Kiesewetter, Schelle, Fétis.  
Nottebohm, "Beethoveniana" (Beethoven's sketches to most of his works).  
Liszt, "Literary Writings" (six volumes).  
Hanff, "Theory of Music" (seven volumes).  
Marx, "Theory of Music" (four volumes).  
Lobe, "Theory of Music" (four volumes).  
Baini, "Palestrina."  
Schelle, "Sistine Chapel."  
Biographies, orchestral scores, &c.

On Monday the new large three manual organ which has just been built in the Church of St. Agnes, Utica, N. Y., was opened by Paul Martin, Jr., organist of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, corner Throop avenue and McDonough street, when he gave the following program:

Morceau de Concert.....Guilmant  
Nocturne.....Chopin  
Dance of the Fairies.....Tchaikowsky  
(Arranged for the organ from the famous "Nutcracker" suite by Paul Martin, Jr.)  
Offertoire de St. Cecile.....Batiste  
Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt  
Prière.....Guilmant  
Scherzo.....Mendelssohn  
Fantaisie on Haus in Glück.....Bendel  
Rhapsody on Breton melodies.....Saint-Saëns  
Sonata in D minor.....Guilmant

Mr. Walter Henry Hall, who has recently returned from London, has taken a house at 167 Clinton avenue, this city, where he will live, notwithstanding his work at St. James' Church, in New York. Mrs. Hall and the children will return on Thursday. Mr. Hall is very earnest in his labors and is daily seeing satisfactory results. He is giving the regular cathedral services and they promise to become very popular.

Prof. Charles H. Morse receives the agreeable news from his son, a sophomore at Dartmouth College, that he has been appointed organist and choirmaster. He is cer-

tainly beginning early, and the height of good wishes may be expressed in the wishing that it may be a case of "like father, like son."

The Venth College of Music is already remarkably successful. Mrs. Venth, the conscientious teacher of the piano, has almost all her time filled. The pupil recitals will be highly interesting this season.

Mr. Warren Shaw is looking over the ground in compliance to numerous requests for him to come over here with his talented wife, Helen von Doenhoff, to open a branch of the Débutantes' Opera Class, which was so successfully conducted last season in New York.

The new officers of the Brooklyn Saengerbund are Mr. August Nebel, president; Mr. Carl Morr, first vice-president; Mr. Edward Christianer, second vice-president; Mr. Eugen Schumacker, corresponding secretary; Mr. Yoos, recording secretary; trustees, Messrs. Howard Conradi, George Guenther, W. Auerbach.

That Mr. Louis Kommenich was re-elected as conductor goes without saying, as he is making a name for himself and his organization very rapidly.

The club intends enlarging its present quarters and making a first-class hall—and it is about time that Brooklyn had a nice music hall of some kind. The need is a burning one of the hottest kind.

Mr. M. Kaminsky, of the Kaminsky Conservatory, of New York, has opened a branch in Brooklyn, where he gives attention to the vocal and instrumental branches of music, at the Wissner Studio, at 539 Fulton street.

Mr. E. A. Kent has been appointed tenor of the Church of the Holy Rosary, where he is an object of many compliments. At an evening of song given recently by the Columbian Club he gave some solos, and the local press was very kind in its comments of his work. He is filling many engagements.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schradieck gave a few friends a vast amount of pleasure by extending their hospitality and courtesy. An impromptu chamber music recital was given.

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**M**R. OSCAR SAENGER is now teaching in his new and commodious studio at 51 East Sixty-fourth street, where his rooms are spacious enough to accommodate his opera and oratorio classes, which are now forming.

His opera class, which has done such excellent work during the past two seasons, will be continued on the same lines, while an oratorio class is forming for the purpose of studying oratorios in the same practical manner. This class will doubtless be as successful as the other. A number of prominent professionals have already joined the ranks. The classes will be limited to ten members in each. Only professional singers, or those preparing for the profession, will be admitted.

Applications for membership in either of these classes should be made to Mr. Saenger personally, or by letter, to his studio address, 51 East Sixty-fourth street. The opera class will hold its first meeting on Friday evening, November 5; the oratorio class, Tuesday evening, November 9.

**Pittsburg.**—The sale of seats for this season's Symphony concerts is unprecedentedly large. The Henschels sang at the first Art Society entertainment in that city on the 18th with their usual success.



FANNIE - - - - -

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TO some the season 1897-8 is welcome, affording plenty of engagements; to others the outlook is black. It all depends upon the pessimistic or optimistic way in which you look at life from a musical point of view. If one big audience made a successful season, then, judging by the attendance at the Auditorium yesterday, we are promised a bounteous music boom out here in the West for the coming six months, but the revealers of music secrets, time and the box office, will eventually tell; meanwhile orchestral matters are treated elsewhere.

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The concert given in Central Music Hall for the debut of Miss Bessie O'Brien was markedly successful. It is no exaggeration to say that few appearances here have met with such an extraordinary furore as that of this Springfield girl, who attained the age of nineteen on Friday last. Her voice is beautiful, middle and lower registers having the round velvety quality possessed by few sopranos. Her upper register, too, is clear and bell-like in tone. Her singing altogether is intelligent, pleasing and refined, and she has the making of a great oratorio artist. I did not care about her selections; they were not adapted to show her capabilities, but they pleased the audience, which is after all the most necessary feature. Mr. August Hyllested, the renowned Danish pianist, received a warm welcome upon his first appearance after so long an absence. He played with tremendous bravura, demonstrating the enormous power of the Kimball piano. Mr. Hyllested selected Bach's Toccata and Fugue and an arranged Gavotte by Gluck, also two compositions of his own, Melodie and Polonaise. The last named is an extraordinarily intricate piece of pianism, which none but a Hyllested could attempt. Well, he should be satisfied with the reception given him by his Chicago friends, culminating in encores and recalls.

Miss Marian Carpenter, the violinist of the Bendix School, whose engagements this season are practically unlimited, gave a gratifying interpretation of Mendelssohn's Andante from the violin concerto. She evidently bases her idea of the work on the ethereal side, as her tone all the way through was noticeably soft. It is a different interpretation to that usually accorded, but was excellently artistic and merited the recognition accorded. Mr. Sydney Biden was equally successful in his songs, and gained a double recall. He is a young baritone of much promise and excellent schooling.

The tenor, F. W. Carberry, has everything in his favor—voice, training, refinement and manner. His numbers included "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death," from "St. Paul," "Were My Song with Wings Provided," by Hahn, and Grieg's "Thanks for Thy Hand." Mr. Carberry was a powerful attraction of the concert and proved himself a thorough artist, especially in his singing of the Grieg and Hahn songs. His phrasing is musicianly, his enunciation especially clear. So few singers sing reasonably clear that it is worth noting when an artist does full justice to the words as well as melody, and this is precisely what young

Carberry accomplishes. As Chicago is not over prolific of good tenors Mr. Carberry is kept busy. Miss Alice Smith and Dr. Falk were the other assisting performers. It can be recorded that this concert introducing Bessie O'Brien was a financial success, Central Music Hall having a very large audience.

The following is the program in detail:

Overture, Magic Flute.....	Mozart
Lend Me Your Aid.....	Dr. Louis Falk.
Mon Cœur S'ouvre à Ta Voix.....	Gounod
Be Thou Faithful Unto Death (From St. Paul).....	Mr. Sidne Biden.
Toccata and Fugue.....	Saint-Saëns
Gavotte.....	Miss Bessie O'Brien.
Andante (E minor concerto).....	Mendelssohn
Ave Maria.....	Mr. F. W. Carberry.
Melodie.....	Bach
Polonaise.....	Mr. August Hyllested.
Were My Song with Wings Provided.....	Gluck
Thanks for Thy Hand.....	Mendelssohn
Sextet (Lucia).....	Miss Marian Carpenter.
Kathleen Mavourneen.....	Chipman
Intermezzo.....	Miss Bessie O'Brien.
Violin, Miss Carpenter; Harp, Miss Smith, and Organ, Dr. Falk.	Hyllested
	Mr. August Hyllested.
	Hahn
	Grieg
	Mr. F. W. Carberry.
	Donizetti
	Miss Alice Genevieve Smith.
	Crouch
	Miss Bessie O'Brien.
	Mascagni

It is always a pleasure to be able to record the recognition given to our fine artists of Chicago, especially to one of the calibre possessed by Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson. Her engagements are remarkable, commencing October 25, when a recital will be given for the Delaware (Ohio) Musical Club. Afterward Mrs. Wilson will be heard in concert at Detroit, Mich., November 16; recital at Jackson, November 17; with the Philharmonic Club at Minneapolis, November 24, when she sings in oratorio; November 25, St. Paul; December 14, Evanston; December 16, Choral Union concert, Chicago; December 31, Pittsburgh; January 14, 1898, recital, Chicago Arche Club; February 23, Mendelssohn Club, Chicago; April 14, Cincinnati, with David Bispham in Massenet's "Eve," and May 23 at Albion, Mich., in "The Messiah."

Mrs. Wilson's motto would seem to be "work." She is constantly acquiring new works, and adding to her already famous repertory, which includes German, French and English songs, and she acknowledges the invaluable assistance which she obtains from Mrs. Hess-Burr, who accompanies her in much of her work. To Mrs. Wilson the season is most promising, and yet she realizes more and more the necessity for constant, earnest study. Herein is the secret of her success, that ever present desire for improvement, for she is really the most exacting critic toward herself. Her audiences are perfectly satisfied with this most taking singer, whose time might, if she chose, be devoted to teaching, but she has steadfastly refused to give instruction with but two exceptions, and these two pupils, Miss Marie Carter and Miss Lillian French, occupy prominent positions in churches here.

Chicago will have the pleasure of hearing Leopold Godowsky, the noted Russian pianist, for the first time since his return from abroad next Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in Auditorium Recital Hall, under the auspices of the Chicago Conservatory. Godowsky is by highest musical authority given a place with Paderewski, Rosenthal and other masters of the piano. The following interesting program will be presented:

Sonata, op. 81 (E flat).....	Beethoven
Carnival.....	Schumann
Rhapsody (G minor).....	Brahms
Scherzo (B minor), op. 20.....	
Andante Spianato.....	Chopin
Polonaise, op. 29 (E flat).....	

The best known baritone of Chicago and the one to acquire an enviable reputation both in Europe and America

is George Ellsworth Holmes. For his performance recently at the Worcester Festival the Eastern press paid him the following well deserved tributes:

Gounod's "Redemption" at Worcester Festival.—Mr. Holmes has a voice of great power, evenness and attractive quality. He sang throughout with dramatic fervor and forced his words upon the listeners with convincing earnestness.

In the duet with Mr. Hamlin descriptive of the earthquake he shared with the tenor in bringing about one of the best features of the concert.—Worcester Telegram.

The second "Narrator" was sung by Mr. Holmes, who has a substantial and effective bass voice. It is no small credit to Mr. Holmes that he held safely his creeping way amid the perplexing figures and dreary chords that abound in the accompaniment.—Evening Gazette.

The bass Narrator was Mr. Holmes. Though his part is, musically, an ungrateful one, he brought to it such a wealth of tone and eloquent diction that he scored the finest impression of anyone in the cast.—Providence Journal.

"Samson and Delilah"—Mr. Holmes' voice is one of exceptional power and it has a manly, honest resonance that attracts the listener most agreeably.

Incidental to a correct use of his voice, he enunciates with perfect distinctness, which is a merit that enhances all his other good qualities.—Telegram.

The roles of Abimelech and the old Hebrew were sung by Mr. Holmes, who showed greater ability than in "The Redemption," and succeeded far better than any of his predecessors in those roles.—Springfield Republican.

Miss Jenny Osborn, the young soprano, who has made the quickest career on record in Chicago, and about whom inquiry is frequently made by concert promoters, gave a charmingly varied program at the Woman's Club at Milwaukee. From several people present I hear that her success was most remarkable, her interpretation of the different compositions showing fine intelligence. As an example of varied musical literature this program is useful to the givers of song recitals:

Aria, Plus Grand dans son obscurité (Reine de Saba).....	Gounod
Widmung.....	Schumann
Die Soldatenbraut.....	Schubert
Der Doppelgänger.....	Bemberg
Hindoo Song.....	Helmund
The Blackbird.....	Bemberg
Repose Toi.....	Bemberg
Villanelle.....	Del'Acqua
Come, Sweet Morning.....	Arr. by A. L.
The Lass with the Delicate Air.....	Handel
Dance Song.....	Beethoven
Trocknet Nicht.....	Brueschweiler
Neue Liebe—Neues Leben.....	Goring Thomas
The Peferbird.....	F. Allitsen
A Song of Sunshine.....	
A Song of Thanksgiving.....	

Miss Osborn has been engaged by the Apollo Club of Chicago and Milwaukee for "The Messiah" this year, and I heard there was some question of her engagement for the same oratorio in another big city.

Mrs. Hess-Burr, to whom Miss Osborn acknowledges so much of her success, is also having a busy season, her Chicago and Milwaukee classes being the largest she has ever had. Mrs. Hess-Burr will read her paper on vocal art and artists at Downer College, Milwaukee, December 6.

The two active operatic artists of Chicago, Signor and Signora De Pasquali, have been engaged for the third time by the Marquette Club. The club members are evidently enthusiastic admirers of this talented duo, and show their appreciation in a practical manner by engaging the De Pasqualis for the first concert of the season. They have been singing considerably of late in Chicago and have a most lucrative church engagement offered them. At the Matheon Club also the De Pasqualis were engaged to give the artists' recital, and with the assistance of Mr. Blachford Kavanagh and Sig. F. Governale, violinist, gave an excellent entertainment.

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The friend of music, who stood by chamber music when others failed, Clayton F. Summy, returned recently from a successful Eastern trip. For some reason or other Mr. Summy is not so actively engaged in concert work this



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season, but the quiet influence which he lends upon all occasions is as telling and as advantageous as the more loudly quoted work of others.

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This is a strong statement and no doubt will be challenged, but so far as I can remember Wilhelm Middelschulte is the only organist that I have heard who can give a recital without music. He memorizes everything. The reason I am constrained to make this statement is that I was informed one could not name an organist who ever memorized. The organ, the grandest of instruments, is so seldom played really well that it is not appreciated at its worth, except when an organist such as Middelschulte is the player. His standard is very high, and while he employs all schools, from the popular to the classic, that of the former class is always of the highest order.

He plays all the modern and classical works, all the important works from Bach to Saint-Saëns, and invariably from memory, thereby differing from the organists whose repertory is probably as extensive but not so thoroughly known. Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte has always been famed for his strictly artistic performance, he so evidently respects the organ as a sublime instrument and the instrument of the future. From the time when Middelschulte came here in 1893 he has always commanded the attention of the public, and his performance on the first occasions so pleased his audiences that he was at once appointed organist of the Chicago Orchestra, which was a flattering testimonial to his ability.

The following are some of the opinions expressed by prominent critics:

Wilhelm Middelschulte was heard yesterday afternoon at Unity Church for the first time in concert in this city. That he is an organist who commands recognition as an able performer was evident before he had finished the first number—the Thiele concert piece in C minor. The earnestness, confidence and certainty which are shown in his work, and his handling of the instrument, are those of one who has studied and mastered the technic of his art, and they make themselves felt at once. In addition, however, to good technical ability, Mr. Middelschulte seems to possess interpretative power of a high order. In all his work yesterday there was found intelligence, and the musical and artistic qualities of the musician and scholar.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mr. Middelschulte's selections were played without notes and with great assurance and fervor. In fact, in this respect one would place the efforts of this competent master among the most brilliant of all that have been heard in Festival Hall. Quite in accordance with the position of *Music* concerning organ playing from memory, the playing gained in mental concentration and in ability to touch the audience by the freedom due to absence of notes.—*W. S. B. Matthews, in Music, Commenting upon Mr. Middelschulte's Exposition Recitals*.

One of the artistic enjoyments of the evening was the organ playing of the newcomer, Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte. In his two solos, Fugue, by Bach, and Theme, Variations and Fina e, by Thiele, he showed himself well capable of the resources of the organ; but it was in supplying the orchestral accompaniment on the organ that he manifested a talent, judgment and taste which are not often found.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

There are few women sufficiently well balanced mentally to make technic a study; there are fewer qualified to undertake solely the study of technical foundation, so that

Madame Nielson Rounseville is worthy of more than a cursory word. She has been for years past one of the most justly esteemed musicians in this city, where she came to reside after her successful concert appearances in the West. As a student she obtained tuition from Halfdan Kjerulf, Lindholm and the celebrated technician Haberbier, and from the last named she acquired the art of teaching that piano technic which has been of so much benefit to some of the pianists who are well known in the profession in Chicago. Madame Rounseville is thoroughly in touch with art matters of all descriptions, and is especially fortunate in owning some valuable pictures. One of these, the celebrated painting the "Midnight Sun," by the Danish artist Hammerstad, is a masterpiece.

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An American girl, whose name is for professional purposes Jeanne Greta, but who is the daughter of a Western railroad magnate, has recently returned from Paris, and will be heard for the first time in Chicago at a musicale given by Mrs. Theodore Perry Shonts. Mlle. Greta and Mr. W. H. Sherwood will give the program, and will be assisted by other prominent artists. The event promises to be extremely interesting, as Mlle. Greta is reported to have a voice of remarkable dramatic intensity and also to be a brilliant singer. She studied with Mr. L. G. Gottschalk until five years ago, when she went to Marchesi, also to Bouhy and De la Grange, all of whom promised that she would become a "star."

Mlle. Greta has sung in London with unqualified success under the direction of Daniel Mayer, and fulfilled many private engagements at a higher price than is paid usually to a débutante. Massenet, Thomé, Bemberg and Reyer (composer of "Sigurd") all found her interpretation of their music entirely satisfactory, and commend her remarkable facility and earnestness. Not only is Mlle. Greta a gifted singer, but she can act, has a most attractive presence and will, it is hoped, ultimately find her way into opera. The musical and social world of Chicago will be indebted to Mrs. Shonts for introducing this charming American artist to her compatriots.

Mr. William H. Sherwood will make his first appearance this season at the same musicale. He is just in his prime and his pianistic powers are greater than ever. I heard him playing the Wagner "Faust" overture arranged by Von Bülow, and he really made the little known composition "immense" in his method of interpretation. Sherwood has many times earned his title of "great" American pianist, but it seems to me that his temperament, technic and virtuosity were never so distinct as at the present time. Mr. Sherwood plays with all the big orchestras this season except the Thomas orchestra, the orchestra of all others with which he should be heard. He has not played with the Chicago organization since 1892, and it seems to me, considering that the soloist list is not yet complete, that the most graceful and grateful action on the part of the orchestral authorities would be the engagement of William H. Sherwood. It has frequently been said by musicians who were in New York last summer that Sherwood's playing

at the convention excited a furore, and that he was recalled six or seven times after his performance. Chicago is fortunate in that he makes his home here, and should show proper appreciation of that fact.

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The Spiering Quartet, of this city, now entering upon its fifth season, with practically an unchanged personnel since its inception, announces a series of six concerts to be given in Handel Hall, this city, at which it will have the assistance of the following well-known soloists:

October 26.....Mr. George Hamlin, tenor  
November 16.....Mr. William H. Sherwood, pianist  
December 14.....Mr. Hans Bruening, the Milwaukee pianist  
January 18.....Mr. Emil Liebling, pianist  
February 15.....Mr. Walter Spry, of Quincy, Ill., pianist  
March 15.....Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, baritone

In addition to this series, this most deserving Chicago organization have engagements which will take them this season to nearly every one of the principal music centres of the country.

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The Mendelssohn Club of this city has now completed all arrangements with its soloists. On December 8 the club will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, on February 25 by Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson and M. Henri Marteau, and on April 27, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies and Mr. Bruno Steindel. The social feature of the club concerts will be especially advanced this season, as it is at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York. As the tickets to the entire series are sold by subscription only this can easily be accomplished.

The active membership has acquired a number of most valuable recruits from among some of the well-known singers of the city, and so far as I know is now second to none in the country in point of tone quality and volume, while the high musical standing of the individual members, the strictness of the rules governing attendance at rehearsals and the excellent reputation of Mr. Wild as a conductor, promises a most delightful series of concerts.

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Talent in the West frequently finds recognition, as in the case of Mrs. Sarah Sayles Gilpin, the very talented pianist of whom I spoke last week. She has recently been appointed head of the piano department at the Cedar Rapids College of Music. Mrs. Gilpin is not only a thorough instructor but a concert pianist—a combination of ability which is rare. Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler most thoroughly recommends her in both capacities.

The recognition of talent is again exemplified in the success obtained by Walter Spry, of the Quincy Conservatory of Music. It is only yesterday that musicians returning from Quincy spoke of the excellent position he holds, of the reforms he has worked and of his general executive ability.

Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff gives a lecture and song recital next Thursday at Kimball Hall. She will sing selections from Sullivan, Johns, Jarshon, Schubert and Haydn.

Miss Mabel Crawford, a contralto making a promising career, issues a very attractive circular which managers needing a good contralto might consult. Miss Louise Wheatley Cowan, an intellectual looking girl from Boston,

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The New York Ladies' Trio—Dora Valesca Becker, Violin; Flavie Van den Kende, 'Cello; Mabel Phipps, Piano—Each a Soloist!



announces a musicale at the Lexington next Wednesday. Arne Oldberg and Edith Adams will take part in the program.

Mr. Harry J. Fellows, the rising young tenor, has been engaged for a tour to the Coast by the Geneva Johnstone-Bishop Concert Company. That he will be successful is a foregone conclusion. He is to sing the tenor parts of "The Messiah" at Tacoma, and to sing with Madame Bishop at the festival in San Francisco in November. Mr. Fellows just came from a period of study with Randegger, in London, last spring, and he sang at a May festival in Denver with Mrs. Bishop, who admired his voice so much that she was the means of his being one of her concert company. The Denver daily papers have the following notices of his singing there:

Mr. Harry J. Fellows has a rarely beautiful tenor voice, of most delightful quality, powerful and sweet, and he sings as an artist. His first number was a gem in execution and finish, and was received with enthusiasm and appreciation. For an encore he sang "Dreams," Stoeleski, very effectively.—*Denver, Col., Evening Post.*

Madame Bishop and Mr. Fellows sang magnificently, and were both obliged to give encores. Both were recalled after their encores, but declined to sing again.—*Denver, Col., News.*

Mr. Fellows was, to many, the most pleasing of the three soloists. His voice is tender and appealing, and the manner in which he sang the sweet and familiar "In native worth" was sufficient evidence of his capability as a tenor.—*Denver, Col., Republican.*

At Rockford, Ill., a party of young people joined forces and called themselves the Liebling Club, as they are devoted admirers of one Emil Liebling, at whose shrine are many worshipers in Chicago. And with good reason, for a more kindly man (apart from the musician) is seldom met. The Rockford youngsters, having dedicated their club to Liebling, he will go down and give them a piano recital. His program is admirably suited to the requirements and affords a really excellent idea of a recital which would interest young students. He combines the great with the modern composer, and the following is the order in which he plays:

Sonata, op. 27, No. 1.....Beethoven  
March of the Dwarfs.....Grieg  
Children's Ball.....Westerhout  
Serenade.....  
Madeleine Waltz.....Liebling  
Three Rondinos.....

Dedicated to the president, secretary and members of the club.  
Roman De Pierrot and Pierrette.....Burgmein

Mr. Liebling will give a piano recital for his pupils next Saturday. He will have the assistance of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, the eminent organist, who will accompany on second piano.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel will give a lecture recital entitled "Wandering Ballads" before the Amateur Musical Club, to which the public will be admitted, at Steinway Hall, Saturday, October 30, at 2:30 o'clock. In the musical illustrations of his lecture Mr. Krehbiel will be assisted by Mrs. H. E. Krehbiel, soprano, and Miss Lotta Mills, pianist.

The Sherwood Piano School gives a recital next Tuesday; Miss Strong, Miss Rhys and Miss Johnson are the performers. Misses Johnson and Strong are two of Sherwood's most talented pupils. Their playing at the Amateur Club was received with much applause last Monday.

It is recalled to me that in mentioning the recital given by Madame Weiss, last week, I omitted to mention a very talented and hard-working student, Janie Safford, who gained quite a reception. She played a sonata of Beethoven with really great intelligence, and also a Gottschalk composition. I am happy to rectify a mistake.

That the Joseph Vilim Orchestral Club gave a concert last evening at Kimball Hall, under the auspices of the American Conservatory, is also worthy of mention.

FLORENCE FRENCH.



BOSTON, Mass., October 24, 1897.

PLEASE add to the list of performances in this country of pieces by Glazounow that of his Sérénade Espagnole (cello and piano), by Mr. Hans Kronold, 'cellist, New York, in January, 1897.

I have received a letter from a woman, who does not sign her name, saying, "In some one of your letters to THE MUSICAL COURIER tell a woman what to do with a boy, gentle, fine, as good a mathematician as he is linguist, for he has taken honors in French, Latin, English, who wants to be a musician, without having the capacity for drudgery that seems necessary if one must earn one's bread and butter."

And here is an extract from a letter of the young boy, written, as you see, some months ago: "Last night they gave a concert at the Symphony in honor of the death of Brahms. I don't think the selections they gave represented him as such a fine composer as he really is." There's an honest expression of opinion for you, Mr. Paur. Let's see, what were the pieces? Tragic overture, "Vier Ernste Gesänge," concerto for violin and 'cello, Symphony No. 4.

Here is an extract from a later letter: "I am going to work hard at piano and violin. I think you can get exactly as good a musical education here as abroad, as we have all the great violinists, pianists and singers visit here, and if you do a little work yourself you can do just as well as at Vienna or Leipzig. Have you heard Teresa Carreño ever? She plays beautifully, but she is better in big dramatic music than in the classic music. I never heard anything so magnificent in my life"—he's a youngster, but so is the doddering graybeard of eighty—"as her playing of Rubinstein's Fourth Concerto."

And there was this enclosure.

"Overture: Trumpet calls, resolving into chords; slow march-like movement, martial, becoming more and more quiet.

"Barcarolle movement, through which may be heard far off the chimes of a convent at long intervals. Growing gradually nearer, when chanting may be heard, Minor funebre movement, growing slower and slower, through which can be heard a despairing cry.

"Drinking Songs, Song of Constance, whole resolutions, minor, pp, echo of death knell. A hardly distinguishable fiendish dance. Dissonances. Minor chromatics descending. Crashing chords. Soft minor barcarolle movement.

"Trumpet calls. Chords. Martial music, calls. Minor

bass rumblings. Chants broken up by loud minor dissonances, growing faint and more faint.

"Martial music.

"Minuet Song. Young Lochinvar part, Moonlight andante, broken in by minor chromatics. Drum bass. Loud triumphant march. Ascending and descending chromatics meet. Crashes, minor, ascending gradually into triumphant chords, becoming minor softer, very fervent, softer. Pastorale, loud trumpet chords."

I am not sure but that there is more imagination in this scenario than in much of the music written and named symphonic poem.

"A hardly distinguishable fiendish dance" pleases me. Your ordinary fiend yells—"yelled like a fiend"—but this boy suggests a ballet of wife-smotherers, dancing on tip-toe, stealthily, on velvet carpets, or a pas seul by Tarquin on rushes in the corridor. Is it possible that here is an embryo Berlioz? Or will he meet a tragic end and become an analytical program writer?

Dear Madame, compel the boy to submit to drudgery. There is no short cut to the goal. If you have the means, let him study in earnest, first with some sound, well grounded master of harmony and counterpoint. What the boy now needs is routine-work. He has imagination enough for himself and two teachers.

The program of the Second Symphony Concert (October 23) was as follows:

La Grande Pâque Russe. Overture on Themes of the Russian Church, op. 35.....Rimsky-Korsakoff  
(First time in Boston.)  
Concerto for violin, in D major, op. 42.....Gernsheim  
(First time in Boston.)  
Symphony No. 1, in B flat major.....Schumann  
Capriccio Italien for orchestra, op. 45.....Tchaikowsky  
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Schnitzler was the solo violinist—a fiddler of many excellent parts, although I have heard him play better than he played last night. But oh, the dreary concerto! For the life of me I do not see how he memorized it; for one theme sounds like another, and not one is recognizable ten minutes after it has left the stage.

The first thing by Gernsheim I ever heard was his "Salamis" for male voices. Indeed, I once conducted it—for I, too, have been in Arcadia, and I, too, have read withering criticism the morning after a performance. Shake, Mr. Lang! Touchez-la! as our Canadian friends say—or should say. This is a small, a petty world; so let each one of us mind the business of all the rest.

Perhaps you remember "Salamis"—"Crown ye the vessel with Persia's proud gold!" &c., not to mention this delightfully singable line: "For the rout and the ruin of Hellas' fierce foes." Then there is a baritone solo in it—tranquillo—with an upward leap of a tenth, and the poor devil of a conductor stands there perspiring and wondering whether Mr. Jones will get the high F. Speaking of baritones, I came across a note to-day—a note of warning to such men as Hans Breur, et al., who climb from baritone to tenor, following the illustrious example of Baron de Reszké—or is it now Prince Jean? "Johann Aloys Miesch (1765—1845) was a celebrated singer and teacher who spent the greater part of his life in Dresden. When young he attempted to change his voice from baritone to tenor. The experiment brought on inflammation of the

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lungs, and he nearly died." But let us wander back to Gernsheim's concerto. It was written, I believe, in Rotterdam, or possibly it was finished in Rotterdam. You know what an important part the canal plays in Maeterlinck's recipe for "A New Shudder." He prefers it to a procession of nuns, a hospital with sick folk looking out of the windows, a dead swan, or the song of departing sailors. I think this concerto must have been inspired by the sight of, and by familiarity, acquaintanceship with a canal.

I gaze upon a city—a city new and strange;  
Down many a watery vista my fancy takes a range;  
Tum tum ti-ti-ti-tumty; tum, di-di do-di-gam;  
Row dow-di-dow di-dowdy; am I at Rotterdam!

And this is more than I remember of the Gernsheim concerto for violin with orchestra, op. 42.

To me—and I think to many—the overture by Rimsky-Korsakoff was a disappointment. Has it ever been played in New York? If so, when?

The first performance I find noted was that at a Popular Concert in Brussels in the spring of 1890, when the composer conducted; from manuscript, the reviewer stated at the time. It must have been played before that in Russia. It was written in memory of Alexander Borodin and Modeste Moussorgski, who were very dear to Rimsky-Korsakoff. Borodin died in 1887, suddenly, at a social gathering. Moussorgski died in the Nicolas military hospital in 1881, at the age of forty-two years. And now I should like to digress for two or three pages concerning Moussorgski, whose music, alas, is known to so very few in this country; but it is more decent to wait until Mr. Huneker is through with Tchaikowsky. One Russian at a time!

Should you not like to hear Rimsky-Korsakoff's—what a name! it suggests fierce whiskers stained with vodka!—orchestration of Moussorgski's intermezzo, which exists also in the composer's orchestral as well as piano version. In the winter of 1861, on his mother's land, Moussorgski saw serfs crossing, through the snow, a feast day with bright sun. They stumbled and fell and again ploughed their way. But in a path walked gaily young girls, singing and laughing. Thus was the intermezzo suggested.

Moussorgski and Rimsky-Korsakoff were room-mates in 1870. They worked in the same chamber, they worked at the same time. In many ways while Moussorgski was alive and after his death his friend showed his devotion.

This overture has a program. "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered," &c., from Psalm LXVIII., in the King James Bible. Then the verses from Mark, beginning "And when the Sabbath was past," and then these sentences: "And the joyful tidings were spread abroad all over the world, and they who hated Him fled before Him, vanishing like smoke.

"Resurrexit!" sing the choirs of Angels in heaven, to the sound of the Archangels' trumpets and the fluttering of the wings of the Seraphim. "Resurrexit!" sing the priests in the temples, in the midst of clouds of incense,

by the light of innumerable candles, to the chiming of triumphant bells."

The orchestra includes bass-tuba, three kettledrums, glockenspiel, triangle, cymbals, bass drum, gong, harp. The composer indicates the number of strings: First violins, 20-12; second violins, 18-10; violas, 14-8; 'celli, 12-8; double basses, 10-6.

This overture is built on ecclesiastical melodies that are fraught with poignant association to the faithful. To us foreigners they are without special significance. They are simply tunes of sombre dignity. Without this personal recognition the piece appears singular rather than truly and musically effective, and much of the development seems labored. The piece was a *piece d'occasion* in a certain sense, and however loyal the composer was to the memory of his friends he has written music of higher flight and more universal interest.

Nor should there be regret here because Tchaikowsky's caprice was not played at an earlier date. There are passages that are needlessly and ineffectively vulgar; not with the vulgarity of a great, all-embracing nature, but with a cheap flavor that makes one remember regretfully the true and the great Tchaikowsky.

So, too, the genius Schumann is the composer of certain piano pieces, certain songs, the D minor concerto, not the maker of the B flat major symphony, which might well be put on the shelf for a time.

The first of the Harvard University chamber concerts was given by the Kneisel Quartet in Sanders' Theatre the 19th. The program includes Haydn's quartet, op. 76, in G major; Mozart's C major quartet, and Beethoven's E flat major quartet, op. 74. These masterpieces of their kind were played of course with exquisite quality of tone and rare musical intelligence.

Smith and De Koven's "Highwayman" will be produced in Boston the 25th.

PHILIP HALE.

#### Notice.

56 WEST FIFTIETH STREET,  
OCTOBER 21, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

WE desire to state to your readers that we have established ourselves at No. 56 West Fiftieth street.

In reply to some inquiries, we think it well to say that our work in no way intrenches upon the vocal art, but has only to do with the French diction (pronunciation, accent, placing of the French sounds in singing, expression, declamation, &c.) Also, we wish particularly to state that we are not connected with any vocal studio, but are universal teachers, receiving pupils, as we did in Paris, from all the studios alike.

Yours truly,

M. AND J. YERSIN.

#### Frederic Mariner.

THE value of specialization is aptly verified in the subject of this sketch, who has already reached the front rank in his profession. Mr. Mariner is a specialist in piano technic.

His method of teaching is based upon those laws of intellectual development which have always been observed in other professions, but which in music, especially in piano teaching, have been so largely ignored. But although Mr. Mariner is a specialist in the strongest sense of the term, he does not ignore the advantages of that all round education which is most desirable as the groundwork of specialism. He is himself intellectual and well educated. He can not only think clearly himself, but has the power to impress his thought upon others. This power of thought, added to his personal magnetism, has been one secret of his success as a teacher.

Mr. Mariner is an American, a native of Maine, the cradle of many who have become noted in sculpture, music and literature. He is American also in thought, taste and feeling, having never studied with any save American teachers. He has moreover a natural inheritance from his ancestors of an innate love for all things pertaining to the beautiful. It is this combination of intellectual force and poetic insight which enables him to grasp not only the outward form and correct execution of a composition, but its inner meaning.

His success as a teacher Mr. Mariner attributes entirely to his knowledge of the Virgil method. To-day, as first assistant in the Virgil Piano School, he undoubtedly possesses a greater and more thorough knowledge of this method, and has a larger and more practical experience in using it, than any other teacher living, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Virgil, who are its originators.

Since early childhood he has devoted his time to the study of music, having had as teachers some of the ablest instructors in his native State; but to a great extent he considers that he studied blindly. He did not make that rapid progress which from an intellectual and artistic standpoint he desired to make.

When he came to New York some seven years ago and heard of the Virgil method and saw the results obtained by its use, he comprehended instantly what the successful outcome of this kind of teaching and study would of necessity be, and immediately deserted the old method of study and playing, and enrolling himself as a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil, he enthusiastically went to work at the very foundation of the method, viz., table work and clavier practice, and thenceforth conscientiously followed out every idea in the most thorough and systematic manner. He studied privately with Mrs. A. K. Virgil, director of the Virgil Piano School, and also attended all of the very valuable class lessons and lectures given by Mr. A. K. Virgil. In 1892 Mr. Mariner became a teacher in the Virgil Piano School, a position he has held ever since.

The Virgil Piano School is in a sense a normal school, as most of its pupils are teachers, or are preparing to

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teach. Mr. Mariner has had much to do with this class of students, and by his tact, energy, persistence and enthusiasm carries them quickly and safely over the thorny paths of technical and musical knowledge.

His pupils, it may be truthfully said, are scattered all over the country, from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to Texas.

Teachers who have gained their knowledge from Mr. Mariner are now successfully expounding the method in New York, Brooklyn, Hartford, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; Portland, Me.; Richmond, Va.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Tilton, N. H.; Fort Edward College, N. Y.; Drew Academy, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Washington, Asbury Park, N. J.; Lynn, Mass., and in many smaller towns. Mr. Mariner was also influential and successful in introducing the clavier and the Virgil method into general use in Maine. He personally conducted a teachers' course of five weeks in Portland in the fall of 1894, at which time all of the influential teachers of that and many of the surrounding cities studied with him.

Mr. Mariner possesses to a marked degree the happy faculty of making his pupils play, not only privately, but publicly; he also enables each pupil to acquire an individual and thoroughly memorized repertory. The ability to memorize is, it is almost unnecessary to say, particularly valuable to many amateurs who have never been able to make, in this way, their musical attainments of benefit to themselves and their friends.

During the season of 1895-6 Mr. Mariner instituted a series of twenty-five recitals at the Virgil Piano School, in which only his own pupils took part. The following season, 1896-7, a similar series of thirty-three recitals was given. For the past two years his pupils have appeared in many of the public concerts and recitals by pupils of the Virgil Piano School, given in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Hoboken, Jersey City, Harlem, Greenwich, Conn., and Tilton, N. H.

Among his most successful public players may be mentioned Mr. Walter Strong Edwards, Miss Ella May Shafer, Miss May Vincent Whitney, Miss Gertrude Gardiner, Miss M. Elizabeth Sullivan, Master Ruben Demarest and Mr. Robert Colston Young.

Definite testimony to Mr. Mariner's ability as a teacher and to the skill displayed by pupils who have placed themselves under his direction is afforded by these press notices from musical papers:

The weekly recital given at the Virgil Piano School by pupils of Mr. Frederic Mariner on November 23 proved to be of a most interesting and instructive nature. A special feature of these recitals is the going through of a certain amount of foundational work from the Virgil method, the regular practicing of which goes to make the perfect technic for which the pupils of this school are noted in their public playing.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, November 21, 1895.

Miss Shafer played delightfully. Like all Virgil pupils, she played without notes and with perfect composure. Her playing evinced both power and delicacy, and the tone shadings were excellent. She has been a pupil of the Virgil School only a trifle over a year. Taking into consideration the length of time she has studied, her playing is really phenomenal, and it was a general surprise to her friends. Mr. Mariner as a teacher and Miss Shafer as a pupil are to be congratulated on the success of this concert.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, May 11, 1897.

Miss Gardiner played with apparent ease and finish. She displayed both musical temperament and excellent training.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, May 25, 1897.

Miss Gardiner repeated her success of May 18, playing as then with brilliancy and power, and in the softer and more lovely passages showing a keen appreciation of tone and a knowledge of musical effect. As a public performer Miss Gardiner seems well equipped. She has plenty of the right kind of technic, easy movements and the ability to get good tones.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, July 14, 1897.

Young Demarest, aged nine years, aroused much curiosity. The boy "plays the piano like one possessed." He demonstrated rare, poetic and technical charm in the performance of these pieces:

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"Water Sprites," Heller; Solfeggietto, Bach; Scherzino, Moszkowski.—THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Mr. Frederic Mariner's four May recitals proved to be most enjoyable affairs.

The floral offerings were profuse and very beautiful, and the six young ladies and one young boy who played certainly reflect great credit upon their instructor, Mr. Mariner, as well as upon themselves. They obtained many beautiful effects, and displayed fine musical memories, as all of the programs were played without notes.—MUSICAL AGE, June 3, 1897.

Miss Whitney is a very talented girl, and has acquired a fine execution; her playing is brilliant and interesting.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, June 2, 1897.

One of the prettiest programs of the course was played on Thursday evening by Mr. Walter Strong Edwards. When one feels one's music simply unaffectedly, one's playing possesses a charm most to be cherished. Mr. Edwards' playing has much of this charm.—THE MUSICAL COURIER, August 26, 1896.

The progress of Mr. Mariner's pupils during the present season has been remarkable, and demonstrates in a convincing manner his superior merit as a teacher.—THE PIANIST, February, 1896.

Mr. Mariner also writes on musical topics for a number of musical journals with telling effect, as is shown by the fact that some of his articles have been copied by no less than eight musical publications both in this country and Europe.

An example of American training and an American method, Mr. Mariner is already a vivifying force in American musical life. And it is easy to predict that with his skill and energy and conscientiousness he will not remain stationary, but will step onward and upward toward a still more useful and noble future, a future that may have its good effect for all time upon the musical development of this country.

#### Blauvelt in Maine.

THE great Maine Music Festival just ended has introduced to that State an artist of whom it might be said, to change an old saying slightly, she came, she sang, she conquered. When she appeared at Bangor on Saturday evening, October 16, she was greeted by the audience with the polite applause accorded to an unknown singer, just sufficiently warm to show that they were willing to listen to her. But, after she sang! Well, that was different. Recall after recall, until she had appeared twelve times to bow her thanks to the audience. Of her singing of the mad scene from "Hamlet" Mr. William R. Chapman, the originator of this festival, said he had never heard it sung as well by anyone, particularly the ending. The Bangor News the following Monday said of her:

At this concert Bangor people heard a new vocal star—one new to them. They heard Lillian Blauvelt and worshipped her. Without overstating her attractions of voice and manner, and as to her personality—well, all the men and some of the women declared that she outshone any singer ever seen here.

Her voice is a sweet and velvety soprano. It has the liquid melody of fruits and brooks, the tinkle of silver bells—all the lovable and dainty qualities that can be thought of. The memory of her singing will linger always with those who heard her.

Talk about "ovations"! Frequently that word is abused, but in telling of the reward of applause showered upon this petite songstress no word is too big, too expressive of enthusiasm.

In Bangor that night it was "Brava, Blauvelt!" The stranger had taken the town by storm; she had eclipsed all others, even though her fame is not like Nordica's. We are not comparing her with Nordica. There can be no comparison. They are very different. But Blauvelt got the greatest and the most heartfelt welcome of the whole list of singers.

The Kennebec Journal of the same date was equally enthusiastic and said that "Madame Blauvelt was a revelation," while the Bangor Whig and Courier gave her great praise for her vocalism and voice, saying in part:

Madame Blauvelt created a genuine furor. Such magnificent vocalism as she displayed was the cause of unbounded enthusiasm. Her voice is one of great beauty, its tones being particularly well rounded, clear and penetrating, and the truly remarkable effects which she produced in the mad scene from "Hamlet" won her the greatest possible admiration. A storm of enthusiasm followed her

singing. Her rendition of the "Romeo and Juliette" waltz was also grand.

At Portland Madame Blauvelt consented to sing for the children at a morning rehearsal and in that way was introduced to a Portland audience. Of this the Portland Daily News says:

Nature seems to have done everything for Madame Blauvelt, as she is beautiful, thoroughly charming, and so natural that she captivated everybody before she sang a note. Then, when the sweet, bird-like notes of the waltz song trilled out from her throat everybody was fairly crazed with enthusiasm. On returning with Mr. Chapman, who took his place at the piano, Madame Blauvelt herself announced that she would sing Mr. Chapman's "Lullaby." It was exquisitely given, and Mr. Chapman's accompaniment and his own delight in listening to the ideal interpretation of his dainty song, made it have an added interest for all. Excitement reigned supreme, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Chapman could quiet the enthusiastic audience.

This was of course of a more or less informal nature, and it remained for the evening to bring out the really great tribute to Madame Blauvelt as a singer and an artist. The large audience that entirely filled the auditorium—nearly 4,000 people being present—were at once in sympathy with her when she appeared, from her fascinating personality and charming manner. After her singing of the mad scene from "Hamlet" the enthusiasm was immense. People rushed through the side entrances leading to the stage and tried to reach her that they might speak their admiration. She was the greatest success of the festival. Nothing like this mad enthusiasm had been evoked before. And the Portland Daily Press adds its tribute to the artist and her success by the following:

The great feature of the concert, and one of the greatest of the festival, was the appearance of Madame Blauvelt in the famous mad scene from "Hamlet." Madame Blauvelt is a masterpiece. She is a remarkably pretty woman, with a most fascinating manner, a voice so beautiful, so sweet and clear in quality, of such great range and so flexible, that the listener is held entranced. Her method is of the best, her phrasing delightful, and her command of vocal floriture perfect. The runs and trills of that mad scene poured from her beautiful throat like bird notes, and she took the highest in crescendo in a manner to electrify her hearers. She was recalled again and again, cheered to the echo by audience and chorus, and the chorus waved their handkerchiefs so vigorously they seemed like a dense cloud of snowflakes. Then after persistent recalls the great prima donna placed herself by the piano and to its accompaniment sang tenderly and charmingly the beautiful ballad "Rock-a-bye Baby."

The correspondents of the Boston papers who were present at this concert were also equally loud in their praise, as may be seen from the following telegraphed notice:

Madame Blauvelt was the star around which centred all the lesser lights in the evening performance. She first gave a delightful rendition of the mad scene from "Hamlet," and the storm of applause which greeted it was kept up until, after reappearing five successive times, she followed Director Chapman to the piano, and to his accompaniment sweetly sang a lullaby. Her next selection was Gounod's grand waltz, "Romeo and Juliette," in the rendering of which she called forth another volcano of hand-claps and "bravas," which subsided only after she had repeated a part of the song.—Boston Herald.

No longer is Blauvelt a stranger in Maine; she has won her way to the hearts of the people, and wherever or whenever her name is spoken within hearing of a Maine man or woman they will bear testimony to her simplicity, dignity, beauty and charm of manner, as well as to the wonderful voice and absolutely faultless singing of this great artist.

Miss Stollberg's Success at Trenton.—The following flattering notice from the Trenton (N. J.) Gazette refers to Miss Cecile A. Stollberg, of this city, a pupil of Mr. Herbert Wilber Greene, who sang at that place last week:

Miss Stollberg is a charming singer; unlike many artists in her line, her voice is truly melodious, and it is highly trained. She sings with feeling, and her mastery of her voice gives her remarkable ease; and with her smooth, full tones, her entertainment in these selections was up to the highest standard—"Thou Art Mine All," Bradsky; "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Saint Saëns; "The Water Lily," Kücken; "One Spring Morning," Nevin; "Love's Philosophy," Jordan; "At Parting," Rogers; "Forever Mine," Greene.

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## Maine Music Festival.

PORTLAND.

THE great music festival of Maine is over, and the experience of Portland has been that of Bangor—it was a success, an immense success. Beginning with the first concert on Monday night, there was nothing to disappoint the audiences that filled the large Armory auditorium

tival and made hosts of friends among the large chorus and with the musical people. On Tuesday evening he was presented with a superb bunch of roses from the chorus, as was also Gwylm Miles. It is a treat to hear these men sing a duet, for their voices blend so well they seem but one and they are perfectly in sympathy in their reading of such music.

Dr. Carl Dufft, who sang on oratorio night, was at his best; in fact, it seemed that all the singers were affected by

played. Among the Maine people who took part were Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, who was very successful with her songs in Portland; Miss Lilian Carlsmith, well known in the concert and operatic world; Miss Ethel Hyde, of Bath; Grace C. Couch and others less known to fame.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Boothby entertained a large party of artists and friends at supper on Tuesday evening, after the concert, at their charming apartments in the Falmouth House. After the supper much singing and social conver-



WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.

from that time until Wednesday evening, when "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung to close the first music festival that Maine has ever had.

It may be said that the greatest artistic success was made by Blauvelt, who, going as a stranger, conquered the State. She found the bracing air of Bangor just a trifle disturbing to the throat, but there was no trace of any trouble when she sang on Wednesday evening in Portland.

Evan Williams was in fine voice and created a great impression with all his work. He thoroughly enjoyed the fes-

the great success at Bangor and the excitement and receptions they received from the warm-hearted Portland people.

Heinrich Meyn sang the Toreador Song superbly with a fire and dash that brought back visions of "Carmen" and grand opera. He had concerted music also, in which he sang with great advantage.

Hans Kronold, the 'cellist, was also most successful in everything he did, showing the thorough artist and gaining the sympathy of the audience at once. His solos were the Wagner "Prize Song" and a fantasia by Servais exquisitely

sation was indulged in until a late, or shall we say early, hour of the morning.

To Mr. Boothby belong the thanks for the arrangements made by him through his connection with the Maine Central Railroad, by which large bodies of excursionists were able to go to Portland to enjoy the great musical treat provided.

But what shall be said of the chorus! that large body of people which does by far the greater part of the work, and as a rule receives the least praise and recognition? What



shall be said of this great chorus that so thoroughly and satisfactorily did the work laid out for it against all sorts of difficulties. That great chorus that was gathered from all parts of the State of Maine, meeting for the first time in Portland on the morning of the first concert, and after one rehearsal under the direction of Mr. William R. Chapman was so thoroughly amalgamated by his wizard touch that the choruses were sung in a style seldom heard in any city—never surpassed by any trained body of chorus singers that has been heard at any of the music festivals of this country, if the testimony of those who know goes for anything.

To whom belongs the due for this tremendous piece of work? Why, to William R. Chapman. He it was who attended 176 rehearsals in the smaller towns of Maine, traveling 8,000 miles during the past summer to drill, encourage, instruct, guide and bring into harmony this absolutely raw material that he found there waiting for a touch to bring it into life. What superb work it was! All those fresh, clear, sweet voices singing with all their fervor and obedient to a turn of the director's hand! It was a revelation in chorus work that might well surprise all the great artists and musicians present.

And such a pretty sight it was to see all those young people on the stage, the young women in light or white dresses at the suggestion of Mrs. Chapman, the charming coadjutor and strong helper in all the work pertaining to the festival, while the body of men, larger than in most mixed choruses, in their black coats, formed a striking foil for all this whiteness and brightness.

A man who can do such work as Mr. Chapman has done with a chorus in Maine is a specialist. The chorus is the pivot around which all musical work revolves; it is the foundation for the education of the masses of people in higher and better music, in bringing out whatever of latent talent there may be in the people, and few are the men who have been able to achieve this work. To be sure, Mr. Chapman has two choruses now in New York, the best in this city, but they are comparatively small. Where is there a good chorus in this city of any size that can give the larger oratorios and other works requiring a trained chorus in a satisfactory manner?

Why do we never hear a chorus of mixed voices in this city—a perfectly trained body of singers capable of undertaking any kind of work and doing it well? Why is not William R. Chapman at the head of such a body of people, training them for work during the season in this city? Must we let Mr. Chapman go to Maine, or California, or

any other State and follow him there to see what he can do in music? Can we afford to have better work done in any other city in the country than can be done right here in New York? Is not this the musical centre of the country? Is not this a good time to rouse up and have a chorus that will be a credit to us, a chorus that will be available for work, a chorus that will make a mark upon music not only here, but by its influence and example stimulate the exertions of other similar bodies of singers through the country. Given a chorus like the one in Maine, who without one rehearsal did such fine work, what might not Mr. Chapman accomplish with a chorus in training for six months of the year? Keep him in New York. Do not let such talents go away from the city. We need such men and such work here and we need it badly.

This festival was an immense triumph for both Mr. Chapman and his wife, and for Mr. and Mrs. Homer N. Chase, of Auburn, Me., who were able assistants in carrying the affair to a successful issue.

In a letter just received from Portland a correspondent says:

"Mr. Chapman's great work is done. He has achieved a musical victory for himself and for the State. An annual festival under his direction is now an assured fact. He has won the sympathy and, as it will prove, the co-operation of every music loving man and woman in Maine. He had great odds to fight against, however. Many of the representative people, of Portland in particular, who should have aided him from the first, not only held back but in some cases attempted to coerce him because they doubted his ability and sincerity, as they said; but in reality, I believe, because they had but little public spirit, musically. These people happily now regret their course. A prominent man who nobly supported Mr. Chapman, however, when he needed it most, and to whom all music lovers should feel grateful, is Mr. E. A. Noyes, now the president of the new Maine Choral Society. Godspeed Mr. Chapman until next June, when I am told the second festival will probably be held. 'Nothing succeeds like success.'"

**Antonia H. Sawyer.**—Among the artists who sang at the Maine Music Festival was Antonia H. Sawyer, a Maine girl, born in that State, educated there and graduated from school there. So she was to a certain extent more or less of a friend and acquaintance of half the State.

Unfortunately, in Bangor Mrs. Sawyer was suffering from an acute attack of grip, and although she attended the re-

hearsals she was unable to sing on Saturday, as had been arranged. This was a great disappointment to all concerned, and was the one unhappy announcement of the festival. It was also announced that Mrs. Sawyer would sing at the Unitarian Church in Waterville, Me., on Sunday morning. As this was her native town, it was specially disappointing to the congregation, who had hoped for a chance to hear the well-known New York contralto.

In Portland Mrs. Sawyer was able to take part in the concerts on Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening, and her press notices show the pleasure she gave to her audiences.

Mrs. Antonia Sawyer made a grand success at the concert in Portland Wednesday night, to the delight of her many friends, who were sorry that her illness prevented her being heard in Bangor, and to the perfect approval of the whole Portland audience, as the following notice from the *Press* shows:

Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer was heard to good advantage in Rene's "La Fiancée," to which she gave great expression. Mrs. Sawyer was so unfortunate as to have been unable to sing in Bangor, owing to an attack of throat trouble, but she came to Portland, and last night was able to favor her audience. Mrs. Sawyer was heard in concert in Portland a year ago, and that time charmed her hearers at the Second Advent Church. She has a beautiful contralto voice, steady and true, and exceedingly sympathetic. She also possesses a charming clearness of enunciation. She was accompanied by Mr. Chapman, and on recall was favored with a bouquet.

Mrs. Antonia Sawyer has a rich, telling voice, and her singing evoked much applause, especially from the orchestra.—*Portland Daily Press*, October 21.

Mrs. Sawyer appeared to advantage in Rene's tender "La Fiancée," Mr. Harvey Murray accompanying, and made a distinct impression.—*Portland Argus*, October 21.

Antonia Sawyer, the prominent contralto, was born in Waterville, and spent her early life there. She studied vocal music in Boston, New York, London and Paris with finest teachers. She has a full, rich and sympathetic voice, and sings with understanding and artistic finish. Mrs. Sawyer has been for several seasons the solo contralto in the First Presbyterian Church in New York, and has become a public favorite on the concert stage, both in this country and England. Another Maine singer for the State to be proud of is Mrs. Sawyer, with her marked talent and charming personality.

**Song Recital at Middletown.**—Under the auspices of the Middletown School of Music a song recital by Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto, was given on Thursday, October 21. Songs by Robert Franz, Saint-Saëns, Tschalkowsky, Ambrose Thomas and others were sung by Mrs. Jacoby to a crowded house. This school, under the direction of Mr. W. V. Abell, is doing progressive work.

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## THEODORE THOMAS.

## Opening Concerts.

CHICAGO, October 22 and 23.

THE reforms instituted by "The Musical Courier" have left their impress in many cities, but in no place like the great West. Chicago, with its enterprise and energy, has been one of the centres which, recognizing the crusade directed against immature and imperfect performance, has rigorously instituted a method of reform and commenced with the greatest association of the Western States, the Chicago Orchestra.

The initial performance of the year exemplified in a most remarkable and thorough manner the power for good which is in the possession of fair criticism. Weak points were strengthened, strong points were intensified, the comfort of the audience was better studied and the result was a nearly perfect performance, which commanded the close attention of the vast audience gathered together to welcome the Chicago musical organization.

Most noticeable in the way of improvement is the strengthening of the first violins, the principal additions being L. Kramer and C. Bare, first and second concertmaster respectively. The chief number on the program was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which gave the audience an excellent opportunity to judge of the advance made.

The performance, with the exception of a defection of two first violins in the first movement, was noteworthy, especially in the allegretto movement, and merited the applause which, if not great, was at least sincere. Tschaiakowsky's overture to "Romeo and Juliet," which followed, aroused the new concertmaster to enthusiasm and he led the first violins with a spirit and intensity which proclaimed him a disciple of the modern school. This work of the Russian master should not be placed on the same program with the Beethoven symphony, because the Western people have no toleration for very heavy programs. The Dvorak-Brahms Hungarian dances were played with admirable esprit, while the Wagner "Meistersinger" introduction and Vorspiel received a dignified interpretation.

The management has evidenced its desire to gain the approval and appreciation, as well as the financial support, of the public, and the public on its part makes ready response. But the latter would be better pleased if some notice were given to the local artist, and this must be quickly remedied. No one local artist has as yet been announced. Chicago has great artists, and we look to the management to remember that Sherwood, Liebling, Listemann, Godowsky and Hyllested are too important musicians to be overlooked. Doubtless the policy of the Chicago Orchestral Association will soon shape

itself in this direction, also toward meeting the just desires of the public, and in fact it is learned that a number of our local artists will be heard during the season to advantage to themselves in works to which they have applied themselves for the greater hearing that a performance with Theodore Thomas naturally grants.

\* \* \*

## ANOTHER REPORT.

The seventh season of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra opened with the public rehearsal of last Friday afternoon. Mr. Thomas was welcomed with hearty applause as he made his way to the conductor's desk. The audience was exceptionally large, and its greeting to the great leader was spontaneous, and indicated the estimation in which he is deservedly held by the musical people of the city.

Especial interest was felt in this first appearance of the orchestra this season, as it was generally understood that a number of important changes had been made in its personnel. The wind players remain nearly the same as last season, the only changes being the substitution of L. Busse for H. Meyer as second clarinet; F. Bachmann for H. Lange as first bassoon, and the engagement of C. Pieper to replace A. De Mare as third horn. In the strings the changes are more numerous, first and foremost being that of concertmaster, Mr. E. Wendel who occupied that important position last year being replaced by Mr. L. Kramer.

The improvement was at once manifest, Mr. Kramer demonstrating that he was a thoroughly well schooled artist, who had enjoyed abundant opportunities for acquiring "routine." He has a large tone, great facility, and plays with much fire and feeling, displaying certain musicianly qualities not always to be found in a concertmaster, but which are certain to win appreciation when manifested. His manner as well as his playing made an excellent impression. At the same desk sat C. Bare, replacing E. Boegner—for what reason I know not. Of his work I may speak more fully at some future time. At present it must suffice to say that he acquitted himself with credit.

Mr. J. Keller is the leader of the violas this year, instead of Mr. Yunker. Diestel is no longer among the violoncellos, but the contra-basses remain exactly as last season. A few minor changes have been made in the constitution of the string band, all of which appear to have been in the direction of securing increased efficiency.

The opening number of the program was a "Festival March" (op. 29), by Hugo Kohn, born March 21, 1863, at Berlin, and who has therefore entered upon his thirty-fifth year. About ten years ago he came to this country and now resides in Milwaukee. The "Festival March" is modeled after Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" in its general outline and style, closing with the melody of the "Star Spangled Ban-

ner" for chorus, orchestra and organ. That the audience might join in the choral portion the words and music were printed upon slips placed in the program book. The work as a whole made an excellent impression, and throughout the composer handled and contrasted his themes with the skill of a well-schooled contrapuntist. The melodic designs which he has supplied as accompanying figures to the different subjects are well contrived and adorned without overloading them.

The underlying harmonics are rich and varied, and are such as lend themselves readily to the purposes of contrapuntal figuration. The coloring is in the main Wagnerian, and the work is at times strongly reminiscent of that master. In the accompaniment to the choral portion, naturally, all the resources of the orchestra and the great Auditorium organ are employed, the effect being brilliant and powerful in the extreme—almost too much so for the voices of even that vast audience, though led by the orchestral chorus seated near the stage.

The symphony chosen was Beethoven's Seventh, in A major. Of this work Mr. Thomas' reading is always superb, quiet, conservative, scholarly, and far removed from the exaggerations indulged in by some leaders of the present day. And, except for a slight and momentary blemish at one point, due apparently to carelessness of one of the string players, the orchestra ably carried out the leader's intentions. The overture fantasia, entitled "Romeo and Juliet," by Tschaiakowsky, has already been heard here twice—in the seasons of 1893 and 1894. Like all of Tschaiakowsky's work, it has a richness of coloring which is most fascinating. Especially beautiful is the fragment of solo for the English horn, though it seems all too brief. The curious chorale-like introduction and the powerfully conceived allegro, which precede the solo and later appear combined with each other, are most happy conceptions, handled in a masterly manner, with a wealth of orchestral color which borders upon the barbaric.

The remaining numbers of the program were the well-known "Hungarian Dances," arranged by Brahms and orchestrated by Dvorak, and the exquisite introduction to the third act of the "Meistersinger," with the Vorspiel to the same work, with which the concert came to a triumphant close. Certainly if the Seventh Symphony was characterized by Wagner as the "apotheosis of the dance," this prelude might be called the apotheosis of modern counterpoint, so full is it of life and warmth, and so ingenious, as well as wonderfully effective is the combination of three themes near the close. Such counterpoint ceases to be merely scientific grouping of notes, and becomes a super-sensuous, spiritualized expression of sentiment.

And yet I remember well when, during my stay in Germany, as far back as 1869 many of my musical friends used to assert that our now revered

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Meister Wagner possessed almost no musical science or knowledge, and the abuse heaped upon me in those days for my admiration and championship of Wagner would scarcely be credited at the present day!

Altogether the opening of the seventh season of the Chicago orchestra was most auspicious, and indicated that the artistic and financial success of the orchestra will be greater than ever before.

FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON.

#### Rive-King with Seidl.

MADAME RIVE-KING, who is now on tour with Seidl and his orchestra, has been making successes in Rochester, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Peoria—in fact wherever the orchestra has played. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of October 18 contained long notices of the concert given the previous evening, from which the following extract is taken:

Madame King plays with a sentiment that never lapses into mere sentimentality, with perfect precision of rhythm and touch, with searching and unerring insight, and with an ease that is most satisfactory to contemplate. After the first movement of the G minor concerto, by Saint-Saëns, the audience broke into a storm of applause, and two magnificent bouquets were handed over the foot-lights to the player. The second movement was then given with a delicacy and precision that could not be surpassed, and the tarentelle was a climax of splendid execution. The orchestral accompaniment was without a flaw in accuracy and good taste. In response to a recall Madame King played her own brilliant arrangement of the Strauss "Wiener Bons Bons" waltzes.

Then follows the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* of October 20:

The Star Course opened with a big house last night, the occasion being the bringing here of Anton Seidl and his famous orchestra. Madame Rive-King, who has not played in Cleveland for several years, received a hearty welcome, and played Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto so much to the satisfaction of the audience that she had to answer a hearty recall, which she did very graciously.

And the Cleveland *Leader*, same date:

One of the greatest crowds ever packed into the big Auditorium came out to hear Anton Seidl and his grand orchestra, and Mme. Julie Rive-King, the remarkable piano soloist. Every seat from the roof down was occupied, and other crowds stood. Frequenters of the concert halls declared enthusiastically that not in a long reach of their memories could they recall such a fine audience or such superb music given in Cleveland.

The Peoria *Daily Transcript*, October 23, says:

Madame Rive-King's magnificent performance of the difficult Saint-Saëns concert was masterly and artistic in the highest sense, and worthy of not only her great reputation, but of any artist known to the concert platform. Her execution was marvelously brilliant, and was a great surprise to those who had known her a score of years ago, and had feared that she must have lost some of her old time skill with the passing years. But time has dealt gently with her, and while rounding out her personal charms has enriched her genius, so that, while she still plays with all her former delicacy, there is an added breadth and power and mastery to her art which made her performance more enjoyable than ever before. She was given an enthusiastic encore, and in return played a familiar Strauss waltz, with variations of her own composition.

The accompaniment of the orchestra added greatly, of course, to the enjoyment of the concert.

Madame Rive-King, who has not been heard in Peoria in recent years, gave an astounding performance of the beautiful second concerto of Saint-Saëns, one of the most catchy and difficult piano concertos known to the pianist's repertory. She has made wonderful strides in her art since she was heard here. She plays with authority, with brilliancy, clarity and a technical mastery and finish

that is marvelous. She was most enthusiastically applauded and was compelled to give an encore, playing her transcription of "Wiener Bons Bons" (Strauss' waltz), a masterly transcription and admirably played.

The concerto was one of the most perfect specimens of ensemble playing that could be imagined. Artist and orchestra seemed one instrument and that every instrument was played from the keyboard by Madame King. Come again, Mr. Seidl, with your peerless orchestra—Peoria will be glad to welcome you.—*Peoria Herald*.

Mme. Julie Rive-King, one of the great women pianists of the century, played the piano concerto in G minor by Saint-Saëns, one of the most difficult of the modern concertos. The three movements, andante sostenuto, scherzo and tarentelle, were very fine. Madame King is a rival of any pianist of to-day. Possessed of a musical temperament and intelligence and remarkable physical power, she reaches the greatest in her art. The first two parts were admirable, but she excelled in the tarentelle, which was taken with an amazingly rapid tempo, which she maintained with great accuracy and power. The audience, if it had followed its impulse, would have risen in the seats and shouted. As it was she was recalled three times, and finally responded with a Chopin nocturne as delicately sweet as the other had been dramatic.—*Indianapolis Journal*, October 22.

Mr. Johannes Wolfram, of Cleveland, well known to all readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER, telegraphed: "Seidl immense. Enthusiastic audience. Rive-King scored tremendous success in Saint-Saëns concerto."

Madame Rive-King plays upon a splendid Wissner grand, made expressly for her and with which she is in perfect sympathy. The tour promises to be one of uninterrupted success, judging from the press notices already received by this fine combination.

#### Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, October 23, 1897.

SOME of the rumors current at the time of writing my last letter have failed to materialize, notably Carl Faelt's return to Baltimore, and the prospective reorganization of the Peabody Orchestra, with the possibility of W. E. Heimendahl being called upon to be its conductor.

Nothing can therefore be expected from that source to strengthen and improve our orchestral resources, and it is unfortunate that such is the case, for with the symphony concerts to be given under Ross Jungnickel's direction and management, and the Ninth Symphony, under D. Melamet's direction, in connection with other musical events of importance, the revival of the Peabody concerts would have added very materially to the interests of orchestral music, and in all probability would have aided in more readily bringing about an understanding between the contending factions. It is the local musicians who suffer, not the public.

Mr. Burmeister's resignation leaves a vacancy yet to be filled at the Peabody, and the management would do well to make its next selection from among local talent. It set a good example in selecting Miss Gaul, and as long as we have such pianists and instructors they need never send abroad for people who have their reputations yet to make. S. Monroe Fabian would, in my opinion, be an acquisition to the piano staff of that institution.

Mr. Otto T. Simon has begun the rehearsals of the Peabody Chorus with an encouraging number of singers. Mr. T. B. Ghequier is the president of the chorus, and it is proposed to make this season one of signal success. Mr. Simon is the author of "Some Ideas About Chorus Train-

ing" that appeared in one of the July, 1897, numbers of THE MUSICAL COURIER, an article that commended itself because of its poetical suggestion and the clear and concise manner in which it is couched.

The first Peabody recital took place Friday afternoon, the 22d inst., with Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson as the soloist, who gave the following interesting program:

Recitative and air from Rinaldo.....	Händel
Air from Alexander's Feast.....	
Four songs with piano—	
Thou Art Repose.....	
Who Is Sylvia?.....	Schubert
Death and the Maiden.....	
Erlking.....	
Three songs with piano—	
Thou Ring Upon My Finger.....	
Row Gently Here, My Gondolier.....	Schumann
The Wanderer's Song.....	
Two songs with piano—	
Mirage.....	
Myself When Young.....	Lehmann
Two songs with piano—	
Airly Beacon.....	
In the Night.....	Nevin
Air from Carmen.....	Bizet

This popular singer was in excellent voice, and even in the final number showed no fatigue. Each composer on the program received intelligent interpretation, and it would be difficult to determine in which the doctor's voice was heard to great advantage, though on the score of real artistic rendition the palm would be accorded the air from "Alexander's Feast," and in this the mastery of accompaniment of Miss Asherfeld formed no inferior part. Miss Asherfeld's accompaniments throughout the concert were marked by a sympathetic appreciation of the singer's demands.

Mr. Melamet is actively rehearsing for the early presentation of his "Columbus Cantata" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and there is every indication that this concert will prove the musical event of the season. Mr. Melamet deserves the thanks of this community for his great undertaking.

Mr. Harold Randolph informs me that the Kneisel concerts will be given in the evening this season. This will afford many who were unable to attend the afternoon concerts last season an opportunity of hearing the usual winter season's greatest musical treats. Mr. Randolph received a very flattering offer some months since from Mr. Chadwick to join the faculty of the New England Conservatory, but decided to remain in Baltimore. Mr. Randolph has recently completed the setting of the Ninety-second Psalm and the Sabbath Hymn (L'echo Dodi), which will be put in rehearsal and sung by the choir of the Madison Avenue Temple at the Friday evening service, November 5. Mr. Randolph was for a number of years organist at the Oheb Shalom Temple, and his familiarity with the service has enabled him to complete a setting that preserves the spirit so characteristic of the Friday evening Jewish song service. The service will be a valuable acquisition to the large repertory of the Madison Avenue Temple choir, represented in the best works of Sulzer, Levandowski, Naumburg and others.

For some time past an effort has been made to introduce congregational singing in Jewish service, but the efforts have not proven successful. To further this purpose a "Union Hymnal" has been compiled by the "So-

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ciety of American Cantors," a copy of which has been sent to me by one of the compilers. The hymnal is being used by the Temple Emanu-El of New York, but has not as yet been adopted by any Baltimore congregation.

The "traditional tunes" are the most attractive of the selections. The hymns throughout are arranged with the view of coming within the limitations of average congregational singing in unison. A writer in the *Jewish Comment* of this city has this to say: "The 'Union Hymnal' merely asks for a modest participation of the congregation in the service, and is satisfied never to make the congregation a rival to the choir." This will be quite a relief to choir singers generally.

The incomparable Sousa and his band attracted the usual "overflow" in Music Hall last Monday evening. There is nothing to compare with this band's performances, and its popularity can be readily understood.

XX.

**Fergusson in Opera.**—We append a few London criticisms which bespeak Mr. Fergusson's continued success as an operatic singer:

I assert that the performance of "Faust" by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Covent Garden last night was admirable in nearly all respects. Mr. Fergusson was heard in the character of Valentine, and although palpably nervous acquitted himself extremely well.—*London Daily Times*, October 6, 1897.

The new baritone Mr. Fergusson acquitted himself extremely well as Escamillo, the "Toreador Song" being received with great favor.—*The Era*, London, October 9, 1897.

Mr. Geo. Fergusson sang with spirit and acted with intelligence.—*Westminster Gazette*, October 8, 1897.

Mr. Geo. Fergusson, too, deserves credit for a capital performance of Valentine.—*London Daily Graphic*, October 7, 1897.

Mr. Geo. Fergusson acquitted himself very well indeed in the trying part of Valentine.—*The Stage*, London, October 7, 1897.

**Theodore Arnheiter.**—Mr. Theodore Arnheiter, violin instructor at the Hasbrouck Institute in Jersey City, is rapidly acquiring renown as a vocalist. At a lecture given recently by Mrs. Horace Wait, at her residence on Clinton avenue, Jersey City, Mr. Arnheiter's singing was a delightful feature. He is a pupil of Frank G. Dossert, at whose studio in Carnegie Hall he is to give a recital on Wednesday, October 27. In reference to Mr. Arnheiter's singing, the following from the *Evening Journal*, of Jersey City, is quoted:

Mrs. Robert Lyle, of 7 Suydam avenue, entertained a few friends at dinner Wednesday evening, after which a delightful musicale was given by Mr. Theodore Arnheiter, whose violin playing has delighted large audiences, both here and in New York. Mr. Arnheiter also appeared in a new role, that of a tenor singer, and surprised and charmed his hearers by his artistic rendering of several difficult selections. Among them were "Calm as the Night," by Bohm; "Prologue from the Opera 'Pagliacci,'" by Leoncavallo; "The Chimes," by Fr. G. Dossert, and the "Lost Chord," by Sullivan.

During the afternoon Mr. Theodore Arnheiter sang exquisitely and won golden opinions. His rendition of Sullivan's "Lost Chord" was exceedingly fine and impressed his hearers with the richness and beauty of his voice.

#### George Leon Moore.

MR. MOORE is one of the comparatively few musicians of whom it may be truthfully said that he is to the musical manner born; so thoroughly imbued is he with the spirit of music, so naturally gifted in his ability to interpret it and so well endowed, both physically and mentally, for the duties of the taxing career he has chosen. Mr. Moore has not seemed to pass through the usual discouragements that attend the early progress of many good musicians. He is still young, but has already been successful wherever he has been heard.

Almost from the time he began to study he has filled important church positions. While in Boston he sang in



GEORGE LEON MOORE.

the Central Church and the Union Church of Worcester, Mass.; then he came to New York and held for two years the position of solo tenor in St. Thomas' Church; later he became assistant director and soloist at the Church of the Incarnation, where he received high appreciation for his services and remained there until last May, when he passed on to another place of honor, being selected from among many applicants to fill the place of soloist in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

His pure tenor voice and excellent training make him a most valuable oratorio singer. He has had many opportunities of appearing in the Eastern States with oratorio societies, and there has been no question concerning the favor with which he was welcomed, a favor which usually manifested itself in engaging him to return. He is now

completing arrangements to sing with several leading societies this season, and will also appear in concerts. Mr. Moore only made his first public appearance last season.

Besides his voice and his personal qualifications for success Mr. Moore has still another claim to consideration in that he is an American. He was born in Nashua, N. H., and studied for the most part in Boston. He might be adduced as another illustration of the statement often made by foreign critics: that Americans have the loveliest singing voices in the world; but this statement is only approximately truthful. It is true, however, that a fine tenor voice is rarely found. When it is found it should be appreciated.

#### A Letter from "Silly Mr. Finck."

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

IN the Sunday, October 17, issue of the *New York Tribune*, I noticed that my esteemed friend and colleague, Mr. Krehbiel, expresses great indignation because Mr. Crowst, in his new biography of Verdi, has the awful audacity and bad taste to make fun of those music critics who failed to appreciate the great Italian's genius until after he had become famous. "There is nothing sillier than a performance like this," writes Mr. Krehbiel, and he adds that it is "a favorite amusement of some of the champions of Wagner, Mr. Finck, for instance."

Now, I freely admit the horrible charge that I did make fun of the musical critics when I wrote "Wagner and His Works." I did it by the simple process of quoting their own foolish criticisms. My main object in so doing was to amuse the readers, in which I apparently succeeded, inasmuch as so great an expert in humor as Charles Dudley Warner wrote about my "amusing exposure of the musical critics" as "a great entertainment." A second motive in making the critics eat their own words was to teach them modesty, a virtue which some of them need awfully.

If it was such a trifling thing for the critics to abuse and ridicule Wagner decade after decade, why is it such a terrible crime to poke fun, for a change, at the obtuse critics? Are they so much more sacred and almighty than the men of creative genius that their faults must be hushed up and forgotten at once? Doubtless the *Tribune* critic thinks so. I have been informed that in the musical trinity he thinks the critic comes first, then the composer and lastly the performer.

Mr. Krehbiel does not seem to remember gratefully, as he ought to, my great kindness to him. I might have put him in the pillory, too. Some of the things he wrote about Wagner early in his career would, if printed in parallel columns, make very funny reading.

The first time that I heard a Wagner opera I knew that its composer was the greatest musical dramatist of all time. It took Mr. Krehbiel some years to find that out. It is very much to his credit that when he became a convert he had the courage of his new opinions, and lectured on Wagner with the air and zeal of a discoverer. Naturally, a convert to a cause that he used to abuse, he does not like to be reminded of his former attitude, especially

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if he is a critic, for the critic's most important gift is the power to know good music (like Wagner's) the first time he hears it. He should guide the public, not lag behind a decade, as Schumann says musical critics usually do.

HENRY T. FINCK.

P. S.—If Brother Krehbiel's feelings should be hurt by these remarks I can only say, like the boy who bit his father's leg while he was being spanked, and heard his angry remonstrance: "Who began this here war, dad?"

### Mr. James W. Hill.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

MR. JAMES W. HILL, now residing in Haverhill, is a native of New Hampshire, but he received his musical education in Boston. He graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music in 1880, having studied organ with G. E. Whiting and Allen W. Swan, harmony with Stephen A. Emery, piano with Joseph A. Hills, J. C. D. Parker and B. J. Lang.

He was educated entirely in America, and is a thorough believer in the educational advantages of his own country. In 1881 Mr. Hill was appointed teacher of piano and organ at the New England Conservatory, where he remained until 1890, resigning on account of the demands made upon him by his Haverhill work. In 1884, 1888 and 1890 he was abroad studying and hearing music in London and Germany, and in 1890 gave organ recitals in London with great success, as reference to the London papers of that time will show. In 1896 Mr. Hill also went abroad, but illness prevented his plans from being fully carried out. He was, however, able to visit Oxford, where Dr. Varley Roberts, organist of Magdalen College, gave him much good advice in choir training.

Since 1879 Mr. Hill has been organist of the First Universalist Church, Haverhill, where he has received the aid and encouragement of the pastor, people and parish committee in his desire for good music, and the highest class of church music has been given. This season's vespers include five by American composers—Dudley Buck, Arthur Foote, George W. Chadwick, Harry Rowe Shelley and Horatio W. Parker, all the musical portion of the service being of their compositions. The other vespers are from "Jonah," by Dr. Varley Roberts; Verdi's "Requiem," Gounod's "Redemption," Lee Williams' "Bethany," and Dr. Stainer's "St. Mary Magdalen."

Plans have been made to give four organ recitals a year, the first one this season, which was given in September, being most successful. Next spring a series will be given in New Hampshire and Maine.

In June, 1889, Mr. Hill opened his studio in Haverhill. His plan is to make his teaching as practical as possible and use the best methods. In connection with his teaching he has three clubs, which are free to all pupils. The Teachers' Club meets once a month, when not less than fifteen of the younger teachers of the city and vicinity, who are studying with him, meet to talk over matters that concern teaching, editions to use, methods, and then a short program is given; also the Symphony programs for the past month are read over, with a short sketch of the various composers, and incidentally any artists who may be touring the country are spoken of.

The Junior Musical Club, now in its fourth year, consists of younger pupils from eight to fifteen years of age, and meets the first Saturday in each month. The program is usually a sonata by Beethoven and prelude and fugue by Bach, played and analyzed by Mr. Hill. The scheme this season includes ten for each composer. Then

a short talk on theory—musical history and a sketch or two of some composer. At every meeting the names of ten of the most famous composers are repeated to familiarize them, and then follows a short program of half an hour by members of the club. Mr. Hill also has a boys' club on the same lines.

Mr. Hill's pupils going to Wellesley, Smith College or to New York teachers have invariably received much praise for the thorough way in which they have been taught.

Mr. Hill has done much for music in the town where he resides, having given 112 recitals there. That he is a busy man goes without saying, for he teaches at the Kennard, in Manchester, N. H., on Tuesdays and at the Mason & Hamlin Building, Boston, on Fridays. This is his first season in Manchester, but he finds the people interested in good music.

Each season Mr. Hill gives three chamber concerts at his residence, when the best of music is provided. This season the Schultz-Ondricek Quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mr. Arthur Foote, Miss Anna Miller Wood and Mr. Otto Roth, in Mr. Foote's compositions, have been engaged. These concerts will be repeated in Manchester under Mr. Hill's direction.

In the spring several musical afternoons are given in which one or more leading artists appear. The piano numbers are furnished by Mr. Hill's advanced pupils, either solo or ensemble, and they have proved most beneficial to all interested. Among the soloists who have appeared in former years are T. and J. Adamowski, Miss Aagot Lunde, G. Schuecker, Mrs. Brickett Davis and Miss Bullock, of Haverhill; Max Heinrich and the Kneisel Quartet.

In the many concerts given not one unpleasant incident has ever occurred, which speaks volumes for the musical interest taken in them, while all the artists speak of the close attention given.

Mr. Hill has a charming home in Haverhill, built for and devoted to music. The music room, which leads from large reception rooms, is of noble proportions, the acoustic properties having been so carefully arranged that the music is heard to advantage in every part of the spacious lower floor. All the surroundings evince the highest taste and cultivation, while the energy and devotion to Mr. Hill brings to his work round out all the details into a harmonious and attractive whole.

### D'Arona in Demand.

THE season has opened with unusual activity for Mme. Florenza d'Arona. In addition to old pupils, Mme d'Arona found upon her arrival from Europe that almost every remaining hour had been disposed of, and that numerous students from all parts of the United States were awaiting her arrival with enthusiasm. It is astonishing to note with what tenacity old pupils return to Mme. d'Arona. While there is anything to learn they flock to her side, if their engagements only permit them a few days or hours. Mme. d'Arona's attitude toward other teachers is most commendable.

It is noticeable that her pupils rarely get into useless discussions about methods, and Madame d'Arona makes it a rule never to permit a pupil to speak in uncomplimentary terms of any former teacher. She prefers it to be understood that the fault more often lies with themselves than with their teachers. "Greater respect for the profession at large," says Madame d'Arona, "should be fostered. Benefits which might accrue to a pupil are often lost for want of confidence, and what is needed is greater knowledge and less blind faith, deeper investigation and less prejudice."

### Sousa.

BAD weather does not keep people at home when there is a concert by Sousa, as Sunday night the Broadway Theatre was packed, and each number was received with the enthusiasm that always is accorded to this popular organization. The soloists who are to go on tour with Sousa in January participated on this occasion and were well received.

Miss Maud Reese Davies, who made her first appearance in New York, sang herself into favor at once by the charming simplicity of her manner and the ease and flexibility of her clear, pure musical voice. As an encore to an aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor" she gave "Robin Adair" with much success. Miss Jennie Hoyle, a young violinist with plenty of dash, also won the instantaneous approval of the audience.

After the concert Sousa left with his band to fill a week's engagement at Boston. There will be another concert next Sunday night.

**America's Greatest Contralto.**—Mary Louise Clary sang in two concerts in Halifax, N. S., on October 14 and 15 with such success that she was at once offered a return engagement for later this season. The critics there unanimously declared her to be superior to any other contralto who had ever been heard in Halifax, including the once famous Annie Louise Cary, to whom Clary has so often been compared. They speak of her in detail as follows:

A better concert was never given at Orpheus Hall than that which a fairly large audience enjoyed last night. This is true of the concert as a whole, but of Miss Mary Louise Clary, who was the star of the occasion, it is also true that she is the best contralto ever heard in Halifax. Herr Bruno Siebelts remarked to the *Herald* at the close of the concert that in Germany he had never heard her equal. Miss Clary's voice is strong, mellow, full and rich, and is of wonderful compass, simply delighting everyone in an audience that was composed of many of the most musical people in Halifax. She had been traveling all day, coming from St. John, and with not a minute to rest went on the stage. This being the case it is not surprising that there should have been signs of weariness in Miss Clary. In spite of this her work was a delight and showed what a redoubled treat is in store for those who shall be fortunate enough to be present to-night for the second concert. The other great contralto that Halifax people have heard was Annie Louise Cary, the premier contralto of her day, who easily divided the honors in New York some twenty years ago with Nilsson and who was the favorite contralto in Europe. For immense volume of voice and delicacy of treatment Miss Clary was not surpassed, if equaled, by Miss Cary.

Miss Clary's first number last night was Verdi's recitative and aria "Nobil Signor," which was very warmly encored, and brought as a response Lynne's "He Was a Prince." But it was her rendering of "He was despised," from "The Messiah," that thrilled the audience. Had there been nothing else on the program that number alone would have amply repaid the expenditure of the whole evening. Her closing number was Garnier's "Hosanna," which gave an even better opportunity still for the display of her marvelous voice and its wonderful powers.—*Evening Mail*.

The first of the "Clary concerts" was given at Orpheus Hall last night to a thoroughly delighted audience. The program as a whole was superior, and it received a most artistic and musicianly rendition. The audience was not large, but it included many of the musical people of the city, who were unstinted in their praise of Miss Mary Louise Clary and her talented associates.

Her singing last night was a positive delight, stamping her as one of the greatest contraltos that has ever visited Halifax. Her voice is of excellent timbre, clear, full and strong. But it is its range and compass which are most wonderful, varying from almost a pure soprano to a rich, mellow contralto of great volume. Miss Clary sang her numbers last night with excellent expression and distinct enunciation, winning enthusiastic applause at the close of each number.—*Daily Echo*.

Last night's concert in Orpheus Hall by Miss Mary Louise Clary, assisted by Mr. L. W. Titus and the Halifax String Quartet, was a marked success. \* \* \* Miss Clary has a rich and powerful contralto voice, and there are many who say with truth that her equal has not yet appeared in Halifax. Professor Siebelts says he never heard her equal on the German stage. All of her numbers were received with enthusiasm, and she responded to two of them.—*Halifax Acadian Recorder*.

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## Sternberg, Blumenberg and Kaiser at Wilkesbarre.

THE Wilkesbarre music lovers had a rare treat on October 20 in a concert given by the very well-known 'cellist, Mr. Louis Blumenberg, Mr. Constantin von Sternberg, the pianist, and Miss Saidee Estelle Kaiser, a soprano recently back from European studies. The following notices will give an idea of the appreciation that was accorded them:

Miss Kaiser had a heavy part of the scheme to sustain and she was on the bill for five numbers. Three of these were combined and were illustrative of the ballad style. The others were heavier—an aria from "Tannhäuser" and Verdi's "Rigoletto"—"Caro Nome." She did surprising'y well in the "Tannhäuser" number. Surprisingly, because this is a standard of ambition with a good many concert sopranos and because it requires a great deal in the way of execution and of power.

Miss Kaiser was warmly received last night, and the applause grew at times into enthusiasm. She was handed a gorgeous bunch of roses at the close of one of the numbers.

As to Mr. Sternberg—an artist is he of long experience and of wide travel. He has known intimately all the great musical centres of the world. He has learned and taught in Germany. He has enjoyed the friendship of Tchaikowsky, of Joachim, of Brahms and of Wieniawski. He has played in all parts of the globe. His music is not more that of the hands than of the head and a good deal too of the heart. He is a Bohemian in the best sense, and he loves music for music's sake and not so much for the immediate grasp of the coin. He plays with a breadth and scope that is refreshing to hear. He gave a clear, incisive reading of his own compositions, and he displayed that rare quality, too, of analysis that impresses one with a sense of confidence and of power. His Chopin number was the most satisfactory of all, though in everything he gave evidence of a finished technic and of a deal of fire and dash.

Mr. Sternberg, though a European, has lived so long in this country that he has imbibed the essential attributes of American humor. He gave a short preface to his own compositions by saying that he ought to explain why he had the temerity to offer them. The composition "On the Lagoon" suggested the cry of the gondoliers, which is always the same—intervals of fourths—though pitched of course in different keys. At first it is monotonous, but not after one has taken the essence of Venetian life. "Venice," he remarked, "is paved with water, and the hacks are gondolas." As to the Tarantella, he facetiously remarked that it might have had its origin in the fact that a deadly insect called the tarantula used to infest Italy. After being attacked by it the victim had to indulge in a wild abandon, and spin round and round to keep air in the lungs. This originated the dance called the Tarantella, and which resembled under the guidance of music much of the frenetic abandon that the bite of the insect used to produce. "The Tarantella is forbidden by the Church and by the police," said Mr. Sternberg, "and therefore it is danced every day."

And last but not least of the trio comes Blumenberg, who has been heard in Wilkesbarre before. None who heard him then will ever forget the delightful character of his work. Nor will any of those present last night forget him. He has the charm of the artist, and he plays with an abandon that suggests that he is for the time oblivious to everything but the interpretation of the moment. His style is very pleasing, and he puts his audience in touch with his mood at once. He was enthusiastically recalled again and again.

In the lighter tones he was followed intently, especially in the "Spinning Song," for which encore he gave the "Swan" of Saint Saëns. But when he entered upon the well-known and always lovely theme of the melody in F, with its broad and sustained legato, he held the attention completely. The encore to this was hard to secure, but he finally came forth again, good natured and smiling, and the audience rejoiced at the effort, for he gave that delightful thing, "Serenade Badine," by Gabriel Marie. It is a favorite with concert 'cellists, but it is seldom heard with such refinement and such delightful handling. The concert throughout was a delight—one to make glad those who heard it and to make those who did not

hear it regret their absence.—Wilkesbarre Evening Leader, October 20, 1897.

A very "select," as the program stated, and a very "charming" one, too, we can add on our own account, was the concert given last evening in Concordia Hall by Mr. Sternberg, the well-known pianist; Miss Kaiser, the Wilkesbarre soprano, and Mr. Blumenberg, the famous 'cellist.

The program was a specially good one, affording the artists, who are so thoroughly high class, an opportunity of delighting their audience again with some of the splendid creations of Rubinstein, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Dvorák, Brahms, Verdi, Schubert and Chopin.

The music interpreted was all so well executed that there were almost as many encores as there were numbers printed on the program, thus showing pretty emphatically that the "encore nuisance" has not abated a whit here if it has elsewhere.

Mr. Sternberg had a fine Weber piano to play on, and the manufacturers can rest assured he showed the capacity of the instrument off to the very best advantage. He is a scholarly executant, and plays everything with a ripeness and authority that well indicates the high class artist that he is. The Chopin impromptu in F and the Schubert-Tausig military march gave him an opportunity to show the poetical and the technical sides of his art, and which are sufficiently strong to give him a high position in the musical world. He played two of his own compositions also, which were very interesting, and responded to a number of encores.

Miss Kaiser was in fine voice and spirits, and revealed a wealth of tone and an emotion in "Dich theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," that surprised those who saw the little lady for the first time. In addition she sang a number of ballads calling for good sustained legato singing and ended with the florid "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," which set the whole house ablaze with enthusiasm. Her tones were very sweet and appealing, and her execution as clean cut as a cameo. She also responded to a number of encores.

Mr. Blumenberg of course is a great favorite here, but he added immensely to his reputation with the way he handled his big stringed instrument. He brought forth all manner of tones from it—the full, deep, rich ones, thrilling in their intensity, and the sweet, refined tiny ones, so suggestive of the ethereal, and which seem so impossible in so big an instrument.

In a Spanish dance of Popper he made his 'cello sing like a coloratura soprano, and followed this florid style with some smooth, even playing that showed how poetically and expressively he can interpret emotional compositions. If the hour had not grown so late he would have been asked for a fourth encore—"Simple Aveu," which no one can play quite so well as he can.—Wilkesbarre Record, October 20, 1897.

**Miss Eva Hawkes.**—The Twelfth Night Club entertained on the afternoon of October 19 was fortunate in having the assistance of the young contralto Miss Eva Hawkes, who sang songs by Widor and Goring Thomas with excellent success. Miss Hawkes is already in demand for the coming winter.

**Van Yox.**—W. Theodore Van Yox is rapidly coming before the public as one of America's most prominent tenors. He has met with unqualified success in oratorio and concert wherever he has appeared, and critics have been enthusiastic in his praise. Already a large number of bookings with the most prominent musical organizations of the country have been made. The following dates are among the most prominent engagements closed recently:

Brooklyn, November 21; Harlem, November 24; Buffalo, N. Y., November 29; Milwaukee, Wis., December 20; Chicago, Ill., December 21; St. Louis, Mo., December 22; Brooklyn, January 16; Pittsburg, Pa., February 3; Brooklyn, February 20.

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## Ho! For Sieveking!

THERE is a hush of expectation in the air. The musical season has been late in opening and there has been a general impression that some event of magnitude was necessary before New York could open it with sufficient brilliancy.

That event has taken place. Sieveking has arrived, and with a startling addition to his former splendid equipments as a pianist. Baldur the Beautiful was never more worthy of celebration in verse by a Longfellow or a Lowell than the great Dutch pianist, now that he is crowned with the glory of dark ambrosial locks—a veritable Jupiter tonans.

Sieveking has lost none of his strength, judged by the length of his hair; that is certain. Sieveking has lost none of his belief in freedom of action and thought; that is certain. It will be remembered that last year he wandered suddenly to Europe at his own sweet will, quite oblivious of his opportunities to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Thomas Orchestra. Now he allows his hair to grow at its own sweet will, unmindful of comparisons with Paderewski. Will Sieveking's virility be increased or lessened by this Paderewski attribute? Hitherto he has been regarded as one who accomplishes all tours de force with consummate ease, arousing the astonishment of even the most accomplished piano virtuosi.

But Sieveking is not merely noted for his strength. His playing is, to recall what THE MUSICAL COURIER has said of him before, in general characterized by a poetic tenderness and grace and peculiarly subtle lingering charm of tone which vibrates with feeling. He is a discreet master of nuance and knows how to extract from the modern instrument all the tone colors, dark and light, of which it is capable. He is esteemed principally poetic because of rare and peculiar gifts accorded him beyond other pianists in this direction; a beauty of sensuous singing tone and an ethereal quality in tender episodes which belong to few, but while possessing these qualities specifically beyond his average brethren he also possesses vigor, boldness and authority in a well balanced degree.

The main facts of Sieveking's career are still fresh in the public mind—how he manifested his musical precocity in babyhood and played Beethoven's first concerto at the age of ten; how he studied at the Leipzig Conservatory for eight years until the masters declared there was no more that they could teach him; how he was welcomed in London in 1890, where his uncle, Sir Henry Sieveking, is physician to Queen Victoria; how he has made many triumphal tours abroad and how his personal popularity has everywhere proved a potent influence in his success—all these facts are almost too well known to be recalled.

In this country Boston in particular received him with unstinted praise. It remains to be seen if New York will welcome this great pianist as he deserves to be welcomed, quite independently of any interest in the length of his chestnut-brown locks. His first appearance will be in Brooklyn, November 5, with the Seidl Society.

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NEW YORK, October 25, 1897.

**I HEARD** a phenomenal voice at Madame von Feilitzsch's the other day—a young tenor, with the amazing range from E below the bass clef to high C, and of pure tenor quality too. The young man comes to her through Bostonian Frothingham's recommendation. Madame von Feilitzsch is known as Evan Williams' teacher, and has several other promising tenor voices in charge.

Violin virtuoso Hubert Arnold continues to win laurels. Witness the following from the *Plattsburg Daily Press*: The concert in the First Presbyterian Church parlor last evening by Hubert Arnold was one of the most enjoyable and artistic of its kind ever enjoyed here by a music loving audience.

Mr. Arnold does not need, in order that his music be appreciated, to have an audience composed entirely of musical critics. He manipulates his violin in such a manner as to bring forth the wonderment, admiration and applause of his hearers, even if they are not numbered among the artists in music.

The concert was a great success in an artistic way, and as far as attendance and finances are concerned this success was duplicated. The Ladies' Association of the First Presbyterian Church have every cause to feel gratified over the result of their efforts, and the public are indebted to them for the opportunity of hearing a concert of such a high degree of merit.

Edmund J. Myer reports for the first two weeks of October a large increase in the number of pupils booked over the corresponding time for last year. He is receiving many inquiries with regard to his system of automatic breathing in singing, which he teaches by a series of flexible movements, as shown in his latest book, "Position and Action in Singing." Automatic breathing, Mr. Myer claims, is the most important problem for singers solved in the nineteenth century. If this is so, if automatic breathing in singing is possible, why do we not hear more of this question? Surely breathing is the most important question for the consideration of singer and teacher.

Conrad Wirtz, solo pianist, has been busy, as you will see by the following: October 7—Afternoon tea at Trinity Church, New Rochelle, N. Y. (in Parish House); Conrad Wirtz, piano; Enos Johnson, violin solos and ensemble playing. October 19—Entertainment in the lecture room of the Marble Collegiate Church; Fantaisie Impromptu, Chopin, "Spinning Wheel," Chaminade, and vocal accompaniments.

Mr. Hermann Hans Wetzler has reorganized his classes in musical form and analysis, which were so successful last winter. In these courses Mr. Wetzler will analyze the masterworks from Johann Sebastian Bach to Wagner in chronological order, with regard to form and poetical content, and with practical illustrations at the piano. Each class will be limited to five participants, in order to devote special attention to each individual. Applications should be made before November 5 to Mr. Wetzler, 646 West End avenue.

J. Harry Wheeler's pupils continue to cover themselves and their teacher with glory. Miss Maud Burdette, an artist pupil of Mr. J. Harry Wheeler, has just been engaged as contralto at the Immaculate Conception Roman Catholic

Church in Minneapolis. The press speaks of her voice and singing in the highest praise. A Boston paper says: "Her voice is pure, well rounded, rich and sympathetic, her interpretation scholarly and artistic."

The popular concert singer Ursie McCleary has come to New York to study with Mr. Wheeler. Her voice is a dramatic soprano, ranging from low F to F above high C.

Here is the program of a recent musicale at the studio of Henry Taylor Staats:

ARTISTS.	
Miss Florence Laborde.....	Soprano
Mr. George Lehmann.....	Violinist
Mr. F. B. Carland.....	Tenor
Mr. Ferdinand Torriani.....	Baritone
Mr. Henry Taylor Staats.....	Pianist

Dream of My Heart..... Bevan  
Mr. Carland.

Traumbild..... Ansgore  
Am Meer..... Schubert-Liszt

Because I Love You, Dear..... Hawley  
Miss Laborde.

Berceuse, Jocelyn..... Godard  
Serenade, Espagnole..... Glazounow-Lehmann

Once in a Life..... Ronald  
Mr. Lehmann.

The Bird and the Rose..... Horrick  
Mr. Carland.

Polonaise No. 2..... Lisst  
Mr. Staats.

Aime-Moi..... Chopin  
Miss Laborde.

Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso..... Saint Saëns  
Mr. Lehmann.

This Would I Do..... Chapman  
Mr. Torriani.

Lewis W. Armstrong, the well-known baritone, concert and oratorio singer and teacher of vocal music, sang some time ago in a Brooklyn concert, when the *New York Press* had this to say:

One of the pure artistic gems of the evening was the singing of Lewis W. Armstrong, the baritone soloist of the evening. A glance at him shows that he is born with artistic sense and feeling. His singing last evening shows him to be a baritone worthy of careful attention and critical approval. His voice is of unusually fine timbre, rich and resonant, and his execution is trained to a high degree. He has obtained a fine mastery of his vocal organ, and although a comparatively recent arrival upon the field, will be heard of in concert far and wide. Mr. Armstrong first sang "I Fear No Poe," and for an encore gave "The Palms," a selection in which he was extremely felicitous. He sought no florid effects, but sang with pure artistic feeling and expression that moved the house as a baritone seldom does.

At that time Mr. Neidlinger wrote him thus:

MY DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG—I was very pleased to have you sing for me on Wednesday evening. It is always a pleasure to listen to a voice so smooth and agreeable in quality, and especially so when the method is so good as yours is. In addition to this, your work in the "Elijah" showed the always longed for and seldom found musical intelligence. I wish you success.  
Yours sincerely, W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Henry K. Hadley, recently returned from his European summer trip, and director of the music at St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I., announces that he may be found at his studios, 705 and 706 Carnegie Hall, on Saturdays, from 10 to 5; instruction on violin and piano, also harmony and counterpoint, and special attention given to piano and ensemble music. Hadley is an acknowledged master of composition, his orchestral suite, songs, violin sonata and other works being resplendent with fecund imagination, poetic gifts, and showing entire control of the technic of the art.

Hurrah for Will Macfarlane! for has he not won the \$50 Walter J. Clemson gold medal? Something like this appeared in all the Sunday papers:

The gold medal offered by the American Guild to organists—given by Walter J. Clemson, of Taunton, Mass., for the best musical setting in anthem form of words selected from the Old Testament, by the examining committee of the guild—has been awarded

to Mr. Will C. Macfarlane, organist and choirmaster of All Souls' Church, the Rev. R. Heber Newton rector, Madison avenue and Sixty-sixth street.

The adjudicators were Homer N. Bartlett, Clement R. Gale and Walter J. Clemson. The anthems for the competition were sent in under the composer's nom de plume.

Charles Meehan, the soprano soloist, was recently at his old home, Seneca Falls, N. Y., where he sang in concert, the *Seneca County Courier* saying this of him:

But the star of the evening was Charles Meehan, the soprano. All that had been said about his wondrous voice was more than verified. The marvelous purity of tone, the high pitch and perfect control of voice which he manifested was a wonder and a delight. To one only listening it was easy to fancy a prima donna on the platform, and when one saw that it was a boy, giving utterance to those clear pure tones, the wonder became amazement. He was encored at each appearance.

He has been to New Haven, rehearsing for the festival which occurs to-day, Wednesday, when Sullivan's "Te Deum" is to be given. He has just received a charming letter from Mme. Marie Roze, in which she said she had seen many flattering notices in the Paris correspondence of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, and also sent him a notice from the *Gilblas*.

Here is a translation of a notice from a Paris paper: "A brilliant matinee was that at the beautiful apartments of Marie Roze; enormous success was won by the young American, M. Meehan, who has a most extraordinary soprano voice, singing, with remarkable elasticity, the valse from 'Romeo and Juliet' and songs by Massenet."

Edward Bromberg, the basso cantante, has several testimonials of which he is proud, among them these two:

Having repeatedly had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Ed. Bromberg, I have much pleasure in testifying that he is a singer of sterling ability, possessing a highly cultivated and most agreeable voice, which he uses with warmth of feeling and great taste and skill. These combined qualities render him unquestionably equally competent as a concert singer or as an instructor.—*Dr. Otto Neitzel, pianist, composer and critic of the Kölnische Zeitung, Cologne, Germany.*

Mr. Ed. Bromberg possesses a highly sympathetic voice, which is equally cultivated in all its registers, and is of striking carrying power. His successes as a vocal instructor give evidence that he is also able to imbue his pupils with those, his strong and rare qualities.—*Heinrich Zoellner, Director of the German Liederkrans, New York.*

*THE MUSICAL COURIER* has also flattering press notices of Mr. Bromberg's singing, which will be reproduced here later. He is professor of vocal music at the Grand Conservatory of Music, where his work is much esteemed. He is besides a linguist of unusual attainments, speaking English, German, French and Russian equally well. Mr. Bromberg was for two seasons with the Damrosch Opera Company.

Charles B. Hawley's new vocal studio, 251 Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-eighth street, is an artistic workshop. Here the popular composer of "Because I Love You, Dear," teaches singers—many, too, I am glad to say—and turns out more charming compositions. Among other things his new Benedictus, or Cantate Domino, or something of the sort, will soon come from the press. He went over it for me recently, and I found it most singable and effective. The Morgue Quartet, of which he is a member, much in demand at swell funerals (\$100, please), still continues. The four men are from the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

Van York continues along the even Tenor of his way rejoicing, for has he not recently become a happy father, and has he not lots of good engagements? Yea, verily, brethren. November 3 he sings with the Pittsburg, Pa., Apollo Club; November 24, with a Harlem singing society (German), and he also gives a limited part of his time to teaching; one of his pupils takes a daily lesson for the next three months.

M. I. Scherhey, the vocal teacher, has begun his season auspiciously. Five of his best pupils recently sang at a



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Press Club affair with much success, and his pupil, Miss Margaret Crawford, contralto, substituted most satisfactorily for Mrs. Sawyer at Rutgers Presbyterian Church last week.

\*\*\*

Julius Lorenz, conductor of the Arion Society, with his charming young wife, recently returned from his trip to Germany, bringing many novelties for both chorus and orchestra. He has also just finished a most characteristic piano piece, an etude called "Liebeswerben am Spinnrad," soon to be published. Lorenz was a Leipsic student with the writer, since which merry days he has degenerated (?) into a conductor. But who wouldn't conduct the Arions?

\*\*\*

Miss Emma K. Denison now visits Irvington-on-the-Hudson semi-weekly, where she is engaged at Miss Benet's school. Her Studio Choral Club meets now for weekly rehearsal, many new pupils are coming to her, and she looks for a busy winter.

\*\*\*

I had occasion this week to call on Thomas & Fellows, who are conducting the new church choir agency—and general entertainment bureau in Carnegie Hall. It was evident their handsome offices were the centre of attraction for singers and organists, as I saw three of our prominent organists and a number of singers there at the time. In talking with them, all seemed very enthusiastic over the new firm and the good work they were doing. Their registry fee is small and their commissions moderate, and they deserve all the success with which they are meeting.

The amount of choir business being done by them is something remarkable for this time of year.

The singers and organists of New York city and vicinity seem quick to realize that in them the right people have taken hold of the church choir business. Messrs. Thomas and Fellows, both being prominent church singers, know and appreciate what a singer wants, and their judgment in selecting voices for choir positions will prove a source of great help to music committees. All branches of choir work will be taken up in a most systematic and thorough manner.

Thomas & Fellows have agents in all surrounding cities and towns, whose business it is to keep them posted regarding all changes to be made in choirs; also as to concerts, festivals, &c., which are to take place. One agent, in Troy, recently placed the securing of artists for eight concerts in their hands. A number of festivals for next May been secured by them also.

Mrs. E. D. Coleman, a soprano who is rapidly coming to the front, was recently engaged for the Synagogue in West Eighty-second street through the choir agency of Thomas & Fellows. Mr. M. M. Cooper, a basso, was also placed as substitute in Rutgers Presbyterian Church by the same agency. Mr. A. S. Benson, Mr. Alfred Clark, Miss Jennings and Miss Fannie Keating are filling temporary engagements in the suburbs, secured through the firm.

\*\*\*

Miss Myrtle Randall, contralto, a pupil of Mr. J. Harry Wheeler, is substituting for Miss Marie Warren, of Dr. Behrends' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. And so do the Wheeler pupils come forward!

Charles Meehan, soprano, is engaged for Saint George's P. E. Church for the year. The choir is engaged in re-

hearing Gaul's "Holy City," to be given next Sunday evening, and in which Meehan has quite a little solo work.

The Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity on West Twenty-first street had this musical service last Sunday evening:

Organ prelude, andante in B flat.....Dubois  
Anthem, Praise Waiteth for Thee.....Sommer  
Cantata, The Rainbow of Peace.....Adams  
Duet, O Lovely Peace (Judas Maccabaeus).....Händel

The choir consists of Mrs. Wm. Weston Niles, soprano; Mrs. Laura Garrigue Montecchi, contralto; Mr. Wm. Henry Walker, tenor; Mr. B. L. Fenner, bass, with Mr. Emanuel Schmauk, organist and director.

Dr. Gerrit Smith will give his 228th free organ recital, the first of a series of eight, at the South Church, Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, on Monday afternoon, November 1, at 3 o'clock. He will play for the first time in New York several novelties, including the second suite of Boellmann, a nuptial march by Bossi and new numbers by Chauvet, Wheelton and others. He will be assisted by Mrs. Ada May Benzing, contralto, from Boston.

**A Von Klenner Pupil.**—Miss Frances Travers, who has been singing in a series of concerts with the renowned contralto, Mary Louise Clary, scored a flattering success at the second concert, given in St. John, N. B., her native city. Miss Travers is a pupil of Mme. Katherine Evans Von Klenner. Her selections at the first concert, on October 12, were "O Luce di Quest Anima," by Donizetti; "Serenade," by Neidlinger, and "O My Maid Is Fairer Still," by Pease. At the second concert Miss Travers sang, with excellent style, "Convien Partir," by Donizetti, and "Summer," by Chaminade. The fact that Miss Travers received the favorable comments of the press while in the company of such an artist as Miss Clary is in itself something of which to be proud. We quote the following notices, which appeared in two of the leading papers of St. John, N. B.:

In connection with these concerts a much anticipated feature was the first public appearance of Miss Frances Travers, of this city. This young lady has been quietly studying under a distinguished teacher in New York, and her name was only recently heard mentioned as a vocalist by her having sung a solo in church. This church solo was so well rendered that everyone was speaking of it the next day. Miss Travers may well be congratulated upon the happy result of the occasion of her debut. She has a soprano voice of large compass and of a nice musical timbre. She is quite young yet, and her voice will naturally round out, as it were, and be yet fuller and richer in tone. It is flexible, and while there is some unevenness in its register and an occasional departure from tune, and at times a slight tremolo, these weaknesses in part, at least, may well be attributed to the natural nervousness that accompanies such an ordeal as she was undergoing. In a short time there is no doubt Miss Travers will take as her conceded right high rank among the musical people of the day.

It is not often any young lady of this city makes her musical debut in such famous company as Miss Travers was privileged to do on Tuesday evening. Society people took an interest in the success of one of their number, and the press was exceedingly complimentary. Leaving to musical editors the criticism of the concert the *Globe* congratulates St. John generally upon the brilliancy of the local support, and Miss Travers particularly upon her undoubted success. Not alone the sweetness of her voice, its flexibility and its power, somewhat dwarfed by comparison with Madame Clary's magnificent tones, but the personal charm of an unstudied manner, and the graciousness of unspoiled girlhood, won for Miss Travers many friends. The applause that greeted her reception to the flowers generously bestowed on her was as much for the cordial pleasure evinced by the recipient as for the quick recognition of the favor of the public.

Next to Madame Clary the singer in whom most interest centred, as has been said, was Miss Frances Travers, whose debut in her home city was under particularly favorable circumstances.



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1. Two half hours or one full hour weekly, private instruction in either piano, violin, vocal or organ.
2. One half hour weekly, private, harmony, counterpoint or composition.
3. Seminary for teachers; training for the profession of teacher (weekly).
4. Ensemble playing; partitur (full score playing).
5. Free organ recitals and lectures on the history, development, construction and literature of the organ. N. B.—For those desirous of studying choir training privilege will be granted of attending weekly rehearsals of All Souls' Choir (thirty-five voices).
6. Analytical lecture recitals on the programs of the New York Philharmonic Society, Anton Seidl conductor.
7. Free admission to the concerts of the Philharmonic Society (reserved seats in balcony).

Certificates will be awarded to those who merit them.

N. B.—It is of the greatest importance that students enter promptly at the beginning of the term, in order to gain the full benefit of a course unequaled in its opportunities and comprehensiveness.

No reduction allowed for those entering on a later date or leaving before expiration of the term.

Terms for this entire course are \$300.

#### The Carl Recitals.

ON Friday afternoon of this week, at 4 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, Mr. Carl will begin his annual series of autumnal organ concerts.

At the first recital the program will consist of modern works for the organ exclusively, with several novelties introduced for the first time here. Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano, and Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn, violinist, will assist. The recitals will be given on five successive Friday afternoons, and no tickets are required for admission. Following is the program for Friday afternoon:

Sonata in E minor, No. 3 (new).....Bosset  
Aria, Prière de Werther.....Massenet  
Miss Kathrin Hilke.  
Cantabile in A flat.....Rousseau  
Minuetto (new) first time.....Clausmann  
(Dedicated to Mr. Carl.)  
Intermezzo (MS.).....Callaerts  
(Dedicated to Mr. Carl.)  
Festival Music (new).....Hartmann  
Violin solo—  
Romance.....Rubinstein  
Perpetuum Mobile.....Ries  
Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn.  
Marche Triomphale (new).....Guiraud

**Dennison, Ohio.**—A concert was given at the Dennison M. E. Church in Dennison, Ohio, on the evening of October 14, when Mr. Carl Wilh. Kern, piano; Mr. Alex. P. Bunker, violin; Mrs. Julia Cromer Kerlin, soprano, and Miss Leila D. Biggs, elocutionist, took part. They were assisted by Mr. J. V. McMillan, tenor; Miss Gale Ingraham Smith, violin, and the Dennison High School chorus under the direction of Mr. Kern. Miss Jessie Scovill accompanied. Mr. Kern is supervisor of music in the public schools at Dennison.

**Hans Kronold.**—Another of the successful musicians at the Maine Festival was Mr. Hans Kronold, the well-known 'cellist. His artistic playing excited the greatest interest with his audiences, and many wishes were expressed that he might be heard again in the present season. The critics of both cities—Bangor and Portland—were warm in their praise, as may be seen by the appended notices:

Herr Kronold's execution gives birth to tones that for grace, power and pathos have seldom been equaled in this city. This number pleased more, in the nature of things, than his second "Fantaisie Le Desir," by Servais, which was less melodic and was marked chiefly by its technical beauties.

Hans Kronold, who will play in the Friday afternoon concert for the first time, is a 'cellist of no indifferent powers. He is Austrian by birth, and was educated in Berlin and Leipsic, his later studies being completed under Anton Hekking. He is yet of tender years, but his work is wonderful in its depth and beauty. He has had much experience with symphony orchestra work and as a soloist.—*Bangor Daily Commercial.*

With all due credit to the other artists the gem of the afternoon was the 'cello playing of Hans Kronold, one of the greatest artists of the bow in any land. Marvelous execution, delicacy of feeling and expression and exquisite melody characterized his playing.—*Bangor Daily Whig and Courier.*

The concert was also rendered noteworthy by the playing of Mr. Hans Kronold, the 'cellist, who gave the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Fantaisie Le Desir" of Servais. Mr. Kronold has the touch of a master and is the possessor of perfect technic. He makes the beautiful instrument fairly sing, and his playing yesterday afternoon showed that he is entitled to the high place which he holds among the 'cellists of national reputation. As in the cases of the other soloists he was re-alled time after time to bow his acknowledgments of the appreciation of the audience.—*Portland Daily Press, October 20, 1897.*

Hans Kronold is regarded as one of the leading 'cello soloists of America, and his reputation has been fully maintained here. His performances on this occasion gave much pleasure to the audience, and everybody is anxious to hear him again.—*Bangor News, October 16, 1897.*

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## Kalkbrenner—Chopin.

IF I were a man many persons—notably Mr. James G. Huneker—would jump on me, figuratively speaking, for placing these two names, Kalkbrenner and Chopin, side by side; and if general estimation counts for anything, it does appear somewhat sacrilegious to so closely ally them.

Yet despite the relative esteem in which these particular composers are held, the fact remains that Chopin was not alone an ardent admirer of the lesser, at present much misunderstood, genius, but even did him the honor to choose his compositions as models for some of his own works.

Several years ago in looking over some old music which I inherited from my revered piano master, William G. Vogt, I encountered a volume of Kalkbrenner, and took an immediate and violent fancy to his D minor Concerto. (Pernicious, uncultivated taste! you will say.) Previous to this I had thoroughly studied and memorized Chopin's world famous E minor Concerto, every note of which was unerasable in my mind.

Now, the more I pored over Kalkbrenner's work the more firmly impressed did I become with the resemblance it bore to Chopin's masterpiece. The resemblance was not, of course, absolute—rather like a wild violet as compared to a hot-house violet—the form similar, yet the one pale, delicately perfumed, whereas the other was full, voluptuous and of an intoxicating odor.

Not long after I learned through Mr. Rafael Joseffy that this particular concerto of Kalkbrenner's was one of the favorite numbers in Chopin's repertory and that he had frequently performed it in public. Doubtless, then, Chopin considered it the most perfect concerto of which he had knowledge and seized upon it as the foundation for a concerto of his own. A critical comparison of these two works with others of the same species by other composers, such as Beethoven, &c., will convince any student of form of the similarity of the two concertos.

It is also undoubtedly the case that Chopin was inspired to the composition of many of his Etudes by the fact that Kalkbrenner had written like studies. Here are those which present the most striking evidences of Kalkbrenner's influence:

Chopin's Etude, op. 10, No. 3, E major.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 6, F major.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 1, A flat major.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 12, A flat major.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 4, A minor.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 10, E minor.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 7, C sharp minor.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 11, C major.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 9, G flat major.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 13, F sharp minor.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 11, A minor.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 8, C major.

Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 12, C minor.—Kalkbrenner's op. 145, No. 1, F major.

In the above mentioned studies the resemblance lies almost exclusively in the color and general idea, and a careful inspection would tend to demonstrate that, while Chopin's personality greatly overshadowed his model, he was nevertheless powerless to obliterate all traces of the spirit of Kalkbrenner with which he had become imbued.

Although not on record it is extremely likely that Chopin gained much inspiration and knowledge from Kalkbrenner's brilliant piano playing. Both men resided simultaneously for a length of time in Paris, and, in the previous years, during which Chopin passed his boyhood in Poland, Kalkbrenner was the most famous pianist in Europe. We all know of the important part he played in Hummel's life.

At the time of Chopin's birth Kalkbrenner was twenty-one years of age—a finished, much petted artist. When

Chopin arrived in Paris Kalkbrenner was one of that city's most brilliant musical stars, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that Chopin's impressionable nature would readily absorb whatever was conspicuously meritorious in the other.

Chopin received comparatively little instruction, and was therefore greatly dependent on his own judgment and choice of models for the form of his works. No genius, be he heaven-born or otherwise, can shake correct musical forms out of his sleeve, and Chopin, Titanic genius though he was, knew himself to be no exception to the rule.

Were Chopin alive now, or were our spiritualistic mediums of the present day really able to produce his genuine astral self—that spirit that now graces regions unknown—the great master would doubtless cheerfully acknowledge the source from whence came many of his ideas and their results. The moral of all this would then be apparent to even the most thick-headed, swelled-headed and charlatanical "genius" of our time—viz.: That be a composer's talents God-given, unsurpassable, more gigantic than those of any other person, living or dead, he cannot achieve greatness and undying fame unless he be guided by the experiences of his predecessors, unless he molds his forms according to their forms, tempers the flights of his uncontrolled musical aspirations by careful analyses of the polished works of those of previous geniuses, whose judgment and learning were of acknowledged supremacy; just to the same extent as—no further than—Chopin utilized his impressions of Kalkbrenner.

CLARA A. KORN.

**Lillian Carlsmith.**—Lillian Carlsmith was not a stranger to either a Bangor or Portland audience, for she was born at Hollis, near Portland, and has been heard at various times since beginning her public career.

Miss Carlsmith sang at both the Bangor and Portland concerts in the recent Maine Music Festival with great success, receiving two and three recalls after each appearance. Even in the evening when Blauvelt took the house by storm Miss Carlsmith got two rapturous recalls, of which she naturally felt proud. And this is what the papers said of her:

There was Miss Vannah's song, "When Love Is Told," the superior Maine composition of its kind; it was sung by Miss Carlsmith, one of the imported singers, and she did it so well that there were many longings for an encore. A digression in favor of Miss Carlsmith's voice is justifiable. This lady has things in her voice that mark it as something approaching phenomenal. Her lowest tones are well-nigh masculine in their weight; they resemble the middle notes of a tenor. Her high tones are beautiful; her method is correct. Of all the voices heard in the festival Miss Carlsmith's was the single one which was fitted to sing Miss Vannah's lovely song.—*Bangor Commercial*.

And then followed Miss Carlsmith in Ambrose Thomas' exquisite "Mignon" gavotte, which was one of the notable features of the evening. Miss Carlsmith sang the dainty thing with a piquant brilliancy and a touch of humor that were very fetching.—*Portland Argus*.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, one of Portland's favorites, received a hearty greeting. She sang the gavotte from Thomas' "Mignon" with much feeling. She was also remembered by her friends, who presented to her a handsome floral piece.—*Portland Express*.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith was enthusiastically received. She sang the gavotte from Thomas' "Mignon" with great spirit. She possesses a contralto voice of great freshness and purity, sympathetic in quality, a most pleasing method and manner, and she enunciates beautifully. She was recalled and also received a floral tribute.—*Portland Press*.

**Frl. Hartmann.**—At a late performance of the Liederkrantz, after an address by the president and some orchestral pieces, the pianist Fraülein Hartmann played the A flat major etude and the B minor Scherzando, by Chopin, with great warmth and brilliant touch.

## Frances Miller and Viola Platt Gillett.

THESE two young artists have for some time been associated in concerts, and whose pictures now appear in this issue. They are handsome young women and possess every requisite for success. Miss Miller has a dramatic soprano voice of much power and compass, while Mrs. Gillett's voice has the true contralto timbre and breadth. They are charming young women and gifted artists. Here are some recent press notices of Miss Miller:

Miss Frances Miller sang her numbers, the "Recitative" and "Aria," from Weber's "Freischütz," "Bonjour Suzon," "Ben Bolt" and the "Ave Maria" obligato, in her usual artistic style, her beautiful voice and enunciation telling with pure effect in the large audience. Besides her qualifications as a singer, she has a most attractive presence.—*Baltimore American*.

The club was assisted by Miss Frances Miller, of whom flattering accounts proved true. She is possessed of a clear, bell-like voice, and sings with admirable ease, and to the delight of all. Her selections were sufficiently varied to give her auditors an opportunity to judge of her wide range of voice. She rendered the aria from "Boandil" as delightfully as she did Beach's "A Song of Love," and added fresh beauty to Phelps' "The Haunted Stream," in which she sang the solo parts in conjunction with the Orpheus Club.—*Morning Call, Paterson, N. J.*

Viola Pratt Gillett has been selected for the role of Katisha in the opera "Mikado," which will be given at the Astoria Hotel during its opening. Mrs. Gillett did the principal solo work at the Jubilee Festival at Salt Lake City this summer, and won the Utonians completely. She made a successful concert trip through the intermountain country, and has now returned to fill her engagements for concert and oratorio work. This popular young contralto is rapidly making her reputation national. From among her recent press notices we clip the following:

A rich contralto voice, and her work in "Elijah" was grandly rendered. Her voice is exceptionally beautiful, and she received four recalls.—*New York Herald*.

She held the audience enthralled in the rich melody of her voice, which was a perfect revelation.—*New York Tribune*.

She can lay claim to considerable beauty, and she has an attractive stage presence. Her voice, which ranges from E flat to high C, is strong, sweet and well trained. Her classic selections showed her powers of execution to advantage. In her songs and simple ballads she won esteem for her perfect enunciation of the words and clear expression of the sentiment contained in the words.—*New York Journal*.

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ALEXANDER SILOTI, January-April.

MISS THUDICHUM, the English Concert and Oratorio Soprano; MISS NEDDA MORRISON; JENNIE HOYLE Violinist; GERTRUDE MAY STEIN; ADA MAY BENZING; TIRZAH HAMLIN RULAND; EVAN WILLIAMS; CHARLES W. CLARK; JOHN C. DEMPSEY; GWYLYM MILES.

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## ROSENTHAL.

Tour Postponed Until October, 1898.



## W. Warren Shaw.

THAT Mr. Shaw's merits as a vocal teacher are rapidly becoming known is attested by the large number of pupils who are placing themselves under his direction. He is not only successful judged by the number of his pupils, but by the quality of their work. Some of the results attained by his method of tone production are admirable. Mr. Shaw is, it may be noted, highly educated outside of his profession, being an alumnus of the Vermont University, which has always held its own with peculiar dignity in the world of colleges.

Musically, he is a graduate of the famous vocal school of the celebrated tenor Raniero Baragli, in Milan, Italy, and he has in addition studied extensively with a number of the great teachers of France and Italy. Signor Baragli writes of Mr. Shaw:

"He is one of the few Americans who knows how to use his own voice and teach others to use their voices according to the best Italian methods. He is one of the few foreigners who have acquired a correct pronunciation of the Italian language and a thorough practical knowledge of the traditions of an extensive opera repertory."

On account of his many Brooklyn pupils Mr. Shaw will open a studio in Wissner Hall, 539 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and will devote two days of the week to teaching there. The rest of his time is fully occupied with pupils at his home studio, 787 Lexington avenue, New York city.

**Arturo Nutini, the "Blind Paderewski."**—Elsewhere in this issue will be found Signor Nutini's interesting and poetic countenance. He is a most poetic and magnetic pianist, and his participation in any program always an event. We reproduce several criticisms:

The blind pianist, Signor Nutini, gave a recital in Carnegie Music Hall, at which he displayed great virtuosity, to the evident satisfaction of the critical audience. *New York Herald.*

Signor Nutini plays with phenomenal grace and astonishing technique, his touch is remarkably fine and flexible, and his expression is marked by a breadth, power, shading and coloring that is nothing short of marvelous. The blind pianist's remarkable skill has won for him the well deserved title of the "Blind Paderewski." He is a thorough artist. *New York Evening Journal.*

The blind musician heralded, owing to his flowing locks no less than his skill, as the "Blind Paderewski," is a wonder. A cultivated gentleman no less than a gifted pianist, Signor Nutini is equally clever as a violinist. He is professor of both instruments as well as that of musical literature. His genius was early recognized by Rubinstein. *Commercial Advertiser.*

**Miss Celia Schiller, Pianist.**—Miss Celia Schiller is one of the pupils of that great teacher and virtuoso, the late Edward Neupert, who some twelve years ago settled in New York, and also of Conrad Ansgore. Few pianists have created such enthusiasm at their first public appearance as she did two years ago, when she played at one of the concerts in Carnegie Music Hall under Walter Damrosch.

She has just returned from her second summer with Carrefio in Europe. On November 8 she plays in Brooklyn, on the 8th at the Astoria (matinee), and in the evening at Newark, N. J. (orchestral concert); later at Philadelphia and Milwaukee. Miss Schiller plays the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue with magnificent breadth, with manly strength and intellectual force. She is an individual temperament, and Carrefio is very proud of her. Recently she played in Newark, when the *Sunday Call* said:

Miss Schiller is a pianist of great merit. She has passion, feeling—in a word, temperament. Both times she was recalled, and had to play again. Her touch is crisp and her technique admirable. One of her recall numbers was Nerval's "Narcissus," which was beautifully played in tempo rubato, beginning somewhat slower than it is usually played, but worked up to a fine climax in the middle section.

## PERSONALS.

**Mme. Olive Barry.**—Mme. Olive Barry has returned to the city and resumed teaching at her studio, 152 West Forty-ninth street.

**Dora Valesca Becker.**—This accomplished young violinist played several violin solos at the meeting of the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, October 18.

**Stevenson Has Returned.**—Mr. E. I. Stevenson, the well-known writer and music critic of the *Independent*, has just returned from an interesting trip to Lourdes and the Pyrenees.

**Samuel Richards Gaines.**—Mr. Samuel Richards Gaines, formerly solo tenor at St. Thomas' Church, this city, has just begun his second season as conductor of the Toledo Apollo Club, where he is also prominently known as a voice teacher.

**William Edward Mulligan.**—At the memorial meeting in honor of the late Charles A. Dana, held in Chickering Hall Monday evening, the program began with an organ prelude by Mr. Mulligan, who played "Anitra's Dance" from the "Peer Gynt Suite," by Grieg, and Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony."

**Music at Normal College.**—At the first reunion of the alumni at the Normal College Miss A. Friend and Mr. Bernard Sinsheimer were the soloists. On this occasion the suite of Edward Schütte was played. Mr. Sinsheimer also gave the Wieniawski mazurka and the berceuse by Godard in his usual finished style.

**Florence Buckingham Joyce.**—Florence Buckingham Joyce is busily rehearsing her trio and preparing new music for the winter. She is to accompany Mr. Regnar Kiddé at a recital to be given at Stamford, Conn., on Thursday afternoon, October 28. Mrs. Joyce is at home to her friends in her new studio, 30 East Twenty-third street, Mondays, from 4 until 7 o'clock.

**Ballet at the Astoria.**—The performances of opéra comique and ballet to be given at the Astoria early in December will be conducted by Paul Steindorff, permission therefor having been given by Augustin Daly.

**Richard Copley with Wolfsohn.**—Richard Copley has again joined the forces of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau, and will henceforth act as the business manager of that concern. Mr. Copley is now in San Francisco managing the Henschel recital tour on the Pacific Coast.

**Mme. Von Doenhoff-Shaw.**—At the recent production of "Faust" at the Débutants' Opera Club, the success of Mme. Von Doenhoff-Shaw was favorably commented upon. On account of her long experience in grand opera, Mme. Von Doenhoff-Shaw is eminently fitted for the position she holds at the head of that excellent organization.

**Jennie Hoyle at the Astoria.**—Jennie Hoyle, the young violinist, who has been engaged by Sousa to accompany him on his tours through America and England, will be one of the soloists at the Astoria opening concert on Monday evening, November 1. Miss Hoyle, who is certainly a gifted artist, scored a great success on last Sunday evening at the Broadway Theatre. She was obliged to give a double encore.

**The New York Templar Quartet.**—For the general excellence of its programs, the artistic ensemble, delicate shading and perfect finish, the Templar Male Quartet of New York occupies a unique position among like organizations. The personnel of the quartet is in itself a guarantee of its artistic worth. It consists of Harry B. Mook, first tenor; George S. Sturgis, second tenor; Dr. Carl Duft, baritone, and Herman Trost, Jr., bass. Each of these gen-

tlemen is a soloist of reputation, who brings to the quartet sound musicianship combined with cultured taste. At the First Methodist Church of Bridgeport, where they will give a concert on Thursday evening, October 28, the Templar Quartet will be assisted by Miss Frances Miller, soprano, and Hans Kronold 'cellist.

**Bloodgood in St. Louis.**—The great contralto Katherine Bloodgood will sing with the Apollo Club of St. Louis on November 30.

**Campanari.**—Campanari will open the series of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra concerts on next Wednesday, for which occasion President McKinley has been especially invited, and will, in all probability, attend. During the season Campanari will sing with the Chicago Orchestra, and in a number of concerts in other Western States.

**A Galaxy of Stars.**—Ysaye, Plançon, Gérardy and Pugno, who have all been engaged by the Philharmonic Society and the Symphony Society, will arrive in this country on the steamship Bretagne, November 7. Ysaye makes his reappearance at the first Philharmonic concert, November 12. All these artists, including also Madame Nordica, will be heard many times this season during the season of Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House.

**Margaret Gaylord to Sing Yum Yum.**—Now that it is settled that this charming young singer is to sing this role at the great Astoria Hotel opening next month, let us see what the Buffalo, N. Y., papers said of her in the same role not long since:

Miss Gaylord made as sweet a Yum Yum as it would be possible to imagine. *News.*

Miss Gaylord as Yum Yum was most satisfactory and her beautiful voice was maintained in all its sweetness and purity throughout her entire performance and was well sustained by her dramatic powers. She was enthusiastically applauded and responded with charming naïveté. *Times.*

Miss Gaylord makes a winsome Japanese beauty as Yum Yum and her costume is quite the most fetching thing ever sent out by the smartest modiste in all Tokio, and, for all of its queer Oriental effects, is wonderfully becoming. She assumes the part with all the grace that could be expected from one long accustomed to Japanese ways, and her work will to-night win the recognition it so well deserves. *Commercial.*

**Gamble in Wheeling.**—The young basso made a distinct success in Wheeling, W. Va., last week. Here are some press notices:

An exceptionally fine concert last night by Ernest Gamble, basso profundo, closed for musical Wheeling a week in which it received a taste of almost every known ingredient in the exhilarating music and enjoyed it. Through every evening the bowl was overflowing, and the effect was an incentive to drink again the next. *The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer.*

A fine audience assembled in the Opera House last evening to enjoy the anticipated treat of a song recital, and the anticipation was realized to the fullest. Mr. Ernest Gamble's stage presence, while unaffected, yet at once commands the interested attention of an audience. His voice, over which he has perfect control, is rich, mellow and wonderfully dramatic. Mr. Gamble was programed for six splendidly arranged numbers, showing his versatility and power. His best work, perhaps, was in "From the depths," although many beautiful bits of phrasing were noticeable in the ballads, and especially pleasing were "Faithful Johnnie" and "Early One Morning." Technique was displayed to good advantage in "Honor and Arms." Every number was good, and Wheeling was fortunate to have had Mr. Gamble. *The Wheeling Daily Intelligencer, October 23, 1907.*

Mr. Ernest Gamble was the advertised attraction at the Opera House last evening, and proved such. His voice is a basso profundo of magnificent quality, and he uses it perfectly. His power of adaptability to any style will be realized by those who were not fortunate enough to hear him when it is stated that he sang to the entire satisfaction of a critical audience. Mr. Gamble's singing not alone, but his manner of address as well, deserves the highest tribute of praise and altogether make him one of the most commanding and pleasing concert singers. He will be delightedly greeted at any future visit. *Wheeling Register, October 23, 1907.*

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## Alice Verlet.

Mlle. ALICE VERLET is with us again, having reached New York yesterday morning. The months that have passed since she sailed away last summer have dealt kindly with the fair young singer, who parted regretfully with the sorrowing and devoted friends she made during her sojourn in this country. On reaching the other side a right royal reception awaited their little favorite, whose triumphal career had been watched with interest and pride by her admiring compatriots. Many and exquisite are the Parisian frocks that have been made under Mlle. Verlet's own supervision, guided by her perfect taste, for in every minute detail of life is her devotion to the ideal shown, and her motto is that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."

This charming songstress is still a very young woman, not yet at the zenith of her career. She returns to America with added experience, and her coming tour will be another continuation of the successes begun in the season of 1896-7. Mlle. Verlet has, even at this early date, been booked for concerts in all the principal cities in the East, West and South. All who heard her insist upon hearing her again, and those who only heard of her are anxious to add personal testimony to her rare attainments. Nature has been lavish and her gifts unbounded to her, and her sweet, unaffected charm of manner subjugates all hearts to her cause. The native beauty of her voice has been enhanced and strengthened by careful training—her intonation is flawless and the upper notes of her voice are clear and true.

In a word, Verlet is an artist par excellence. Last year she sang in French and Italian, and studied meanwhile German and English. The latter she acquired with wonderful facility, and pronounces with the prettiest accent imaginable. It will be a rare treat to hear her magnetic voice in our own language.

## Resentfulness of Musicians.

"IN a land of ashes, dust, verdureless, as I slowly sharpened the dagger of my ought on my heart, I saw descending on my head the shadow of a ghastly cloud, which carried a troop of vicious demons, like evil-intending dwarfs; and I heard them, as if passing a fool, laugh and chuckle among themselves." So begins a poem by a Frenchman, once much read and admired in "aristic" circles. I remember it, because a fellow-student in young, literary days called it beautiful art and pure art.

The moral it serves to point now is that tastes differ. You cannot force an art into the digestion of a race unless it is the food for which the spiritual organs of the race were constructed.

Any half dozen men can set up an art, and their successors can keep it alive by assiduous attention, but its life is poorer by being longer, except when it can exist through its own vitality.

All of us have noted a peculiar resentment among musicians. It seems to be a habit inevitably associated with the profession. If the musician be a composer the habit takes on the inflammation of a disease.

In trying to account for the habit, I have been led to reluctantly admit that music is not an essential of modern life or even of modern culture.

When I look back on the many hundreds of hours I have spent in the work and pleasure of music, the admission is rather disheartening, but as it does not alter the fact that good music is a delight, what's the difference?

If it be true that music is not an essential of our civilization, the resentment of the musician calls for no further inquiry. He complains because he feels—though he may not know—that the world gets along as well without him as with him when it so elects.

A week ago I sat through the best part of an evening—the last part—with a musician who is also a composer. He mourned, of course. They all do. His mission is to elevate the taste of the American public in matters musical, and he does not seem, as the American public would say, to get there. The American rich man, in particular, came in for his denunciations. Instead of supporting orchestras and founding establishments for the steady production of opera, the American perversely continues to do common business, build railroads, sell wheat and turn wheels around.

For the benefit of this worthy and accomplished foreigner, and many others who voice the same complaint, let me present another quotation. It is not from French poetry to be sure, but it is good reading. The man who wrote it is an American preacher whose soul has been as near to heaven as any soul; whose life has been both beautiful and strong, and who possesses an art as immeasurably more difficult as it is more potent than the art of performing and composing music—the art of high mastery over a written language. Here is the passage:

"Suppose all of Western Europe were practically uninhabited; that to-day the pioneer were pitching his tent by the Thames and Seine, and building his log cabin on the banks of the Tiber. He takes with him not the rude

implements of centuries ago, but the locomotive, the telegraph, the steam press, and all the swift appliances of modern civilization. Suppose the countries named above were all to be settled in twenty years; that instead of the slow evolutions of many centuries, their political, social, religious and educational institutions were to be determined by one generation; that from this one generation were to spring a civilization, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter, full-grown and fully equipped. What a period in the world's history it would be, unparalleled and tremendous! Yet such a Europe is being created by this generation west of the Mississippi. And within the bosom of these few years is folded not only the future of the mighty West, but the nation's destiny; for, as we have seen, the West is to dominate the East."

This preacher is not a Westerner. That the passage happens to tell of the West is only an incident. It might be applied, with a few changed words, to any stage of this country's history and to any section. The story it tells is that of a nation's self-construction.

Compare the poor material beginnings of the early settlers in Massachusetts or in Georgia with the recent figures of Mulhall. The term wealth is misleading. It suggests the mere possession of money, lands and cattle. Speak of the comparison as one of power. The average power of the American to-day, not taking out the negroes, who pull down the average, is by a large percentage higher than that of any other people on earth now or ever before. More than any other man who lives or ever lived, he can get what he likes. If he does not get it, and thrives spiritually as well as materially, the proof that he needs is very badly will be hard to find.

But the thriving is not artistic. That is as you see it. Results come before means in importance, action before fancy, thought before emotion, and all these before what is called the artistic.

In truth, the artistic is the refinement of a people's natural activities. Anything else is affectation. So far the British races have not made a business of music. They have had too much to do. Now they have got so far along that music is more likely to wane than to develop as a race institution.—J. A. Graham in the *St. Louis Republic*.

(To be continued.)

## Spiering Quartet Dates.

THE Spiering Quartet (of Chicago) dates for the season 1897-98 are as follows. The advance booking so far excels expectation:

October	7—Noldi concert.
"	15—Omadrough Club series, first concert (Chicago).
"	23—Nashville Exposition.
"	26—Handel Hall series, first concert (Chicago).
November	9—Memorial Hall, St. Louis.
"	11—A Capella Club, Milwaukee.
"	12—Omadrough Club, Chicago, second concert.
"	16—Handel Hall, Chicago, second concert.
"	18—Pittsburg.
"	19—Williamsport, Pa.
"	22—Farmington, Conn.
"	23—Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, New York city.
"	24—Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
December	3—Grinnell, Ia.
"	7—St. Louis, second concert.
"	8—Godfrey, Ill.
"	9—Omadrough Club, Chicago, third concert.
"	14—Handel Hall, third concert (Chicago).
January	7—Omadrough Club, Chicago, fourth concert.
"	11—St. Louis, third concert.
"	18—Handel Hall, Chicago, fourth concert.
February	8—St. Louis, fourth concert.
"	11—Omadrough Club, Chicago, fifth concert.
"	15—Handel Hall, Chicago, fifth concert.
March	4—Toledo, Ohio.
"	8—Champaign, Ill.
"	10—Omadrough Club, Chicago, sixth concert.
"	15—Handel Hall, sixth concert.

In addition to the above dates, the following cities will be visited some time during the winter: St. Paul, Minneapolis; Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio; Quincy and Bloomington, Ill.; Davenport and Burlington, Ia.

Western tour end of March or beginning of April.

**Marquis of Lorne's Opera.**—London, October 23.—The first performance of "Diarmid," an opera by Hamish McCunn, the libretto of which was written by the Marquis of Lorne, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Covent Garden Theatre to-night was a great social function, as well as an interesting musical and dramatic event. The Marquis of Lorne has tried to do for Scotland and Ireland what Wagner has done for the Celts of Southern Britain and the semi-mythical Scandinavian heroes.

If the music and libretto suggested Wagner, any attempt at comparison would be absurd. The music was clever and good, the libretto pleasing, and the opera fairly well sung. The piece was brilliantly staged, and received the enthusiastic approval of the great and fashionable audience. Mr. McCunn and the Marquis of Lorne responded to calls in front of the curtain.—*Sun*.

## Music Items.

**Francis Fisher Powers Receives.**—This (Wednesday) afternoon from 4 until 7 Mr. Powers receives his pupils and friends in his handsome new studios, Carnegie Hall.

**Wetzler-Morgan Trio.**—The Wetzler-Morgan Trio, which made such a success last winter, is looking forward to a very busy season. The three artists will give a series of concerts, the details of which will appear in a later issue.

**Frank Dietz.**—Frank Dietz first came to this country with Rosina Vokes, was afterward manager of Richard Mansfield and other celebrities, is now associated as business manager with R. E. Johnston & Co., and will go out in advance of Nordica to the Pacific Coast.

**Clementine Sheldon Hess, Soprano, Successful.**—Mrs. Hess has won golden opinions for her singing, as attested by the appended extracts:

Miss Sheldon sang well. Her voice is lovely in its sweetness and limpidity. Pure and natural in her style, she affects one as having a reserve power that she does not give.—*Elmira Telegram*.

Miss Sheldon's "Bolero" was executed in a style that showed her thorough training, and the clearness of her notes was the subject of many favorable comments.—*Binghamton Leader*.

Miss Clementine Sheldon sang Ardit's "Bolero" with a simplicity of manner and a sweet girlish quality of voice that won the audience at once. She was given an emphatic recall, and as one of Binghamton's singers she made it apparent in the musical world that this city is down on the map.—*Binghamton Republican*.

**Carolyn L. Yeaton, the Pianist.**—Of her playing a neighboring journal said this:

Miss Carolyn Yeaton started the afternoon's entertainment by playing Chopin's etude in A flat and Liszt's Third Liebestraum. Miss Yeaton's technic is masterly, and she plays with wonderful feeling and breadth of expression. She was enthusiastically encored, and gave "Etincelles" (Sparks), by her teacher, Moszkowski.

And this is from another daily:

Miss Carolyn L. Yeaton is a musician of wonderful ability. She is constantly studying under the best teachers, and is winning golden opinions from all. Miss Yeaton spent several years in Europe under the instruction of famous men before coming to this city, and to her ability has united untiring energy and industry. She has played several times before critical audiences and won the most flattering opinions. She has also appeared in New York and gained encomiums from press and public. In physique Miss Yeaton is small and slight, and is very graceful and attractive. Her face is full of expression and lighted by large, intelligent eyes, which shine with the fire of true genius. She is very winning and has scores of friends and admirers, who predict that she will become a great artist. She has a charming studio at her place of residence, and spends most of her leisure time before one or the other of the two pianos which furnish it. She is a great reader as well, and a remarkably intelligent and cultured young woman.

**Katherine Ruth Heyman Corrects.**—Miss Heyman is to play at the Astoria November 1, at the large charity concert, with orchestra, and not on November 9, as stated here recently. Some recent press notices of her are as follows:

A large audience assembled at Trinity Chapel last evening to enjoy the concert given by the St. Cecilia Society. The program consisted of ten numbers, and each was a rare musical treat. The piano playing of Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman was perhaps the most commendable, and she was twice forced to respond to encores. Her execution was marvelous, and the audience became simply delighted with her brilliant playing. \* \* \* Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the entire entertainment, as it was excellent from first to last.—*Bay City (Mich.) Tribune*.

Miss Heyman is one of the few pianists who has completely mastered technic and made it her servant, always ready to become the means for artistic ends, rather than a tyrannical master, forever glaring out at you and saying: "Behold me; I am technic. Can I not do marvelous things?"—*The Song Journal, Detroit, Mich.*

Her (Miss Heyman's) performance showed that she was a pianist of rare merit, and would take second place to no one.

Musicians declare that she was never excelled in that hall, so finished and delightfully beautiful was her work.—*Randolph (Mass.) Register and News*.

**Wagner and the French.**—Statistics respecting French visitors to Bayreuth give the following figures: In 1876, 52; 1882, 114; 1883, 57; 1884, 29; 1886, 163; 1888, 122; 1889, 156; 1891, 310; 1892, 520; 1894, 403; 1896, 720.

**Copenhagen News.**—October, 10, 1897.—The third season of Joachim Andersen's Palace concerts opens October 14. The program consists entirely of Wagner selections, beginning with the "Parsifal" Prelude and ending with the "Rienzi" Overture, and for the first time in Copenhagen will be given the Paris version of the "Tannhäuser" Overture and Bacchanalian scene.

Last winter all of the "immortal nine" Beethoven symphonies were given; this season will be devoted more especially to the romantic and modern school, embracing symphonies of Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Raff, Rubinstein and Brahms. The classic composers Mozart and Haydn will also be represented with symphonies. Among the artists for the first series of concerts that take place before Christmas are Concertmaster Hilmer, of the Royal Danish Opera; Henri Falcke, from Paris, and Albert Friedenthal, from Berlin.

**Ernest Gamble.**—The new basso profundo, Mr. Ernest Gamble, will shortly be heard in New York under the management of Mr. Victor Thrane. Considerable interest has already been aroused in his coming.





#### The Guilmant Tour.—

Guilmant, the renowned French organist, will arrive in New York in the first week of December. He will be heard in concerts in Boston, Hartford and New Haven, and will not publicly appear in New York until December 10. He is now booked in most of the large cities, and there is little doubt but that his entire time will be occupied. This will be Guilmant's final visit to America, and he will return to Europe the last week in February.

#### Marteau's Engagements.—

Henri Marteau will give a number of recitals in New York and Brooklyn after his appearance here with the New York Philharmonic Society. He will be assisted by a well-known pianist, and together these artists will play several compositions never before heard in this country. Marteau's tour will extend into the middle of April, when he will return to London, and play there in one of the Richter concerts and at a number of recitals in St. James' Hall.

#### Mr. Becker's Lecture-Musicales.—

Gustav L. Becker opens the third season of his lecture-musicales with an informal program, on Saturday morning, at his studio, 70 West Ninety-fifth street. The assisting artist was Miss Dora Valesca Becker, who played the Bach Chaconne for violin alone, and Ries' "Perpetuum Mobile." The piano numbers played by Mr. Becker and his pupils were by Bach, Liszt, MacDowell, Jensen, Wilson G. Smith and Ethelbert Nevin. The list of subjects for the winter's course was read and discussed. Hereafter the musicales will be held on the first and third Saturday mornings of the month, beginning November 6.

#### A Virgil Pupil in Newark.—

Another pupil of Mrs. Virgil scored a success on Wednesday evening, October 20, at Miss Lulu A. Potter's first concert of the season, in Association Hall, Newark, N. J. Mr. Albert Burgemeister, one of the Virgil Piano School artist pupils, appeared, playing six numbers. The audience showed appreciation of Mr. Burgemeister's playing by hearty encore. The Liszt Gnomensreigen and Rhapsodie No. 8 were given with a dash and brilliancy rarely found in so young a player, and the beautiful etude in A flat by Chopin displayed to advantage the training Mr. Burgemeister has had in the more expressive side of piano work.

#### German Conservatory Pupils' 410th Concert.—

This concert, the 410th of the institution, drew a crowded house, which listened with manifest pleasure to a program given by Misses Lottie Broking, Lillie Doscher, Louise Holtze, Lillie Latimer, Marion Macdonald, Celia Moller, Josephine Munson, Lillie Rueseler, Estelle Broda, Madge Carleton, Mamie Keefe, May Tisch, Elsie Jandorf, and Messrs. Edward Marion Fulton, Arnold Gleisberg, George Osthoff, F. Reglin, L. Espinali, Andrew Byrne, Laser, Flemming, and an organ recital by Mr. Minor C. Baldwin, concert organist, and professor at the New York German Conservatory of Music, who played at the close: Overture, "Tancredi," Rossini; Intermezzo, Baldwin; Paraphrase, "Thème Kreutzer Sonata," op. 47, Beethoven. The next concert occurs the middle of November.

#### New Piano Music.—

The September bulletin of new music issued by the White-Smith Music Publishing Company announces the publication of a novel suite of piano pieces by Robert Coverley, a composer whose productions have won him established favor. "Ten Sketches for Piano," the title of the book, suggests its general character. Although the numbers are short, each has the distinctive individuality of a descriptive poem, in which much has been told in a brief measure. Rupert Hughes, in *Godey's Magazine*, calls the work "A fine example of sustained elegance and purity," and summarizes thus: "Bagatelle," a piece of delicious drollery; "The Windmill," a graceful tone poem;

"Etude" and "Elation," both magnetically interesting; "The Valse," "Melody," "Lullaby," and the "Song of the Nuns" are tinged with a trace of haunting plaintiveness, while "A Rustic Dance" and "Recreation at the Monastery" are jovial and even rollicking, and offer a charming contrast to the more sombre sketches. Truly a casket of musical gems."

#### Max Treumann at Carnegie Hall.—

Mr. Max Treumann has resumed his lessons at his studio in Carnegie Hall on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 9 to 1 o'clock in the mornings and from 2 to 6 o'clock in the afternoons. Mr. Treumann teaches the Italian method of voice culture, and prepares his pupils for church, oratorio, concert or opera. Among Mr. Treumann's pupils who are now holding prominent positions may be mentioned Mrs. Nora Russell-Haesche, Miss S. M. Thompson, Miss M. Klock and Miss M. G. Hiney. Another pupil of Mr. Treumann is Mr. Howard A. Garrett, who has been appointed to the vocal department of Syracuse University. Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, who has been singing with marked success during the summer season, attributes much to the excellent tuition of Mr. Treumann.

#### Elliott Schenck's Versatility.—

Mr. Elliott Schenck has returned to town from Willow Grove, where, besides conducting a concert every day, he managed to find time for composition and piano practice.

Among the compositions on the programs may be noted "Salome" episode for orchestra, which was played several times and conducted both by Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Schenck. It was received with enthusiasm by critics and public, a result to be expected by any who know of Mr. Schenck's ability as a composer and who remember the good impression made by his "Symphonic Poem" and "Overture" when played here two years ago. As to Mr. Schenck's piano playing the local papers state that he played with great success recently in a Beethoven trio. Mr. Schenck is now very busy training the chorus for the Damrosch opera season and is going once a week to Albany, where he is preparing for concerts during the coming winter.

#### Walter Presting's Recital.—

The vocal recital in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, October 20, given by Mr. Walter Presting was hardly a fair test of his artistic ability as a vocalist. Mr. Presting, although almost unknown to New York concert-goers, bears an excellent reputation as a singer in Vienna and Berlin. He was suffering from a severe cold on Wednesday last, which fact called forth an apology from his manager, who, in consequence thereof, begged the kindly forbearance of the audience.

Mr. Presting's manner is modest (almost too much so), and his voice, as nearly as it could be judged under the existing conditions, is a mellow, yet resonant baritone, clear and full in the upper register, though somewhat throaty in the middle and lower part of the voice. He was at his best in the Schumann numbers, the "Two Grenadiers," which he gave as an encore, furnishing him his greatest opportunity. In some of the Schubert selections a lack of smoothness was noted, but this may have been due to his indisposition.

A feature of the recital, not down on the program, was the singing of Mr. Franz Louis Berger, who gave the "Wanderlied," by Schumann, and "Vöglein wohin so schnell," by Robert Franz. Mr. Arthur Claassen was the accompanist. Mr. Presting will be heard later in the season with the German Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

#### Mr. Mariner's Pupils.—

Mr. Frederic Mariner has commenced his regular Thursday musicals, given in the interests of his pupils and their friends. Already two have been given, the first, on October 14, being quite well attended, and the playing of all the pupils showing to good advantage that a long vacation has but little ill effect on pupils trained in the Virgil method.

These recitals are a very happy thought of Mr. Mariner, and are highly appreciated by his pupils, who seem to vie with one another as to how often they shall play. Mr. Mariner's pupils are trained to overcome all fear of pub-

lic performance and to conquer the nervousness that so often accompanies public playing.

A new player Mr. Mariner has added to his list this season is Robert Colston Young. Mr. Young succeeded in passing through the technical work demanded before the study of pieces is commenced during the spring and summer past, and made his first appearance at this recital, playing two numbers in a highly creditable manner. He gets a good tone, particularly in heavy chords. The full program of the recital is appended. And it is a fact worthy of note that this program was given the second week after beginning the season's work:

Bourree.....	Bach
Caprice.....	Wachs
Tarantelle.....	Rubinstein
Pilgrims' Chorus.....	Wagner-Lange
Mergeliedchen.....	Miss Bird MacLagan.
Im Garten.....	Miss Jessie Ginn.
Marsch.....	Gurlett
Butterflies.....	S. S. Messer.
To the Spring.....	Grieg
Hexentanz.....	MacDowell
Melody.....	Miss Bird MacLagan.
Sarabande.....	Miss Julia Epton.
Bourrée.....	Aus der Ohe
Air de Ballet.....	Mr. Robert Young.
Scherzo.....	Chaminade
	Karganoff
	Miss Bird MacLagan.

#### Henri Joubert.—

Henri Joubert, the personal representative of Ysaie, Pugno, and who also acts in the capacity of secretary for Messrs. R. E. Johnston & Co., arrived on the steamship La Champagne last Sunday, two weeks in advance of the two great masters he represents. Mr. Joubert will be remembered here as the director of the orchestra for many years at Daly's Theatre and also as one of our first local violinists. He has for the past two years been teaching and studying the violin in Paris, but he gave that up entirely this season in order to represent the above mentioned artists.

#### St. Raphael's Church Celebration.—

The music of the Feastday at this church, on West Fortieth street, which was celebrated last Sunday, embodied high-class compositions. The mass selected for the occasion was the one in C, by Silas, and which was the mass selected as the prize winner of seventy-five submitted for the Immaculate Conception in Ghent, Belgium.

The St. Raphael's choir gave it a very artistic reading, under the direction of Gustave Kochenbach, the organist. He was well supported in the work by his quartet, composed of Miss Minnie E. Gallagher, soprano; Miss Katherine Wilson, alto; Mr. Millard, tenor, and D. O'Malley, basso. A string quartet from the Seidl Orchestra gave the mass a very dignified presentation. One of the features of the service was the performance of a quartet, entitled "Hymn to St. Raphael," for voices and strings, written by Organist Kochenbach, who is to be congratulated on his work, especially the contrapuntal effects and the obligato passage work for first violin. The words were written by the pastor, Rev. Malachy Cunnion. Mr. Kochenbach has a vesper service now in preparation.

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY**—I will give an interest in an excellent music publishing scheme which is absolutely legitimate to a young business man who is able to invest a small capital, which he can control. I can refer to the editor of this paper, who knows that it is a paying and a valuable enterprise. It would be a magnificent opportunity for the son of a musician, as it will give the chance to get thoroughly acquainted with the whole music publishing business of the United States and Europe. Address Waldemar, care Bureau of Information, THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

**Hanover.**—Hanover, hitherto, the only German city of corresponding size and importance which could not boast its duly appointed musical conservatorium, is at length to be furnished with such an institution, which is to be opened in the course of the present month. Herr Leimer, for the last thirteen years the director of the Königsberg Conservatorium, will be the principal, and there will be a highly efficient staff of professors, including the pianist, Herr Evers, Kammeränger Brune and the distinguished organist, Herr Wuthmann.

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THE "TRUST" AGAIN.

And the press is opening the public's eyes rapidly. The trust is variously referred to as "the Shylock combination," "the swarm of useless middlemen," "that insolent and mischievous clique of theatrical middlemen," "insolent jobbers," "the theatrical throtters of the East," "the crooked entrepreneurs," &c.

Such widely read newspapers as the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Buffalo Evening News*, the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, among others, have shown a determination to expose the true inwardness of the trust, and to protect the theatre from its blighting influence, while *THE MUSICAL COURIER* and other important periodicals have not hesitated to strip off its hypocritical pretensions, and reveal it as it is.

There is encouragement in this, and the *Mirror* is gratified to know that the battle it is waging in behalf of the stage is in no sense a single handed battle.

PRAY, what does the *Dramatic Mirror* mean? Really *THE COURIER* has not been "stripping" the trusts. It has shown no enmity to them. The position of this paper is plain as a pikestaff.

We believe that the American public has declared itself in favor of trusts; it has confidence in their efficacy; it elects to office the creatures and defenders of the trusts.

Is there any reason why we should run counter to this popular faith?

We fail to discern any such reason.

The theatre trust is quite as lawful, quite as proper as the other trusts of the day. It has a *raison d'être* in public approbation. Its methods of jobbing players, cornering theatres and controlling plays are exactly those which have made the other trusts successful.

Evidently the people want the affairs of the drama left where they are—in the hands of the illiterate managers of the trust.

Well, why not?

PRIMARIES.

ELECTIONS in the various States of the Union have finally become continuous performances, for with the quadrennial Presidential, the intervening Congressional elections, the elections for State officers and the municipal elections, we find ourselves nearly every fall of the year engaged in the show of candidates and the reiteration of platitudes upon various platforms—aye, tomplatforms, if you please.

The good American citizen, however, becomes displeased with existing parties at regular periods, and following up the cry against bosses, machines, combines, &c., he begins to kick the traces—aye, Benjamin Tracys—as it may appear and seek for reform to cure all the evils he at that time complains of. The evils are always the same; the complaints always the same, and the remedy is and has always been the same, but the good American citizen is too busy to apply it.

Then when our bosses, acting as Lacedemonian harmosts did, run things just exactly to suit themselves and their retainers, the good American citizen gets angry at them, instead of getting angry at himself, and a reform must be called into life to choke off the reign of the boss. If the boss then is choked—and sometimes he is not affected at all—a new boss with another name substitutes him on the vacant throne. The harmost under another name directs the destinies of the community, and all is quiet until the next election period. These bosses are sagacious men and as such they work for their ends; the good American citizen has other work to do, and hence the boss does all the political work for the good, busy American citizen.

How many of you attend the primaries? Of course you all know what a primary is, do you not? No? You have not attended a primary? Your Italian bootblack does; your German barber does; your coachman does; your "ole close" Hebrew peddler does; your Christian tenement janitor does, and chiefly, primarily, your corner liquor saloon keeper and his chief barkeeper and regular hangers-on—all these attend. You are too busy. Then if somehow or other you should happen to attend one you would not go again, because you do not propose to mix up with these above mentioned good American citizens—although you must mix with them on Election Day at the election booths, unless you wish to forfeit altogether the most sacred privilege the Republic gives to its citizens—the right to elect somebody to office against his usual will.

If, then, you do not attend the primaries, where the first expression of the people's will finds its accent, why do you inveigh against those who systemat-

ically fulfill that honorable function of citizenship, frequently for that reason becoming the trusted agents of the primary? Why such denunciation against the spirit of bossism, which could not exist in any community at any time if the electors were to decide to annihilate it where it is born, bred and built into a self-chartered tyranny? Why demand reform when the primary offers you all the play room for your spasmodic reform drunk, your reform spree? When you are sober, uninfluenced by the election intoxicant, you are satisfied with your municipal government under the sway of the tyrannical boss, just as you are satisfied with your State and your national boss. If you were not satisfied you certainly would attend the primary and see to it that the proper man for alderman is selected—not waiting for higher official distinction—your alderman; the officer nearest the people, the one to whom appeals are made for the removal of the small grievances that interfere with those intimate relations of life, such as street cleansing, garbage removal, hydrants, sign privileges, fruit venders' licenses, lampposts, transit and street traffic, chimney sweeping, stable nuisances, street impediments—the diminutive and yet the essential participants in the municipal struggle for civilized existence. You would do that.

But you do not.

You do not attend the primary. The other humble, as they are called, American citizens do attend them, and do they then select you to represent them as alderman, you who neglect their primary? No, they select one of their own, chiefly their host, the liquor dealer of the vicinage, who accommodates them by making change for them, cashing their Saturday evening pay check, giving them a free bite that frequently represents a meal, inviting them to a sociable toddy, discussing the political gossip with them on the basis of equality, allowing them their own judgment as they express it subsequently at their primary—not yours, for you have no primary.

It is after the primary has been held that your conscience begins to demand reform. Then it is that you begin to cry out aloud and the Philistine of old is seen again under your thin skin, only you are worse than the genuine article because you know how hypocritical all your rodomontades against the boss sound in your own ears. You know you are not in earnest, for if you were you would have attended the primary, where you could have made a selection of a new boss and then some others could have gone on the reform spree and you and your boss could have soberly observed the revel.

For as long as you and your great-grandchildren shall live so long and much longer shall we have bosses in the United States, if we have these United States running as they are; as they have been. The good American citizen will not attend the primary, hence that boss against whom we must protest.

The primary is the foundation of our whole electoral and election system. How easily it can be manipulated can be learned by attending it, and those who make of politics a trade manipulate these primaries, everything else subsequently taking care of itself within the small chambers of semi-official bossdom.

It is the primary where the work is done, and the good American citizen is first of all too busy, and then too much disinclined to meet on a par of equality the bootblack who shines his patent leathers, the barber who dyes his whiskers, the peddler who carries away his old swallow tail, the janitor who watches his property. But they all vote at primaries as well as at secondaries. At the primaries they control because the good American citizen is absent; at the secondaries they control because the boss takes care of them. They could have no boss for a longer period than the good American citizen wanted him, but a boss they would always have, for primaries make bosses and bosses have brains or they would not be bosses.

The Paris *Figaro* in announcing the publication in a Paris review of M. Ferdinand Brunetière's lecture on the subject of the work of M. Zola, states that the impresarii of New York have made many tempting offers to the author of "Rome" to induce him to deliver a series of lectures in America. M. Zola has refused, at least for the present, "not wishing," he said, "to give M. Brunetière this satisfaction." He intends, however, to deliver some lectures in the United States, not on literature or on the theatre, but on the subject "L'Amour des Peuples."



IN THE MUSICAL COURIER of September 22 we pointed out that the drama is now in the hands of ignoble traffickers. Among other things we said :

The dramatic art languishes. It languishes wholly and solely because it is managed by men of vapid mind. They do the best they can, but their best is a mixture of vulgarity, stupidity and inanity. We cannot expect a beery lout to provide any pleasures save those which are well within the scope of the beery lout. Water does not rise higher than its source. The unlettered manager cannot get higher than the level of his own illiteracy.

The common plea of the illiterate New York manager is that he provides the sort of dramatic entertainment the people want.

There are two answers to this :

First—He does nothing of the sort. He provides the sort of entertainment that is liked by the coarsest people, or by people at their coarsest ; he caters to the stupidest people, or to people at their stupidest ; he appeals to the sensual man and the silly woman ; he baits traps for the laughter of fools and the tears of imbeciles. And he does this simply because he himself is coarse and stupid and sensual and silly—pleased by singing without music, romping without merriment, laughter without mirth.

We repeat that the theatrical manager does not provide the sort of dramatic entertainment men and women want. He caters only for men at their worst and women at their silliest.

Second—Even did he give theatregoers the sort of plays they want there would be no justification in it. The higher orders do not visit the playhouses ; the better classes are not the patrons of the dreary farces and sappy sentimentalities purveyed by the illiterate managers of this city. The audiences attracted by the cheap dramatic clap-trap of the hour are as uncultured, uncritical and ignorant as the theatrical managers themselves. Take the members of any first night audience and their opinions individually, and they are absolutely worthless.

What a monstrous absurdity it is to assume that taken collectively they are infallible !

And even were it true that audiences are satisfied with what they get, this is no excuse for giving them nothing better.

Right there lies the trouble.

The groundlings have been permitted to dictate the quality of public amusements ; the managers are their representatives, equally ignorant of the art, the history and the technic of drama.

Why should we bother about it ? Why not let the drama take its own course ? Why not let it make its own way ? Why not let the natural laws of business work out the problem ? Why not let natural selection attain its ordinary end ?

At first blush these queries seem not unreasonable, but there is a fallacy at the root of each of them.

Amusing the public is not a business like any other—it is accompanied with a far larger measure of public responsibility than any other business save that of education. It would be quite as reasonable to let education work out its own salvation—to let the lower orders decide on the books of instruction and permit the representatives of the lower orders to become the instructors.

No ; the first rule of the arts is that natural selection may not have its own way : always and everywhere in the arts it must yield to the higher form—artificial selection. The very existence of poetry and painting, music and sculpture, depend upon artificial selection—were it no more than the artificial selection of an audience. Poet, musician, painter—in so far as they work for an audience at all they work for an ideal audience, for the supremely cultured, the largely lettered. It is only when the dramatist works under like conditions that great plays are made. Molière wrote for the wits and gentle folk of the most accomplished court in Europe ; Shakespeare wrote for the literate.

To-day the ignorant manager blocks the path to good work—to dramatic art of any sort. He is abetted by the ignorant audience. These two have usurped the theatres.

We cannot persuade ourselves that the silly farces and vulgar comedies of the hour are the best dramatic expression of this cultured, earnest and artistic generation.

We believe that the intellectual and artistic poverty of the drama is due to the unlettered and inartistic managers. As long as such men control the theatres the dramatic art will languish.

The first step, then, in reforming the drama is to reform the managers. It would seem a hopeless task to set about. There seems to be no way of accomplishing it.

We say again that the drama has been degraded to suit the tastes of men whose minds are debauched and women whose minds are weak ; that it is in the hands of "managers" who are conspicuously ignorant, uneducated, uncultivated, coarse, vulgar and facetious in sensuality.

A month later Gabriel d'Annunzio, in a spirited interview, said :

"Open the windows! Let the wind and the sun enter!" That is the cry of a man suffocating in a closed room. The cry corresponds, or so it seems to me, to the sentiment that animated the ten thousand spectators in the Roman theatre of Orange: "Open the windows! Let us breathe!" This same impatience, this same need, was implied among the mountains of the Vosges, at Bussang, where a poet built a wooden platform on the beautiful prairie and, in the splendor of daylight, with the crags and peaks as background, presented to the people seated on the grass the visions of his poetry.

"The drama, although now descended to the lowest depth of abjection, although now become an ignoble industry in the hands of traffickers devoid of all intelligence, bereft of all culture; although now condemned to the secret artifices of the adroit court-tesan seeking to excite the passion—the drama, I say, is always the one living form given to the poet in which he can embody for the crowd, by which he can communicate to the multitude the revelations of beauty, the medium whereby he can unfold to innumerable souls the virile and heroic dreams that suddenly transfigure life.

D'Annunzio is right. The drama is in the lowest depths of abjection—the turn-penny of illiterate and inartistic managers. In this country matters are worse than they are in Italy—worse than they are in any country of Europe. There are a few well built playhouses in New York city, but without exception they are too large for the proper presentation of artistic plays. They are big—too big for art. Crowds may be got into them. They are well enough fitted for coarse spectacles. For all artistic purposes they are worse than useless. Aesthetic performances are impossible without aesthetic surroundings.

These huge barns, gaudily and vulgarly bespattered with paint and gilding, and disfigured with crimson velvet and green plush are fit only for framing the vulgar and tawdry "leg shows" of the hour.

If gilding could make the New York theatres safe, we dare say they are safe enough. At all events thanks to the pretty combination of politics and passes they have been declared safe by the authorities.

But how is it in the provinces?

During a performance in a Cincinnati theatre the other day a huge chandelier fell from the rotten dome in which it hung. How many rotten domes are there in the theatres of the 1,500 leading cities of the land? How many in New York? What guarantee have we of the safety of any New York theatre?

The word of politicians and managers—and pray what is their word worth?

D'Annunzio is right, and we have often laid stress upon the point he makes.

The other points—mere matters of public safety—should not be overlooked.

It is bad enough that the drama should be rotten.

But what of rotten plays in rotten playhouses?

## VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

OUR friend "The Tattler" quotes from a London paper a serious paragraph about Dr. Engel, who has discovered that Shakespeare's plays were taken down in short hand by a Timothy Bright, and who tells an expectant world that Karl Dewischeit is studying the question. Our Shakespearean friend has been moved by this paragraph to write us a note of warning. He says:

"The application of the principles of the higher criticism, or even the methods of Ignatius Donnelly, will show beyond doubt that the *Standard* has been imposed upon by a facetious German. Dr. Engel is of course the ordinary dramatic angel that takes companies on the road and then leaves them to walk home. Suspicion ought to have been aroused in the English editor's brain when the aforesaid angel quotes Bright. 'Angels ever bright,' &c.

But the name of the young expert, Karl Dewischeit, ought to have convinced him of the imposture. There is a German proverb:

Wenn das Bier ist in dem Man,  
All Dewischeit is in der Kann.

"And it is this airy nothing on which the angel relies for proof of his so-called discovery. There must have been a good deal of beer in somebody when this tale was concocted."

Monsieur Leon Daudet has been reading the "Conversion of Angele," by Monsieur Claude Berton. He finds in it a new shudder of cruelty and desire, and its perusal has led him to remark the singular progress of the psychological novel. This style of literature began first with an amiable appreciation of good society with the coquetties of the drawing room. This is the novel of Paul Bourget, in which the action takes place amid cups of tea and under the light of rose colored lamps. Then the tone becomes sharper, and satire is introduced. Such are the works of Gyp. In his novel "Painted by Themselves" Paul Hervieu shows us the hell of Parisian society. It is the terrible cry of a great writer who detects the damned, like Macbeth, by the pricking of his thumb. Then at last comes the tragical dialogues of M. Berton, with their display of monstrous vices and strange longings.

Monsieur L. Daudet introduces us to a friend who has abandoned his profession of doctor to become a social observer. "Society" he says, "is my laboratory." This social observer has come to the conclusion that society turns into wild brutes all those who compose it.

The struggle of interests and vanities transforms these unhappy creatures into beasts of prey, who otherwise would merely have been harmless monkeys. The struggle develops talons, horns, poisoned tongues; every being thrown into the struggle without defense either dies or acquires a hard shell like a tortoise or quills like a porcupine. In contemporary society there are only two adversaries, gold and love. It might be thought that they would mutually aid each other, but more often they devour each other. The man with his black dress coat and his white tie has for his arms some little round pieces on which the head of some king or republic is stamped, while the lady, in her satins, silks and laces, has as her weapon mendacity. "Lies," says this wise man, "are the current coin of women." Such is the formula of modern love. One of the striking characteristics of the time is that it is abominable in its action and moderate in its language. It may be objected that this has existed at all times; the old memoirs prove it; but the royal courts, with their vices and their shames, have vanished and have become democratized into thousands of salons. In those old courts there was one redeeming feature, bloodshed purified everything. Nowadays we are cowards and fear death. Alongside the sense of life there is developed a sense of honor which has no longer a chivalric form, but which, still in its bourgeois form, might occasionally be a counterpoise to the weight of gold. Our society, however, has arrived at a state in which honor loses its meaning every day and has only commercial value.

After these remarks of a general character, M. Leon Daudet's friend comes to particulars, and proceeds somewhat as follows:

"I can't help feeling a kind of shudder when I receive a scented note on rose colored paper inviting me to a soirée dansante at the house of M. and Madame X. Everybody knows that they haven't a penny. I arrived at the house early; there is a rich Catholic manufacturer and a Jew banker, both of them old, both happy at this fete, which will display the charms of madame. She receives her guests with a charming smile, and I cannot help looking with astonishment at the graceful and perfidious Madame X. Her husband stands besides her, hideous to look at, as he swings his huge hands, which have not yet made the acquaintance of handcuffs.

"Then among the guests is the fashionable surgeon, the family surgeon, the domestic surgeon, who knows everything and who has saved many a reputation. Then there is the politician, who has been accused of more crimes than Cartouche, and around him flutter all the ladies whose husbands aspire to rise in the political world, for the man is a minister. Then there is the judge, insolent, ferocious and corrupt; there is the dishonest merchant, the employer of labor who oppresses his workmen; all the master blackmailers of society.

"And among all these men the women are circling in search of prey. These oppressors are soon transformed into the oppressed by the women whose radiant charms diffuse to my sense the odor of death."

It is not surprising that M. L. Daudet says that his old friend became silent, and suddenly assumed a melancholy air. His conversation had plunged them both into such a depressed state of mind that they couldn't say a word.





AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE CAST.

Beresford Cruger, of Barbury, Brown & Cruger, after-ward called Carew..... Mr. N. C. Goodwin  
 Peter Barbury..... Mr. Clarence F. Montaine  
 Egerton Brown..... Mr. Wm. Ingersoll  
 Sir Humphrey Bunn..... Mr. Clarence Handside  
 Willie Bunn..... Mr. Richard Sterling  
 Otto Strobbe..... Mr. Louis Payne  
 Lucas..... Mr. Henry Lewis  
 Simma..... Mr. Neil O'Brien  
 Corola Chapin..... Miss Estelle Mortimer  
 Lady Bunn..... Miss Hattie Russell  
 Georgia Chapin..... Miss Gertrude Elliott  
 Annette..... Miss Sophie Eggert  
 Mercury..... Master Ralph  
 Beatrice Carew..... Miss Maxine Elliott



AMERICAN.

MRS. RYLEY'S play is built—if I may use so dignified a word—round a little scene which amused the Paris audiences of ten years ago. A husband and wife—married, not mated—meet as strangers and the husband improves the occasion by lacing his wife's corsets. Mrs. Ryley's originality consists in having the husband fasten a bodice.

It is not much, you will say, still it is something.

Of course the episode was not as blunt and unmeaning as you may have gathered from my curt description. It was led up to; it was led away from; it was set like a radiant gem in four aluminum acts. And bless me, how the audience enjoyed it?

You see the American citizen had married an English girl for her money. Years afterward they met accidentally in a hotel bedroom. There Mr. Goodwin, as the citizen, disported himself in his shirt sleeves, and washed his head and dried it with a towel. There, too, it was that Miss Maxine Elliott as the unwed wife, coyly begged him to "hook" her bodice.

Quite charming, was it not?

Like all American plays drawing inspiration from old French farces, "An American Citizen" was not Americanized; the chief scenes were laid in Nice and London.

A play of this sort, dreary, crude, fissiparous, made up of shreds and patches, with old jokes and tags tied to it here and

there, is not worth serious consideration. It is the sort of thing the average hack constructs to fit the prowling "star" of the provinces. It was made to fit Mr. Nat Goodwin. It fits him.

Mr. Goodwin has a very elementary knowledge of the histrionic art, but he has an interesting sort of Tenderloin personality. He cannot act, but he can exhibit himself in an engaging light. He has the trick of winking across the footlights, and it is really extraordinary how many people like to be winked at. Then he knows how to extract a great deal of fun out of such simple devices as pretending to dislike brandy and soda, of drinking on the sly and other fooleries of the variety stage. So no matter what part he is supposed to be playing, playgoers see in him the drollery of a seasoned Tenderloiner and are measurably pleased. Mr. Goodwin has proved time and again that he cannot play a part; it has been found neces-



MIRTH.



ENGLISH.

he should stand as a Sixth avenue barkeeper the performance would have a sort of artistic *vraisemblance*. The trouble is that in "An American Citizen" he has not this sort of a role.

He is an unconscious vulgarian.

At times this proves amusing. For

instance there are "serious moments" in the play, moments of pathos and general sappiness. At such times Mr. Goodwin is eminently amusing. He sinks his voice to what he fancies is the tragic pitch. He rumbles forth his lines with a curious burlesque of the old barn-storming tragedian. As he is a short, little man and his leading lady is tall and stately, these scenes were not without an element of humor.

Miss Maxine Elliott is still handsome. In fact she is so handsome and innocuous that there seems nothing else to say about her.

Since the play is silly and sappy, and since Mr. Goodwin is vulgarly and frankly himself, there seems no reason why the patrons of the Knickerbocker should not enjoy themselves thoroughly.



THE popular German novelist Max Ring has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at Schrieberhau, in Silesia. The venerable author is full of vigor and freshness, and he informed his friends that he had com-

pleted the volume of his "Reminiscences," which will shortly be published in Berlin. Since the year 1838, when Max Ring first arrived in Berlin, a young man of twenty-one, scarcely any other popular writer has enjoyed an equally wide acquaintance with the eminent authors and politicians of his day. The book promises to be full of anecdotes and recollections of his early friends, Ferdinand Lassalle, Bettina, Berthold Auerbach, Gottfried Keller, Karl Gutzkow, Prince Pückler-Moskau and a crowd of others. Moreover, as a leading dramatic critic, Max Ring had an intimate acquaintance with nearly all the leading German actors and theatrical managers of half a century.

It is said that in his editorship of *Literature*, to be issued from the London Times office, Mr. Traill will be assisted by Mr. Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation."



YE RADIANT MAXINE.



THE GREAT TOWEL SCENE. THIRD ACT.



## SERVICE SECRET.

Ce drame à donnée historique  
Qui nous arrive d'Amérique  
Peut se résumer en trois mots:  
"Souvent traître télégraphie,  
Bien folle est qui s'y fie!"  
Le traître, auteur de tous les maux,  
C'est Guilty, mais quel traître aimable!  
Et la miss au cœur inflammable  
Qui sait son secret, c'est Cerny!  
Attendez, ce n'est pas fini!  
Vous verrez en grande tenue  
Un général et ses troupiers!  
Un nègre idiot comme ses pieds  
Qui tout, tout le temps continue;  
Des trucs—presque des clous—nouveaux;  
De vrais fils tendus dans l'espace  
Et le bruit des pas des chevaux  
D'un long, long régiment qui passe.  
Enfin le flirt américain  
De deux enfants dans leur famille  
Qui, pendant qu'on tue et fusille,  
S'aiment comme au temps de Berquin!  
Tout cela finit par deux noces.  
Donc, pourquoi ne verrait-on pas,  
Comme chez l'autre, à quelques pas,  
La Renaissance de deux gosses?

—Le Glazier, in Paris Journal.

## A PRETTY summing up of Mr. Gillette's play by my faith!



The only play I've seen this season—for I steer a ferryboat every night down by Bay Ridge way—is the "Devil's Disciple," at the Fifth Avenue, and I went because of Mr. Shaw, not because of Mr. Mansfield. Mr. Shaw we all know, the man I christened Gee Barney Pshaw years ago. He may be crazy, but there's method in his technic. This new piece reveals to us that Mr. Shaw has been dipping into Devil Worship and Satanism, with all its fake gory lore. His hero, Dick Dudgeon, maddened by the puritanical atmosphere in which he is reared, dedicates himself to the devil, but with all his adjurations to the sacred one of the fiery pit, this side of Dick's character is not very impressive, not as startling as the author doubtless intended it to be. However, it is always dangerous to take Shaw seriously. He has a nasty habit of digging dramatic pitfalls for the critical unwary. The form of his new play, which is a satirical melodrama, is perfectly clear, logical and not polyphonic. The story is so simple that it deceives you, and I doubt if there is a man in this country who could have written that first act. The bleak New

England spirit was there; indeed that note was harshly insistent, and the types all as familiar as Hawthorne's. But Mr. Shaw is not content to draw from nature, he must add his gill of venom; so the people of this play are a set of hypocrites and veiled humbugs, not a man except the minister among them, Dick excepted. In Dick Shaw's whimsicality has full swing, and he sounds a deep bit of truth in making the wild young fellow go to the gallows for another man. To the perfectly sane, well balanced, cold blooded man, the normal man, extravagances of this sort seem incredible; but here is a scamp, hated by his mother and his relatives who, mad with a fantastic notion, really makes a heroic sacrifice. I can see Shaw's quizzical eyes peering through the mask of this character and crying: "Aha, I've got you now! you want a reason for the sacrifice. Is it heroism? No. Is it love of the woman? No, again. What is it? I don't know." And we are nettled at such Puck-like psychology, not realizing that life is made up of sudden leaps after the unreal, idiotic devotion to the impossible, blind stumbling toward an ideal, some ideal, any old ideal, so it takes us away from the grinding monotony, the utilitarian monotony of daily life. Dick is a hero, but a fool, and Shaw knows this better than his audience. The minister episode, instead of needing "preparation," as several critics thought, is too obvious, too mechanical, but as a suspension it serves its purpose.

To be quite frank, I was disappointed in the play. It is clever and seasoned with Mr. Shaw's usual cynicism, which originated in Rochefoucauld's liver on a muggy day, but compared to "Arms and the Man" "The Devil's Disciple" must not be. The characterization is not as strong, most of the personages being little more than silhouettes, and then the story is not as interesting, for it is too easily discernible. Whether London can stand the jests at King George's army remains to be seen. For one thing, the piece is badly

acted by Mr. Mansfield's company. Miss Cameron ruins the part of the minister's wife, and the rest are generally bad. Mr. Mansfield is unusually brilliant and eloquent. The part fits him admirably, and his curious walk—ah, those wooden lower limbs, Dick!—and still more curious and ungraceful poses are forgotten.

The reading of the will is full of humor, and as picturesque as Wilkie's famous composition on canvas. The end of the play is rank melodrama; indeed I think Mr. Shaw is playing to the galleries throughout, and with his tongue in his cheek. He fetches down two birds with the same missile, the "intellectual" theatre-goer and the Chuck Connors of the upper tiers. A slick Irishman this sandy haired hater of beef and Bernhard!



"Sonnet to an Old 'Cello," by Anna de Bremont, which headed the British Budget last week, is quite characteristic of the lady who has written, some horrible anecdotes of celebrated composers. The sonnet begins: "The magic touch of Paganini thrilled thee once." Did it? We always fancied that Paganini was a fiddler whose outside taste was for guitars, not cellos. Perhaps this 'cello was an heirloom of the Bremont family, and when Paganini lunched at the chateau he plucked its neck at the table. Oh, these sonneteers!

What's the matter with the book trade of this city? Here is Moffat of Scribner's getting off before breakfast such airy things as "Hall Caine's are alike to me," and gives us an answer to the question, "Have you read Grant Allen's 'Loves of the Angels?'" "No, but I've read its sequel, 'The Heavenly Twins.'" And this is not all; my friend at Brentano's, Volney Streamer, was asked if he liked Richard Le Gallienne's new translation of Omar Khayyam he answered:

"Edward Fitzgerald's good enough for me. I don't care for Cissy."

Why, good heavens, this is a classic, and I at once begged him to put it into his "Voices of Doubt and Trust," those voices so familiar to us in the opera chorus, so often heard at my uncle's the pawnbroker.



Who is Benjamin Swift? I asked in vain after reading "Nancy Noon," and I suppose I will find out when I discover the name of the man who struck Billy Patterson. However, the Bookbuyer for November promises to solve the puzzle. The young man has lots of stuff in him, and a style compounded of one-third Dickens, one-third Meredith and the rest quite his own. He will soon slough off the other two I hope. His new book is "The Tormentor," and is a novel published by Scribners. It is swift, deadly swift, and too melodramatic for my weak nerves jangled by James. A regiment of Kiplings might

take the book in chapters, but at one dose it is not exactly plangent. Seriously Mr. Swift has power, and when he leaves behind him these Bulwer Lytton "Strange Story" heroes, and draws men and women as they are, and not seen through an overheated temperament, he may work wonders. In a preface to his other novel he said that young blood was skittish or words to that effect, and it is true. He has temperament, an intensity that is tremendous, a gift for dramatic characterization that leads him up to the armpits in blood and erotic madness, and a vision that can be very fine and true and tender, when he wishes. The tormentor of the book is a young man of means who determines to sacrifice his heart for his head. He studies his fellow beings with a scrutiny that becomes very embarrassing, and the author misses making him a very powerfully drawn figure. He had the chance to paint a second "Egoist," but being Swift, not Meredith, he dipped his brush in screaming scarlets, and, behold! the Mephisto of melodrama, limelights, sulphur and slow music. There are chapters in "The Tormentor" that many a big man in literature would be delighted to sign, and there is much rubble, especially the old aunt, and that noble but thirsty parson. The whole lot of the tormentor's victims believed like sheep, while for the women there is more excuse.

But talent, talent is on every page; so push your pen, young sir, and never mind the musty critics, young blood will have its fling.

Mrs. De Wolf Hopper is mad and talks of lawsuits. Mr. Bergen, Nellie Bergen's husband, is mad, and talks of theatrical advertising, and altogether there is the devil's own run in the Hopper, and all on account of De Wolf. Ah, my boy, my boy! as you so eloquently voice it, I little suspected your proclivities when you studied singing at the Alexander Conservatory uptown. You are a wonder, Willie!

Ethel Chase Sprague and E. J. Ratcliffe successfully appeared last week at Proctor's in a one act play called "The Black Butterfly."



THE MANSFIELD STRUT.



I suppose there is a moral in Mr. Langtry's death, but I've forgotten it since I learned that Lily paid her husband an allowance. No wonder she sent her racing colors to grace his coffin. What a world!

Mr. Anthony Comstock has been getting himself into hot water again. The hotter the better, says the book trade.

This is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

This is a story of Dr. Abernethy which Tennyson used to tell. A farmer went to the great doctor complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor said: "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I taakes my yaale pretty well." Abernethy (with great patience and gentleness): "Now, then, to begin the day—breakfast, what time?" "Oh, at haafe past seven." "Ale then; how much?" "I taakes my quart." "Luncheon?" "At eleven o'clock, I gets another smack." "Ale, then?" "Oh yes, my pint and a haafe." "Dinner?" "Haafe past one." "Any ale then?" "Yees, yees; another quart then." "Tea?" "My tea is at haafe past five." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa." "Supper?" "Noine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yees, yees; I taakes my fill then. I goes asleep arterwards." Like a lion aroused, Abernethy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out, and shouted out: "Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again; go home, drink your ale, and be damned!" The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernethy pursuing down the street with shouts of "Go home, sir, and be damned!"



We know now why Martha Morton called her last play "A Bachelor's Romance!"

This was in the *Evening Sun*. Bachelors paste it in your hats:

Here is a man wants \$25,000 from the fellow creature with whom his wife ran off. Some men want the earth.

"Les Miserables," after being fumigated, is once more on the list of eligible books at the girl's high school in Philadelphia. Can't you see those girls reading Paul de Kock and laughing at the revised Hugo version!

THE MANSFIELD ENTRANCE.

"The Cat and the Cherub" and "The First Born" are bent on conquering London. The war is now between Brady and Frohman. It is no longer the cat and cherub, but the cherub and pug!

Francis Wilson punched big trombonist Karl Eckert's head at New Rochelle the other night. Frank had better look out for the Musical Union!

Mrs. Cutting—Minnie Seligman—won her suit against Henry Clay Miner, whose middle name turned to mud when the verdict was announced. She gets \$3,445 of the \$5,000 asked; that is, she has it to get, for Mr. Miner has appealed.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn intends to revive "An Enemy to the King" during his present engagement at the Lyceum, and Mr. Richard Mansfield will probably produce "Esmond" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Mr. Gustavus Levick bought Mr. John Ernest McCann's four-act American play, "Fortune's Wheel." The play will probably be produced here within a month.

Duse is in bad health, as usual. She proposes to play "Antigone" in Berlin next spring.

WORCESTER, Mass., Thursday.—Miss Marie Laurens, the well-known prima donna of the Waite Opera Company, was married in this city to-night by the Rev. Michael T. O'Brien, to Mr. Charles S. Lockwood, of Hornellsville, N. Y., who formerly furnished the financial backing for an opera company of which Miss Laurens was the prima donna.

Miss Laurens is a former pupil of the National Conservatory.

This was told by Acton Davies:

After all, in these days it is rare to find a manager who is willing to make a lithograph stand of himself on his star's behalf, and yet the passengers from New York on the Boston Limited yesterday morning were treated to the delightful spectacle of the doughty Major Pond making a three-sheet out of himself. Scarcely had the train started when a rumor flew about among the women on the train that Anthony Hope was a passenger on the train. Sure enough, in one corner of the car sat the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," tremendously engrossed in Stevenson's "Prince Otto." In the next

chair sat Major Pond fast asleep, but clasped across his breast, with its cover turned outward so that all passers-by might see, lay a copy of "The Dolly Dialogues."

"La Poupée," with Anna Held, was a *fiasco d'estime* at Hammerstein's last week. The old story—a clever book spoiled by a clumsy interpretation.

This is from the San Francisco *Argonaut*:

"Some years ago a small knot of artists in San Francisco became offended at the sheet iron statue of Dr. Cogswell, which that dental philanthropist had presented to the city, and which disfigured the corner of Drumm and California streets. This dreadful thing had been presented to the city by Dr. Cogswell, and his statue was modestly mentioned as 'The Genius of the Fountain.' To the ordinary San Francisco supervisor, a 'genius' means almost anything or nothing, but even to their untutored minds it does not always mean an elderly dentist modeled in sheet iron, with sheet iron frock coat, sheet iron trousers and sheet iron shoes. After it had been erected, however, it remained, through municipal inertia, but to the increasing rage and anger of the artists. They talked over its removal many times, and finally one night, shortly after midnight, they repaired to the spot with a long hawser, took a turn around the neck of the genius of the fountain, and hauled it down. The next day the supervisors hauled it away. The pedestal still remains, but that will probably soon go also. In the meantime, the same knot of artists have become offended by the gigantic sign of a local firm of ready made clothing dealers, who have erected on one of the magnificent hills adjacent to Twin Peaks a long line of letters spelling their firm name, and which, sharply outlined against the Western sky, affront the artists and astonish the stranger. On a recent night, the same knot of art lovers loaded themselves into cabs and drove out to the suburbs, climbing the steep hill, intent upon making away with this vandal sign. They took with them axes and saws, but after they had worked for two and a half hours removing a single one of the letters, they concluded that it was too much work for artists, and had better be left to artisans. So, abandoning their task, they returned to the city. The net results were the demolition of one letter of the alphabet and a bill of \$27 for cab hire incurred by the Mæcenæ of the party."

Some night there will be a stealthy, sinister expedition headed by the Rev. Vance Thompson, Dr. O'Sullivan and Dr. Williams, which will make for the Greeley statue, the Dodge statue and the awful Lawson-Cox statue, and dynamite will be used and lots of it. This city is infested by vile sculpture; sculpture far more immoral than reform politics.

This was in the *Sunday Sun*:

On October 9 Verdi entered upon his eighty-fourth year, and the state of his health emphasized the groundlessness of the report circulated last summer that he was at the point of death. In honor of the occasion the Paris newspapers indulged the favorite practice of collecting a symposium of opinions of the composer's talent and his position in the world of music. Composers, singers and actors were questioned. Theodore Dubois' opinion was: "I admire the supple, powerful, fertile and virile genius which has always known how to transform and enlarge its methods." Others wrote as follows:

Saint-Saëns—Verdi is one of the most salient figures of the age. He is Italy herself, with her faults, which one pardons, and her irresistible seduction. "How happy are the Italians!" said Chabrier to me one day, and, going to the piano, he sang, passionately, "Parigi, o cara." They can write like that, and it is ravishing; we cannot.

Massenet—That master, robust and incomparable, for whom I feel as much respect as admiration.

Adelaide Ristori—Giuseppe Verdi, glory of the Latin races, inspired creator of divine harmonies, has made himself immortal in touching all the chords of the lyre of humanity.

Christine Nilsson—

The impression which the master has made upon me is that of a man as full of human kindness and charm as he is of genius. For that matter, it would be trite and pretentious so to assert, since he has been for so long consecrated by the enthusiasm of the civilized world.

The same newspaper published a letter written by Verdi when he declined the directorship of the Naples Conservatory in succession to Mercadante. The advice Verdi gives to students is highly interesting to-day. Verdi said:

"Work at fugue constantly, obstinately, even to satiety. \* \* \* Seek, also, to write with confidence. \* \* \* Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries, then leap to Marcello and especially give your attention to



JOKING WITH DEATH.

recitative. Go and hear modern operas without being carried away either by the many harmonic and instrumental beauties or by the chord of the diminished seventh, the refuge of those who cannot write four bars without using half a dozen of these sevenths. Return to the antique, and that will be progress."

Some of the operas of the day, judged by the standard set up in these words, would be failures. The rumors of the various works on which Verdi is engaged still circulate through the Italian newspapers, but none of them receives general credence.

"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading some of your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs.—Puck.

From the *World*:

TROY, N. Y., October 23.—The Camille D'Arville company, which is said to be backed by Sam Rorke, Nat Roth and Teddy Peiper, went "broke" here to-day.

The company appeared last night in "Peg Woffington," a new comic opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, and was enthusiastically received by a small but fashionable audience. The opera was beautifully staged and was presented with much precision and spirit.

This morning the singers were obliged to pawn various articles of jewelry to get money to pay their fare to New York, to-night's performance at Utica being cancelled. The company will begin a week's engagement in Washington on Monday unless disbanded before that time.

To get out of Troy Miss D'Arville had to send for a pawnbroker, who called at her hotel and advanced \$250 on a diamond brooch said to be worth \$2,500.

Since its tour began the company has been playing to small business. At Scranton last Wednesday Miss D'Arville had to pawn her brooch to reach the next stand, being unable to get a check for \$250 cashed.

From the Geneva press there has just been issued a work, the value of which in the eyes of classical scholarship it is impossible to overestimate. This is nothing less than a considerable portion of a play of Menander, whose works, though he was one of the most highly esteemed writers of ancient times, seemed but a little while ago to have been forever lost to the modern world. Apart from the quotations enshrined, like flies in amber, in the works of other authors, the only, well authenticated specimen of Menander's art recovered before this year consisted of a fragment some twenty verses in length, which was brought to light by the illustrious Tischendorf in the course of his Eastern researches. This year, however, M. Jules Nicole brought back from Cairo, among other papyri, six detached fragments belonging to two separate sheets, which, on being deciphered by him, turned out to be part of one of Menander's most celebrated plays, now given to the world under the title of "Le Laboureur de Menandre" (Geneva: Georg et Cie., Librairie de l'Universite).

The authorship is placed beyond all possible doubt by the occurrence of three passages which have been quoted by ancient writers and referred to as coming from the play just mentioned. In the words of M. Jules Nicole himself, "We have here nearly 100 verses so happily setting forth the very thick of the plot as to enable us to reconstitute, not only the list of *dramatis personae*, but also all the best part of the comedy, and to put in their proper place the few other fragments," which belong to this play and which, though previously attributed to Menander, are now for the first time definitely proved to be his work. It is worth recalling that the reason why the most distinguished poet of the new comedy at Athens should be so meagrely represented in our libraries is to be found in the implacable hatred of the Mediæval Church, which proscribed the reading of his works, forbade them to be transcribed and destroyed all the copies on which it could lay its hands.

Miss Annie Russell will create the leading part in Joseph Arthur's new play, "The Salt of the Earth." Miss Russell will remain with Sol Smith Russell until the end of his engagement at the Garden Theatre on November 8.

Marie Dressler, the funniest woman on the American stage, is ill with heart trouble and will go abroad. "Courtied Into Court" will be shelved.

Joe Jefferson has been talking to the Yale students about the "Drama." In reply to a question as to the advisability of establishing a theatre after the plan of the Comédie Française, which should be subsidized by the Government, Mr. Jefferson said:

"That is impossible in this country. Where could such a theatre be located? In New York? No, Boston would not have that. In Boston? No, Chicago would object. In Chicago? No, San Francisco would want it. In Washington? No, there would be too much politics there. If any city did get it there would have to be a Democratic tragedian and a Republican tragedian. No, we can never have such a theatre. The Republic changed everything in France except the theatre and the opera. They remained, for art must always be consistent."

But we may have an independent theatre with Mr. Charles Frohman as the manager. If Mr. Frohman keeps on making money at the present rate

he will be independent even of the public, the critics he left in the race years ago. Keep it up, Carl!

Chauncey Depew's address at the Lotus Club dinner to Anthony Hope was a masterpiece. Our Peach sneered at the preaching novel, the novel with a purpose, and said that the two great novels of the year are "Quo Vadis" and "Joan of Arc"! He also gave advice to young orators, and patted Mr. Hawkins on the back. We are proud of you, Chauncey, proud of you, old man, of your literary taste, of your vocal technic, of your whiskers. Long may you talk!

#### ARE ALL AMERICANS FOOLS?

THE *Sun*, speaking of the new independent theatre, says that only good ought to come out of it. It adds:

If the new institution puts before the public interesting plays that are not adapted to performances given in the ordinary course of theatrical enterprise, it will accomplish a work which all persons interested in the theatre ought to be grateful for. Only good ought under any circumstances to come out of the scheme. There is one mistaken note in the prospectus of the society which a great many persons interested in its success could never agree with. It says that there will be acted "a series of plays which, through the indifference to act of theatrical managers, have remained unknown to the great mass of playgoers." It is not a necessary feature of the existence of any independent theatre that it should be formed on the ignorance or carelessness of theatrical managers. The American view of the theatre makes it above all things a place of entertainment. Audiences in other countries go to the theatre to hear literature or to see life. Those attributes of a dramatic work do not injure it here. But they must never be allowed to interfere with its potency to entertain. That is the first requisite of the American theatre. There is no public for performances of any other kind. The effect of this taste is gradually showing itself in the independence of our stage. We have drifted so far away from the taste of Europe that practically nothing but plays that adhere strictly to the American plan stand any chance of success. Theatrical managers have been forced to realize that, if they wish to remain in possession of their theatres. They have come to do in about as artistic a manner as possible what the public—seeking only to be entertained, whether it be by a laugh or a shock—is willing to support.

We would call especial attention to the passages we have italicized. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the *Sun* is right in this contention that the American public is so much more illiterate and dull witted than "the audiences in other countries" that it has no concern with the serious drama, and that it does not go to the theatre "to hear literature or see life."

What is this "public, seeking only to be entertained, whether it be by a laugh or a shock"? Is it typically American? Distinctively American?

By no means.

There is the same public abroad—equally indifferent to art and letters, life and realism. And abroad this vulgar public is provided with vulgar plays by vulgar managers.

Here there is a similar public. It, too, finds its pleasure in silly, vulgar plays for which the thinking man has only contempt and indifference.

Abroad, however, there are a few literate, cultured, intelligent managers to whom is intrusted the business of providing plays for the literate, cultured, intelligent portion of the public. There artistic people go to the theatres and enjoy artistic plays.

What is the case here?

The patrons of the theatres are ignorant, inartistic vulgarians.

And why, pray?

Simply because the plays presented are vulgar and inartistic.

Cultured people do not go to Frohman's playhouses, because they have ascertained that the management is made up of uneducated, unintelligent men, whose highest ambition is to achieve a Tenderloin success.

The other public, the better public, cerebral, cultured, aristocratic—where does it go for its plays?

As the *Sun* says truly enough, it does not patronize the Tenderloin shows and there is no reason why it should.

But if it had the chance?

Ah, that is the point.

Simply because the vulgar, sensational newspapers like the *World* and *Journal* are sold by the million, is there no room for well-bred journals like the *Post* and the *Mail and Express*? Because the Bowery is crowded with cheap tailor shops may not one get his coats built in Fifth avenue? Because silly books are sold by the thousand may there not be a market for good books! Even in America?

No, the *Sun* is wrong in its argument and in its conclusion.

That part of the public which likes to be "entertained by a laugh or a shock" is the baser part, and the reason all the theatrical managers cater to it is because they are, without exception, illiterate men of the lower orders. They cannot produce reasonable and intellectual plays any more than a Bowery waiter could serve efficiently as a club waiter. The drama is degraded because it is in the hands of degraded managers.

It is a foul and foolish libel on the better part of American society to claim that the higher drama is above them. Audiences as fine as those of Paris or Vienna may be got together in New York, but it is imbecile to expect them to gather to watch the Tenderloin capers of "Nat" Goodwin or to listen to the drivel of illiterate playwrights.

LAST week I gave to Mr. Charles W. Scovel the credit of making public that charming portmanteau word "Insinuendo." By some cantrip the compositor made him Charles A. I have been wondering how it was done. Probably in the first place the W was split in two, resulting in a V. Then the V was turned upside down, thus:  $\Delta$ . And then the roguish compositor drew a bar sinister across the inverted  $\Delta$ , making it an A.

But why go to all that trouble?

Why could not the roguish compositor let it go as it was—plain Charles W?



# Israel Among the Nations.

## I.

How Israel's ever-crescent glory makes  
These flames that would eclipse it dark as blots  
Of candlelight against the blazing sun.  
We die a thousand deaths—drown, bleed and burn;  
Our ashes are dispersed unto the winds.  
Yet the wild winds cherish the sacred seed,  
The waters guard it in their crystal heart,  
The fire refuseth to consume. It springs,  
A tree immortal, shadowing many lands,  
Unvisited, unnamed, undreamed as yet.  
Rather a vine full flowered, golden branched,  
Ambrosial fruited, creeping on the earth,  
Trod by the passer's foot, yet chosen to deck  
Tables of princes. Israel now has fallen  
Into the depths; he shall be great in time.  
Even as we die in honor, from our death  
Shall bloom a myriad heroic lives,  
Brave through our bright example, virtuous  
Lest our great memory fall in disrepute.  
Is one among us, brothers, would exchange  
His doom against our tyrants—lot for lot?  
Let him go forth and live—he is no Jew,  
Is one who would not die in Israel  
Rather than live in Christ—their Christ who smiles  
On such a deed as this? Let him go forth—  
He may die full of years upon his bed.  
Ye who nurse rancor haply in your hearts,  
Fear ye we perish unavenged? Not so!  
To-day, no! nor to-morrow! but in God's time,  
Our witnesses arise. Ours is truth,  
Ours is the power, the gift of Heaven. We hold  
His Law, His lamp, His covenant, His pledge.  
Wherever in the ages shall arise  
Jew priest, Jew poet, Jew singer, or Jew saint—  
And everywhere I see them star the gloom—  
In each of these the martyrs are avenged!

Bring from the ark, the bell-fringed, silken-bound  
Scrolls of the Law. Gather the silver vessels,  
Dismantle the rich curtains of the doors,  
Bring the perpetual lamp; all these shall burn,  
For Israel's light is darkened, Israel's Law  
Profaned by strangers. Thus the Lord has said:  
The weapon formed against thee shall not prosper,  
The tongue that shall contend with thee in judgment,  
Thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage  
Of the Lord's servants and their righteousness.  
For thou shalt come to peoples yet unborn  
Declaring that which He hath done. Amen.

EMMA LAZARUS.

## II.

It was in answer, perhaps, to some such paeon as this that Lilly in "Daniel Deronda" objected: "Well, whatever the Jews contributed at one time, they are a standstill people. They are a type of obstinate adherence to the superannuated. They may show good abilities when they take up liberal ideas, but as a race they have no development in them."

No development in them!

Ah, you and I, who stand outside the Jewish pale, have marked with wonder, and perhaps with anger, the development of this strange, eternal race.

No development in them!

And year after year we have seen them push further and further toward the front line of public affairs; we have felt their influence in literature and art, in politics and the drama; we have watched them shape the public policy of this generation, and should we echo the old cry that there is no development in them?

Personally I might say one word, which will be echoed by every man of Scotch blood: There are no Jews in Scotland; they cannot make a living in competition with the Scotch deacon. And it is for this reason, or any other reason you please, that in Scotland there is very little of the Continental prejudice against the Jew. Still, I have known the Jews of England. I do not agree with Mr. Frank Harris, the erudite editor of *The Saturday Review*, who said to me once, "I like the Jews; they are so amusing." No, it is not for this reason I like them. The quality in them that attracts me—and it is a purely aesthetic attraction—is their tragedy. Perhaps that hardly expresses what I mean; but what I would get at is the essentially tragic character of the Jew. He bears upon him the burden of fate, as though he were some mournful figure out of Greek tragedy. By some awful, mocking irony he is the victim of his faith in God. On the spread arms of the religion he has given the modern world he himself is crucified. He has been the scapegoat upon which the modern world has wiped off its bloody sins, to send him forth to wander, mournful and amazed.

In all history there is nothing so tragic.

Think, then, this race, which gave mankind its God, has been subjected to every indignity mankind could invent.

It is this that I see in the Jew—this tragic irony of God, this grim mockery of fate. And I see in him the pathos of some fore-doomed, mournful figure of Greek tragedy.

The tragic nation!

You meet in Broadway, you meet in the Strand, you meet in the Rue de la Paix, you meet in Friedrichstrasse Jews who bandy modish jokes, who are flippant and roguish and mockers of themselves; but even while they sneer and gossip—behind the mocking face and agitated hands—you see something at once tragic and pathetic—the mournful son of Israel. I would say, moreover, that in spite of his opportunism, his flippant sneer at Israel, I do not believe that one Jew walks the streets of any city who is not at heart proud of his lineage, proud of his faith, haughty in his contempt for the Goyim. I do not believe that 6,000 years of heredity can be washed out by a dip into the dirty water of Wall street or upper Broadway. I believe that the Jew takes himself, his race, his God, seriously, and that his flippancy is purely opportunist, solely for outsiders like you and me.

The main defect in the Jewish character is that it is opportunist. Were it not that it is adaptable—colored by environment—it might have Judaized modern civilization as it has Judaized the religion of the hour.

Underneath this flexibility of character, as I have pointed out, there lies something essentially Judaic—the heritage of the race, the birthright of the Jew. It makes one Jew recognize another; it forms a bond between them; it makes for a Jewish solidarity. And upon this rests modern Judaism—this antique, landless, lordless republic of the Jews.

Comfort ye, my people, saith your God.

## III.

A landless and lordless republic.

For many centuries it seemed impossible that the Jew should ever rule again in Palestine—he has ruled in England and in France; even for Spain he has made laws—but there has never seemed much likelihood that he would get control of the birthplace of his race. It was with a sort of hopelessness that he sang:

The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
Than Israel's scattered race:  
For, taking root, it there remains  
In solitary grace:  
It cannot quit its place of birth,  
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,  
In other lands to die;  
And where our fathers' ashes be,  
Our own may never lie:  
Our temple had not left a stone,  
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Only within the last few decades has it seemed possible that the temple might be rebuilt in Jerusalem. He who laughs at such a possibility is no shrewd judge of the signs of the times. Especially is he misled by the Jew's apparent unconcern. There are no Jews unconcerned. And if the Jew wraps himself in a mantle of indifference it is merely that he would not have the Goy peck at his heart. There is no Jew who has not faith in his race and in the future of his race. Did he not have faith he would be indeed a fool. The logic of events is with him.

"May we celebrate the next anniversary in Jerusalem!" This is no meaningless prayer.

It has ceased to be a figure of speech.

The hope has been translated into action.

The movement for a return to Jerusalem—for the revival of a Jewish kingdom has become a reality. The proposed Palestine state is no new thing. It was tried fifty years ago. Sir Moses Montefiore went with a delegation of prominent Jews to discuss the plan with Mohammed Ali in 1840, and Ludwig August Frankel advocated the movement in the Vienna press at the same time. Benjamin Disraeli, while he never took any prominent part in the movement, wrote that he hoped that a feasible plan might some day be devised by which the ancient prophecy might be fulfilled, and George Eliot certainly believed that something might come of the movement, and caused one of her noblest characters to forecast a coming Jewish state.

But among the advocates of the Zionistic movement there was no harmony of action, the plans were impracticable, and were based mainly on sentimentality. "A state for all the Jews," said one party; "A state for expatriated Jews," said another, and between the disputing advocates of the various schemes the rest of the world stood by and regarded the whole as a huge joke.

It has been related that when the Jewish state was being advocated "in the fifties," Cremieux said in the presence of Louis Napoleon: "Palestine is not to-day what it was hundreds of years ago. The climate is healthful, the country is much visited, and chances for business in mercantile or agricultural pursuits are good enough to induce people to go there and become citizens of the proposed state."

"If the Jewish state becomes a fact," asked Napoleon, "shall you become one of its citizens?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," he answered, "if I may be the state's ambassador to France."

The time had not come. There is no reason to believe that it has come in this year of our Lord 1897. Dr. Gottheil, of the Temple Emanu-El,

and many other Jewish leaders have come out against the present project. They will have no "Jewish state," though they recognize the necessity of establishing in Palestine a refuge and asylum for the persecuted Jews of Russia, Austria and Eastern Europe.

The leaders of this movement for a return to Palestine, as Zerubbabel and Joshua the high priest led back the 42,000 exiles, are Dr. Theodor Herzl and Max Simon Nordau. Let their proclamation speak for itself:

"We shall send first an exploring expedition, equipped with all the modern resources of science, which will thoroughly overhaul the land from one end to the other, before it is colonized, and establish telephonic and telegraphic communication with the base as they advance. The old methods of colonization will not do here. \* \* \* We must obtain the sovereignty over Palestine, our never-to-be-forgotten historical home. At the head of the movement will be two great and powerful agents—the Society of Jews and the Jewish Company. The first named will be a political organization and spread the Jewish propaganda. The latter will be a limited liability company, under English laws, having its headquarters in London, and a capital of, say, a milliard of marks. Its task will be to discharge all the financial obligations of the retiring Jews and regulate the economic conditions in the new country. At first we shall send only unskilled labor—that is, the very poorest, who will make the land arable. They will lay out streets, build bridges and railroads, regulate rivers and lay down telegraphs according to plans prepared at headquarters. Their work will bring trade, their trade the market, and the markets will cause new settlers to flock to the country. Everyone will go there voluntarily, at his or her own risk, but under the watchful eye and protection of the organization."

#### IV.

The first question is: Do the Jews want a Jewish state?

As I have intimated, the evidence is conflicting. Distinguished Jews have been heard pro and con. In New York Dr. Gottheil has pronounced against it. With equal eloquence Dr. Periera Mendes argues in its favor. As Dr. Mendes is a leader of Jewish thought it may not be inappropriate to quote his statement in a recent issue of the New York *Tribune*. He said:

"The Zionist conference at Basle, which has just concluded its labors, is an event of extreme significance.

"From an idea the new Italy, the new Germany, the new Greece were born. From an idea the present remarkable Jewish movement originates. There was a time when Italians, Germans and Greeks saw no human hope of realization of their dreams. To-day the Jewish question is forcing itself by the logic of events into prominence. We do not mean Anti-Semitism. That is not the Jewish question. That is an insult to the founder of Christianity and to the apostles and first teachers, who were themselves Jews. We mean the re-establishment of the Jewish state. This is the new Jewish question. This is the essence of what is called Zionism. In favor of it are to be urged the following points: The new Jewish state need not be a puny Greece. It may just as well be a vigorous Germany—vigorous not from a military point of view, for the Hebrews proclaim loudly for arbitration as the rational solution of war, conscription and taxation for army and navy budgets, but vigorous in commercial development, such as has raised Germany to the position of second or third in the world to-day. \* \* \*

"The new Jewish state, having no temporal power, would and could demand no temporal allegiance from its children in other countries, who, therefore, could be in every sense of the word citizens of whatever country they chose to live in. The new Jewish state, having no temporal aspirations, would present no Pope with such or claiming such. Hence no A. P. A. could ever organize against Hebrews, as they have against Catholics.

"The new Jewish state would have only spiritual aspirations, and would be a centre for their cultivation. It would need to have its children in all lands that the tide of ideas should flow to and fro to fulfill its ideal to 'blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit,' or that 'love and truth shall meet, righteousness and peace embrace; truth spring from earth and charity look down from heaven.'

"The new Jewish state would stand for reverence and for the belief in a Power more than human that moves in human things. This reverence and this belief the world needs. For if history teaches anything it teaches that upon them only can that morality or spiritual health rest which is essential for the progress, happiness and existence of any and every nation. The new Jewish state would for the Jews themselves exercise a healthy influence over their spiritual growth, would modify or obviate the schisms in Jewish thought, and would give a new strength and a new purpose to Judaism, which would effectually prevent it ever deteriorating into invertebrate morality.

"And for the world at large the new Jewish state would mean a large and ultimately a complete immunity from the curse, crime and cost of war, a relief from the strain of an Eastern question or a balance of power, a Dreibund, or a Latin-Muscovite alliance. It would mean a growth of high spiritual aspirations and a step forward to that universal happiness and universal brotherhood which constitute the hope of mankind."

Dr. Mendes may be taken as a type of the broad-minded, cultured,

thoughtful American Jew. You will observe that he believes the new Jewish state should have only "spiritual aspirations." In this he is at one with every American Jew who has expressed himself publicly on the question. For instance, Dr. Isaac M. Wise puts the case thus:

"There is but one way for us American Jews to pursue: Let the plans of Jewish colonization in Palestine be left in the hands of such European Jews as have the philanthropic and educational interests of their brethren at heart, and what we can do to encourage and support them we shall all do of one accord. But let us in unmistakable terms protest against the insinuation that we are not with every fibre of our hearts American citizens, that we have for us and our children any land dearer and holier to us, one to which we are allied with closer ties than America."

These rabbis, I think, may fairly be permitted to speak for the American Jews. Their ideal, then, is a spiritual state—a Palestine for the oppressed Jews of all lands, for the Jewish scholars and divines, for all those who have a nostalgia for Jerusalem.

#### V.

You will have gathered from Dr. Wise's remarks that it is not from America that the strength of the Zionist movement is drawn. And that is natural enough. The social condition of the Jew in America is excellent, and I am inclined to believe that this movement is social rather than religious, especially in Russia, Roumania and Austria. It is not among the old and orthodox Jews that Zionism has made the greatest headway in these lands. Rather has it appealed to the young Jew—*la jeunesse universitaire*—those who have felt the irksomeness of social oppression. Thus it is that the Zionist movement has made little headway in America or in England—indeed in any land where the Jew has his civic rights and social equality. It is a protest against social inequality, even if it is as well a religious aspiration.

Yet, looking to the essentially serious and religious character of the Jew, it is not to be wondered at that the project has received encouragement and approval both in this country, England and France. Still, the encouragement is largely sentimental.

It would seem that the American Jew had taken the right stand.

The Grand Sanhedrim of 1807 declared:

"It is the religious duty of every Israelite, born or bred in a state where residence entails citizenship, to regard that state as his country."

This declaration has been the cornerstone of American Judaism. The Jew is an American, as patriotic, as essentially native as the leanest Yankee of them all. In encouraging Dr. Herzl's project he encourages merely the Judaistic ideal. He is not a victim of Anti-Semitism, and it is unquestionably true that Anti-Semitism is the real father of the new Zionist movement.

Here, since there is no Anti-Semitism, Zionism has no *raison d'être*. Here there is no parallel to the iniquitous situation in Germany, Austria, Russia and Roumania. The situation of the Jew in America is singularly pleasant. He is honored in public life. You find him on the bench, at the bar, in the schools and colleges, in the army and the navy. He is your social equal and mine. He is even, like the Belmonts, the leader of society.

His condition, as I have said, is singularly happy. There are no burdens laid upon him—not even the burden of great wealth. Mark you, the American Jew is not rich. He has a competence. He even has his fortune. But he has not the huge, swollen and filched wealth of the Yankee capitalists. Among the Rockefellers and Pullmans, the Yerkes and Goulds, the Sages and Huntingtons there are no Jews, and if a Jew creeps in among them he comes forth stripped bare to his naked skin. The huge fortunes piled up here by Yankee methods have been piled up at the Jew's expense, very often, but never for his benefit. He has dealt in established affairs; he has gathered money in trade and commerce; but the wealth that may be got by developing a country, by electing legislatures and presidents, by bribing senators and stealing public lands and public money, by intimidation and theft, and the other favorite forms of the Yankee financial anarchist—this wealth, I say, has never bulged out the Jew's pocket. In the main the Baptists have got it.

No, the American Jew is not a greedy gatherer of public money. He builds up his moderate fortune carefully, brick by brick. He is an ideal citizen.

There is no reason why he should seek to found a state in Palestine—no reason save the religious one, the Messianic idea. Now, as I have intimated, the Messianic idea is not quite the same to the American Jew as it is to the Jew of Roumania. It has become transformed into an ideal, it has become for many Jews the symbol of progress—the symbol of the moral and social truths of Judaism. Thus he finds his Jerusalem here.

While the American Jew recognizes this fact, he also recognizes that for the Jew in Russia, in Germany and Austria the case is different. He sees that for this hapless brother Zionism is not a symbol but a hope, and he is ready to help the movement merely that he may help his brother.

So it seems not wholly improbable that the dream of the Hebrew



propheys may come true. It will not be the Jerusalem they fancied might be rebuilt; it will be a spiritual city—a kingdom of the Great Idea.

VI.

Michael Drayton, the old English poet, had a vision of the time when Israel's "transitory troubles" should be "passed," and, lauding "the Most Great and Highest Heavenly King," he foretold:

And He will build Jerusalem full fair  
With emeralds and with sapphires of great price;  
With precious stones He will her walls repair,  
Her towers of gold with work of rare device;  
And all her streets with beryl will He pave,  
With carbuncles and ophirs passing brave;  
And all her people there shall sit and say,  
Praised be God with Alleluiah!

In these verses, it may be, he symbolized the spiritual city—the kingdom of the Great Idea—the new Jerusalem.

VANCE THOMPSON.

## Rabelais: What He Really Wrote.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

### ARTICLE II.

THE Renaissance that gave birth to Rabelais engendered as well the little poets of the Pleiad.

The little poets reflected their epoch—you may see it mirrored in their verses—but it was Rabelais who dominated the epoch.

By the mouths of his fantastic heroes—of Gargantua and Pantagruel, and Panurge and the seekers of the *Dive Bouteille*—he laid down the laws of a new and better life.

He did not write to amuse.

He wrote to educate.

In a previous article I have recounted the life of Rabelais—his quarrels with the Church, the daring fight he made for the Reformed Religion, the shifts to which he was put to get his thoughts before the people. You can understand, then, how necessary it was that he should drape his revolutionary ideas in a buffoonery which was at once splendid and fantastic.

A stout-hearted, cheery man, brave and honest, he knew the value of laughter. The stories with which he enlivened the five books of his philosophy were quite in the taste of the day, though they are a trifle strong for this squeamish age.

A trifle strong, I say, for this age, in which we think evil, speak foully, and print only what is perfectly proper.

I have heard that blessed creature, the "American Gentleman," tell more foul stories in an hour than are to be found in the five books of Rabelais.

The stories with which Rabelais sought to fit the taste of his day are no better and no worse than the tales in the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles"; than those of Desperiers, or the "Heptameron," or "Queen Elizabeth's Litany"; but they are better told—infinitely better told.

I make no plea for them, upon my word. I do not defend all of the Bible. It was Dumas pere who quoted a passage from the Old Testament and broke off abruptly with "Here the Lord said something unfit for publication."

There is much of Rabelais unsuited to the reading of maids and bachelors, but in this he is merely at one with his age.

Beyond all this and above all this lies the man's work.

It has been knowingly said by Sir W. Besant that Rabelais' head was full of learning and his heart full of his fellow creatures; "even in his maddest and most extravagant moments there drops a word of wisdom, unexpected, in the midst." It is indeed true that there is no mere fooling in Rabelais. Under the wildest jest lies wisdom; in the most fanciful tale is an allegory—a parable, a lesson.

The matter on which I wish to lay the greatest stress in this paper is Rabelais' scheme of education—the wisest ever devised by man. It is quite as well, however, that you should have before you the prologue, in which Rabelais explains why he has cloaked his wisdom in the jester's motley.

I might premise, by the way, that my translation is made from the text of M. de Montaignon, as revised by the bibliophile Jacob, and that I have translated literally, though here and there I have omitted a few phrases of doubtful propriety.

#### RABELAIS' PROLOGUE.

Very illustrious drinkers and you, my very precious patients—for to you and no others do I dedicate my writings—Alcibiades, in the dialogue of Plato, known as "The Banquet," while praising his teacher Socrates, without question the prince of philosophers, among other things said that he was like the Sileni. Of old Sileni were little boxes, like those we see nowadays in the apothecaries' shops, painted on the top with joyous, frivolous figures, such as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese,

horned rabbits, saddled ducks, flying bucks, harnessed deer and other such pictures, made at pleasure, to tempt the world to laughter—even as Silenus, master of the good Bacchus, did. But within were carefully kept fine drugs, such as balm, ambergris, amonon, musk, civet, gems and other precious things.

Such, said he, was Socrates, for to have inspected his outside and judged by external appearances one would not have given a slice of onion for him, so ugly was he in body and ridiculous in mien—a sharp nose, the look of a bull, the face of a fool, simple in manners, rustic in dress, poor in fortune, luckless in his wife, unfit for any office in the republic, always laughing, always drinking with this fellow or that, always mocking, always hiding his divine knowledge. But, open this box, and you would have found therein a celestial and invaluable drug, an understanding more than human, marvelous virtue, invincible courage, unparalleled sobriety, sure contentment, perfect assurance, incredible disdain for all that for which men watch, run, labor, sail and do battle.

To what purpose, in your opinion, is this brave flourish of a prelude?

Chiefly that you, my good disciples and certain other fools of leisure, reading over the joyous titles of some books of our invention, such as "GARGANTUA," "PANTAGRUEL," "WHIP-THE-POT," "THE DIGNITY OF TROUSER-FLAPS," "PORK AND PEAS," *cum commento*, &c., judge too lightly that there is nothing treated in them but mockeries, follies and joyous lies; because the outer ensign—that is, the title—is without further inquiry commonly accepted with derision and scoffing.

But it is not proper to estimate the works of men with such flippancy, for, as you yourselves aver, the habit does not make the monk, and such an one goes dressed in monachal habit who, underneath, is something less than monk, and such another is dressed in a Spanish cape who in valor is in no way akin to Spain. It is necessary then, to open the book and weigh heedfully what is there set down. Then you may recognize that the drug contained therein is of another value than that the box gave promise of—that is to say, the matters treated there are not as frivolous as the title above might pretend.

And put the case that in a literal sense you find matters right joyous and like enough to the title, yet is there no need to stop there—as at the song of the Sirens—but set forth and interpret in a high sense that which, perchance, you thought was said in gaiety of heart.

\* \* \* For in it you shall find another taste and doctrine more profound, which will reveal to you the most high sacraments and horrific mysteries, those that concern our religion both as regards the public state and the economy of life.

### III.

#### HIS THEORY OF EDUCATION.

It is only by a sort of victorious luck that the youth who goes through the schools of the day comes not forth a fool.

The gross inadequacy of modern school methods should be plain even to the pedagogues. In the main it is probable that the teachers do not think.

Many of them, like Brander Matthews, pretend to despise the trade by which they live and try to hide the pedagogue in the fashionable coat of the man of letters. They dabble in literature, while the pupils they are paid to teach wander braying through the streets. When one thinks how fine a fellow the well-trained, wisely educated young man might be there is a certain bitterness in looking at the mentally dwarfed and physically distorted creatures turned out yearly by the schools and colleges of the country. Nor can one look with kindness upon these pedagogues, recreant to their trust, ashamed of their trade, decked out in the cast-off finery of men of letters, playing at being gentlemen—these pedagogues, I say, who are responsible for this state of affairs.

Education is a science. The theory of it the teachers might learn from the famous XXI., XXII. and XXIII. chapters of the First Book of Gargantua.

The young prince, you will remember, had had other masters before he was put in the hands of Ponocrates. Their instruction, vainly given, had been in vain. Gargantua was fond and ignorant.

Now, the record says:

In the beginning Ponocrates ordered that his pupil should do as he had been accustomed, in order that he might discover wherein lay the faults of the old system. And so Gargantua rolled himself out of bed late in the morning, combed his head with the German comb (which is the forefingers and the thumb), and, holding that washing is a waste of time, set himself to the table, quaffed a mighty bowl of sack and breakfasted on fried tripe, hashed chicken, grilled meat and ham, for he willingly did eat salt meat and drank wet wine. Ponocrates soon reformed this matter and many others. In time it came to pass that the manner of the lad's education was this:

He wakened at 4 o'clock in the morning. While he was being bathed and dry-rubbed some chapter of Holy Writ was read aloud to him, clearly and with a pronunciation fit for the matter. Then his teacher expounded what had been read. Then they considered the face of the sky—into what signs the sun was entering and the moon for that day. This done, the lad was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed and perfumed, during which time the teacher repeated to him the lessons of the day before. The lad himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man.

Then for three good hours there was reading.

This done, they went into the open, still discussing what they had read.

There they played blithely at ball, tennis or handball, exercising their bodies as they had their minds. This was mere amusement, and they left off when they pleased. After the games they bathed themselves, shifted their shirts and went soberly to table. While the lad ate there was pleasant

and profitable converse. Perhaps an ancient book was read or antique tales of prowess were told. Perhaps with the wine came japes and joyous verses out of the Latins. They talked of the food on the table, its nature and efficacy, and the books that treated of these things were brought to the table.

When the meal was finished the lad sang a canticle to God, and the cards were brought in.

There was no gambling, but a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, all grounded on arithmetic, were shown, so that the lad fell in love with that numerical science. Thus, while waiting for digestion, he amused himself with the mathematical sciences—geometry, astronomy, music. At times he and his teachers sang musically, in four or five parts, on a set theme. In the matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin and the sackbut.

After this post-prandial hour he betook himself to his principal study for three hours, repeating his morning lessons, writing them in fair script, drawing idoneous pictures.

Then he went to his riding lesson. He put his horse through the *haute école*, rode him over ditches and hedges, took a career with the lance, practiced with the weapons of the day, until he was a very perfect knight. Again he rode forth, hunting the wild boar or the deer, the hare or the pheasant. He played at football, wrestled and ran, he dived and swam in deep waters, he learned to row and to sail a boat, he carried great weights and fought with the stoutest.

Then again there came a time of study. He went afield with his teachers herborizing. As the shadows fell they went to their house and supped.

The dinner had been frugal, but they supped copiously, and the evening was spent in singing, playing upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with cards, dice or cups.

Thus it was they made merry until the stars came out, when they went to the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky.

And so to bed.

It might be said that this was the way the fair days were passed, but when the weather was rainy and inclement other plans were tried. For instance, the lad was kept within doors after dinner, and by way of "Apothérapie" recreated himself in baling hay, cutting and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Or he studied the arts of painting or carving, the drawing of metals or the casting of ordnance—a huge task!

There was no moment that brought not in its profit.

Thus, on stormy days, when he could not ride abroad, the lad usefully employed the hours. He made himself acquainted with trades, he visited the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and gem cutters, the chemists and coiners, the weavers, velvet workers and watchmakers, the printers, organists and dyers, and other mechanics and artificers, studying the industry and invention of the trades.

At times, too, he went to hear the pleading of the hired lawyers and the sermons of evangelical preachers.

He mixed with mountebanks and quacksalvers, with druggists and herbalists—indeed of every man's business he learned what he could.

After a day of this sort the lad spent a merry evening, setting abroad Latin epigrams, capping verses or making gay rondeaux and ballades.

#### IV.

Only in a cursory way have I sketched out Rabelais' scheme of education.

How wise a scheme it is you may see for yourself.

Scrutinizing it with some care you may discover that it was based on three essential points:

*First:* The Body should be savantly exercised; not meaninglessly, but in games and sports that would develop the muscles and fit them for the work or warfare of life.

*Second:* The Mind should be fitly exercised; not meaninglessly, but on subjects that would be of use in the affairs of life—not marking time but marching. Thus the mind was made nimble and apt by the exercise of mathematics, games of cards and dice, verse making and capping the lines of Virgil; but its nimbleness and aptness were tested in law, theology, science, music, gastronomy, art, the trades, literature.

*Third:* And this is of equal importance. His teachers were his flunkies—they were lackeys of the mind. Just as his body servants rubbed and dry-rubbed his body, so did his teachers rub and dry-rub his mind.

They were essentially his servants.

Their likings, their ambitions, their comfort, their lives were of absolutely no concern. They existed to be worn out in his service—merely for this—like the shoes on his feet.

You will observe, with your usual perspicuity, that this lad must have been someone of importance. That is quite true.

This education is not for the farmer's son, the butcher's boy, the *rejeton* of the pedagogue. It is for the well-born lad, the boy of the aristocracy.

It is of slight importance if the teacher who wet-nurses his young mind dies of phthisis so long as the aristocratic lad secures the proper education.

The tendency is to make too much of the pedagogues in this country.

They are cockered up and pampered and permitted to enter upon a sort of monstrous social equality with the pupils they serve.

This may be democratic, but it is very unwise.

It is said, with some justice, that the easy democracy of this country has ruined the beautiful old country habitudes of service. The servant, admirably trained, is usually ruined by a six months' stay in an American family.

Why? Democratic manners spoil the servant as they spoil the master.

In much the same way you cannot expect to have effective pedagogues unless they are kept in their place. You must not let your maid servant strum your piano. You must not let the pedagogue get above his business.

He is an intellectual flunkey.

He is a lackey of the mind.

And he should be treated as a lackey and as a flunkey.

Treated thus, you will find that the pedagogue will do his duty far more faithfully, and that your well-born sons may be educated to some purpose.

(I might add that the children of the uncultured and ill-bred should not be educated at all. They should be taught trades or trained up in useful habits of servitude.)

There is too much cant in this age about the poor and lowly.

Dear God! let them be poor and lowly still. Their ignorance is a good thing for them and for their betters. There are enough well-born, cerebral aristocratic lads even in democratic America, and for them education should be reserved. For them, too, those intellectual flunkies, the pedagogues, should be drilled and trained.

#### V.

In a subsequent paper I may touch upon Rabelais' "Community," in which he bettered Sir Thomas Morus' "Utopia," and the fanciful schemes of Rousseau, and, if you will, Bellamy. No more delightful society has ever been imagined or described.

*Je boy pour la soif advenir.*

### JEWISH WRITERS.

THE invasion of English Jewry into literature is forcibly recalled by the second annual issue of "The Jewish Year Book," which Mr. Joseph Jacobs edits with such care. Among English Jews, the best known of course is Mr. Zangwill and his brother Louis, who first gained notice with "A Drama in Dutch." Then Mr. Clark Russell, who publishes a new life of Nelson on Trafalgar Day and later a new novel, must be accounted Hebraic, for his father, Henry Russell, the veteran composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" and other songs, is a Jew. A promising young novelist, Mr. Samuel Gordon, who published "A Handful of Exotics" last year (through Messrs. Methuen), is also a Jew. Though rejoicing in a Hebraic name, Mr. Jacobs, the "new humorist," is not included, and I notice that the name of Olive Schreiner, which was included last year, is omitted from the present edition of the "Year Book."

And to this list which is found in the *Book Buyer* should be added the name of Richard L. Gallienne.

### MONDAY NIGHT'S NOVELTIES.

"LORD CHUMLEY" was revived by Mr. Sothorn at the Lyceum.

Anthony Hope, the novelist, gave a reading at the Lyceum in the forenoon.

"The Idol's Eye," by Harry Smith and Victor Herbert, was introduced by Frank Daniels at the Broadway Theatre. The score is almost beneath criticism, and proves that a man can't successfully compose, conduct and play 'cello. Mr. Herbert, to use a homely simile, has bit off more than he can chew. His music in this alleged operetta is simply noisy, nothing more. The book is an ingenious paraphrase of a Kipling story. We all know Mr. Daniels and his methods, and the production was rather threadbare. It does not seem as if the good times spoken of by Mr. Elliott Zaberowski have yet arrived at "the home of light opera." With "Peg Woffington" in a crippled condition and "The Idol's Eye" anything but a success, Mr. Herbert may, perhaps, pause in his mad flight after the shining dollar and cheap applause!

Mme. Sarah Grand, who leaped into fame a few years ago with her "Heavenly Twins," has published no book of importance since that volume appeared. She has spent her time upon a work which will be her most important literary undertaking. Her new novel traces the development of a woman of genius from her girlhood to her marriage. It is described as a most subtle and extraordinary study of a woman's psychological evolution, while the book as a story is said to be characterized by an abundance of delightful humor and incident. It is supposed in England that the story is largely autobiographical.



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